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THE
Young Woman's Journal

ORGAN OF THE

YOUNG LADIES' NATIONAL MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS

VOLUME FOURTEEN

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE GENERAL BOARD

"IMPROVEMENT OUR MOTTO,
PERFECTION OUR AIM"

GEORGE E. MAYCOCK

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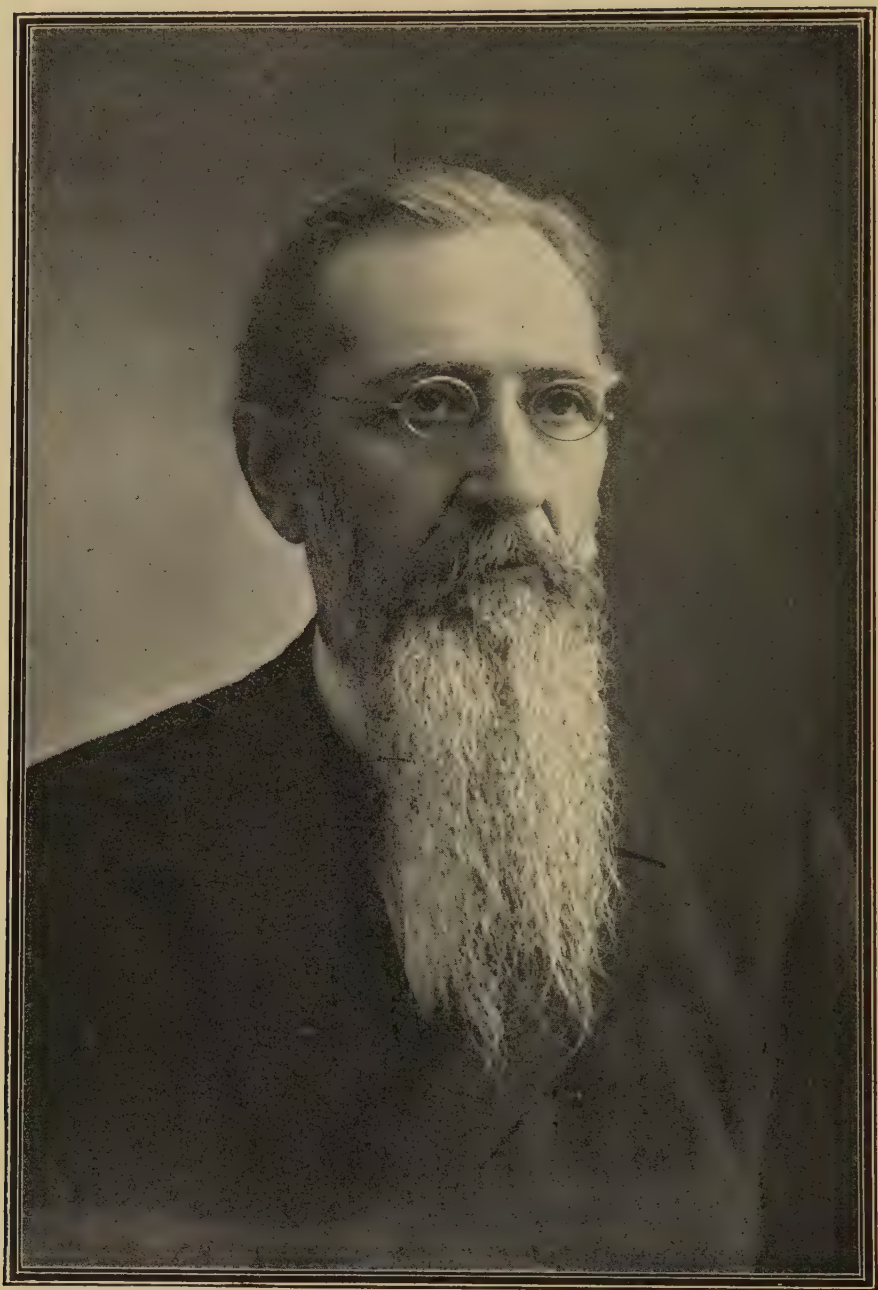


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Jos. F. Smith

YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL

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GREETING.

President Jos. F. Smith.

It has been well said that the rising generation are the hope of the world. This depends largely on their training, on the influences thrown around them, on the example set them. God has a work for each and all of us to do, but we cannot do it alone, or single-handed. Eternal progress depends on mutual help. It is not by withdrawing from mankind that the world will be benefited. If we all did so, God's purposes would be defeated and humanity dwindle to extinction.

What is true of the world as a whole, is especially true of Zion. Our strength is in our union and our united effort, in our co-operation, our organization. We should not only have a common aim, but an active, abiding determination in carrying out that aim; for an aim which is only a theoretical one, without continuous effort, is like faith without works. It amounts to nothing, for it accomplishes nothing; it is lifeless.

That this union may grow and increase in our midst we have a number of auxiliary organizations—aids and helps to the holy prisethood in accomplishing the purpose of God, in building up His kingdom, and spreading righteousness on the earth. These belong to our youth, as well as to the aged; to our young sisters as well as to the young brethren. What is profitable for the one is good for the other. Both can be benefited by the same methods, united and strengthened by like organizations.

And here we congratulate our sisters both on the work and the numbers of our Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations at home and abroad. We congratulate them on their growth, on the work which they are doing, on the influence they are wielding in the midst of the Saints. We congratulate them on the untiring and zealous labors of their officers, and on their own devotion. Their associations are a force in Israel, a power for good. We further congratulate them on the success that has attended the publication of the Young Woman's Journal—their organ, on its typographical appearance, the variety of its contents, and its financial success.

Nor are our congratulations confined alone to the work that they are accomplishing immediately in connection with the Improvement Associations; our blessings go with them, and are upon them for the readiness with which they respond to the numerous calls made upon them by the Bishops and others whose right it is to direct, for their deeds of charity and benevolence, and their unfaltering love for the great cause of Truth. We exhort them not to falter nor grow weary, but to their faith add knowledge, and to their knowledge wisdom, that they may not only be good Latter-day Saints, useful members of the community, but that they may also qualify themselves for the sacred duties of wife and motherhood, that their children

may receive the highest, the purest home training and education, that those children when they grow up may never depart from walking in the way they should go. Nor should they fail to impart those same lessons of faith and constancy to their children that in after years their faith and confidence in the God of their fathers and mothers,

and in the grand truths that Heaven has revealed may never diminish.

With all our hearts we wish our sisters a happy, prosperous and progressive new year, and to their Associations, with all connected therewith, much success and abundant increase.

Dec. 1, 1902.

A CHRISTMAS RECONCILIATION.

Julia A. Farnsworth Lund.

The dear old "city of brotherly love" has a fascination all its own, but in spite of its name, the social aspirant must satisfactorily answer the query, "Who were your ancestors?"

In Revolutionary days, Germantown was the home of several wealthy Tory families, some of whom espoused the American cause, others did not, but in any case, they were cultured, wealthy and very exclusive.

Prominent among them was Philip Elsmere, whose home still stands on a beautiful spot not far from Franklin's Academy. No doubt Mr. Elsmere was a friend of that great man, as he was of Judge Chew and Robert Morris.

The Philip Elsmere of this century strongly resembled the one of the past, while his only child, Margaret, would have taken high rank among colonial belles. Nature had been lavish in gifts to this girl, whose impulses were all for good, but the circumstances in her life were such that a harmonious development of character was not to be expected.

As Margaret's mother died at her birth, she became the idol of her father's life. Her slightest wish

was never denied, nor the right to what she wanted disputed; naturally she was wilful and selfish. If her father noticed these defects he either felt unable to correct them, or was too fond to make the attempt.

At twenty, Margaret was very beautiful; tall and graceful, she had masses of golden brown hair, dark blue eyes, dainty, clear-cut features, and a faultless complexion.

Her many admirers were treated with more or less scorn, until she met Bruce Livingston, the son of one of her father's college friends. After finishing a course at Harvard, he had spent some years in Europe, studying art.

While not strictly handsome, Bruce had that air of high breeding and distinction which belong only to "the gentleman at heart." His whole appearance betokened the artistic temperament, and a manly, sincere soul shone in his fine brown eyes.

Though very wealthy, he followed his profession with an earnest zeal, and he was learned and cultured in the best sense of the terms.

At first Margaret did not know whether she wished to like him or not, but she was very desirous of

winning his regard. At every meeting her respect for Bruce increased, and, before she was aware of it, she was very much in love with him.

Never in his life had the young artist wished for anything so much as to win this fair, wilful girl.

It was with some misgivings that Mr. Elsmere saw the growing attachment, but when Bruce asked for Margaret's hand in marriage, her father replied:

"I have never known a young man to whom I could more willingly give my daughter. I knew your father intimately, and I believe you are like him, high-souled and true. But remember, Margaret is very badly spoiled, for I never could bear to cross her. She is a good girl, but is exceedingly fond of her own way. You must be patient, my boy, and I hope you will be happy. You have my blessing."

Margaret never did things by halves. She gave her whole heart and life, as it were, to Bruce, and she demanded quite as much in return.

She could not understand that, though men may love as deeply and truly as women, it is in a different way. With good men, true love is always the incentive to do great things in life, and women should be willing to help them in their noble purposes. Before he had known Margaret, art had been all to Bruce, and afterward he hoped that, through her, would come the inspiration to do better than he had ever done before. He was doomed to disappointment. "Art is a jealous mistress," and so was Margaret.

"Bruce does not have to be so attentive to his profession!" she told herself. "He does not love me as I do him, or he could not be."

It was in vain that he tried to explain to her his ambition and hopes. The long hours he gave to study and painting were very tiresome to

her. She listened in silence when he said:

"Margaret, dear, I must make a name for your sake. Whatever I do in this world is for you."

Soon a coldness sprang up between them. When a little son came it was hoped that he would bring peace. Such was not the case. Margaret thought,

"He shall be all mine! I will teach *him*, at least, to give me *all* his love!"

Little Phil, however, did not understand his mother. He gave her his childish love, but was also passionately fond of his father. This incensed Margaret still more against Bruce.

As yet she could not see the impossibility of completely monopolizing that for which she cared. An improper conception of the relationship between herself and others was the root of her selfishness, and the cause of her trouble with her husband. Nor was she wholly to blame, as she had never been taught otherwise. Only through much suffering could she be brought to see that the point of view from which she regarded life was quite wrong, and could never bring happiness.

As the years passed the estrangement between Margaret and Bruce grew. Little Phil was all that prevented a separation.

"He won my heart, only to place it second to his art, and now he has taken all my child's love! It is not just!" she told herself.

Passionately embracing her boy, she would say to him: "Philip, darling, why won't you love me as I do you? Your father does not need you as I do. He has his art!"

"Why, mamma, I do love you, but how can I help loving papa dearly, too? He is always so kind to me. And he says I help him very much in his work."

In a beautiful retreat on the

Schuylkill, some miles distant from Valley Forge, Mr. Elsmere had a country home. Here the family came to spend the summers. While Bruce sketched or studied, Phil ran after birds and flowers.

There was only one place where there was a possibility of danger to the child. This was "Mad Anthony's Cliff," so-called from its association with one of Wayne's adventures while he was stationed at Valley Forge. This cliff arose several feet directly above the Schuylkill, and the great danger was that in approaching from one side, the river was wholly lost to view.

Phil was thoroughly familiar with the cliff, and had always been very cautious. He had been his father's constant companion in his excursions, from the time he was two years old until he was seven, and, thanks to Bruce's watchful care, not the slightest accident had ever befallen him.

One late summer day, Bruce wished to paint a clump of picturesque trees that grew on a low hill just beyond "Mad Anthony's Cliff." When they were very near to this, Phil saw a bright little bird perched on a bush. It did not move until he was about to take it, when it flew to a shrub on the very edge of the cliff, and there seemed to invite pursuit. Phil forgot where he was, and ran after the tantalizing bird. In making a wild effort to seize it, he lost his balance and fell headlong into the river below. His father, ever near him, had looked away for just a moment, and turned to hear the terrified cry,

"Papa, catch me, quick!" And that was all!

Bruce sprang to the edge of the precipice, and in an agony of terror peered down into the cruel stream, but he saw no trace of his darling boy. Frenzied, as he was, he perceived the folly of springing into the

river until he first had some clew as to where the child had been swept under. He ran madly down the course of the stream, and when at last the little body rose to the surface, he dashed into the water. After a fierce struggle he succeeded in getting hold of Phil. Every known remedy and expedient was applied to restore the boy, but to no purpose.

They laid him by the side of Margaret's mother, in a little mountain cemetery near by.

It is impossible to describe such agony as was Bruce's, while the blow seemed to stun Margaret. Life had no interest nor purpose for her now. To her father's words of consolation she replied that it was unjust of God to take her child. To Bruce she said:

"I have only one desire, and that is for you to leave me now and forever. You won my love only to hold it lightly; not content with that, you took my child from me, and through you he met his death. You and I will both be much better apart!"

As he listened to her, the look of intense suffering in his dark eyes told how deeply he felt.

"Margaret, you are wrong! I have ever held your love as the dearest thing on earth, but you would not understand me. Had I thrown away my man's purpose in life, you could not respect me. Nor could I delay my work on it. For your sake, more than my own, I wished to do something of worth in the world. I wanted your aid. As for our darling boy! I never wished to win him from you. He was not *yours* nor *mine*, but *ours*, and our God's. You cannot know how you wound me, or you would never speak as you did just now about his death! I would rather die than leave you now, but since it is your wish, I must respect it. Remember,

if you ever need me or *want* me, I will come to you!

"I know you are very unhappy, and I am the cause of it, perhaps, but believe me, my wife, I would give my life to serve you. Can't you find it in your heart to forgive me, before I go?"

He held out his hand, but as she did not take it, he left without another word.

Margaret and her father lived in great retirement. Six months after Phil died his kind grandfather followed him. How Margaret lived during the weary months and years that followed she hardly knew. To her suffering heart time seemed to stand still. She had never heard directly from Bruce since he left her. She knew he sailed for Europe immediately, and later all the papers told of his great success in Paris, and of his fine pictures.

* * * * *

It was the day before Christmas. Phil had been dead more than two years. Margaret had been thinking of him, of his father and of her parents. A feeling of such unutterable loneliness was in her heart that she could not stand it. She had given liberally to her servants and to the poor, but was that all Christmas could mean for her? What could she do, or to whom could she go?

A sudden thought came to her. She would go to her boy's grave. She might, perhaps, feel a little nearer to him there.

It was in vain that her old housekeeper remonstrated:

"There are no good accommodations, and it is such severe weather! You will be sure to take cold and be sick!"

"No, Mary! I must go! I cannot stand it here! I will be careful and wrap up well. Do not spare anything in making your Christmas

here a merry one. Tell Thomas to have the carriage ready at one o'clock."

As she drove down the old Germantown road, the signs of Christmas were everywhere; pure white snow covered the lawns and trees; and from the windows, holly hung in great profusion. In Philadelphia proper, nature's gentle covering had been entirely cleared away. Approaching the great "Reading Terminal" depot on Market street, Christmas preparations were more marked than ever.

Everybody seemed to have "taken a day off" in order to make ready for the morrow. Here was the German mother with her small tree, for to her little ones it would not be Christmas without the tree. There was the gorgeously attired Italian, gesticulating and chattering to her neighbor. Here was the English mamma with her large basket that surely contained the roast beef and plum pudding for tomorrow's dinner. Here was the graceful French madam, shrugging her pretty shoulders as she passed the jolly, red-faced Irish woman. Newsboys, bootblacks and coal carriers jostled elegantly dressed women and men who were crowding by with suspicious looking bundles. Flower girls and boys were running here and there with their mistletoe and holly. All the shops and stores from John Wanamaker's down, were ablaze with light and splendor.

As Margaret looked out on this busy scene, it seemed to her that the poorest little waif on the street was not so much alone as she.

Taking her place in one of the first-class coaches, she sank back in the seat, and did not look out until the city of Philadelphia was left behind. She reached her destination at dusk. Her father's home here had been closed since his death, so she went to the little inn, as some

country hotels in Pennsylvania are still called.

Margaret gave a generous sum to the children of the house, and then retired, as she perceived that her presence was a restraint upon the little ones.

"It is ever so," she thought. "I go nowhere that I do not feel as a stranger!"

Early Christmas morning she went through the deep snow to the little cemetery. Throwing herself down by little Phil's grave, she sobbed convulsively for some time. As the storm of grief subsided, a gentle peace stole over her.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," said He whose birth made this day holy. "Perhaps it was best that God took little Phil!" And its companion thought was: "How unjust I have ever been to Bruce!"

For the first time in her life she felt to utter a humble prayer for forgiveness and for guidance.

"Oh, if I had only had my mother or some one who could read a girl's heart, to teach me my duty! Dear father was too fond of me. I never was taught to read human nature, nor did I ever have the discipline that would help me to school my temper and place my wishes as a secondary consideration. I now see that I did not understand Bruce! How selfish, how narrow I have been, and with what scorn he must regard me! What suffering it has taken to cause the scales to fall from my eyes! I wanted all, and was not willing to give anything. They are right, who teach that it is only through a life of self-sacrifice and devotion to others, that happiness comes to mortals!" So her thoughts ran on.

"Come unto me!" With what power and sweetness that divine invitation appealed to her. Here, in the lonely, snow-covered cemetery,

this beautiful, chastened woman felt nearer than she had ever done before to Him whose birth the angels announced to the shepherds on the Plains of Bethlehem.

Often great transformations are taking place when least suspected. Such was the case with Margaret. This change of feeling had been long coming upon her, and the time and scene caused it to unfold to her with sunny warmth this glorious Christmas morning. Her heart was lonely still, but its bitterness was gone forever.

How long she was lost in thought she did not know, but suddenly becoming aware that she was no longer alone, she looked up to see Bruce standing very near to her.

"Forgive me, Margaret, if I startled you. I had no idea you were here, or I should not have come. I certainly do not wish to intrude upon you."

"Why, Bruce, I thought you were in Europe!"

So I was, but I became so homesick I could stand it no longer. I arrived in Philadelphia last night. On this day, when all the world rejoices, I felt that I must be near to something I loved, so I came here, but I will go now, if you wish it."

"No, no, Bruce! I, too, was so lonely. I fancied I should be less so on this spot. I do not know just how, but a new life seems to have come to me here this morning. I now see the error of my past, and if you can forgive me, and take me back and love me just a little, I will try very hard to be worthy of you, and to be what I never was before, your wife in very deed, a sympathizer in your life work and a true helpmate!"

She had never been half so beautiful in her pride as she was now in her sincere humility. In answer, Bruce caught her in his arms with

a joy and thanksgiving too deep for words. At last he said:

"Margaret, darling, I now understand the sweet song of the ages as I never did before. 'Peace on earth, good will toward men!' See how the sun is shining, and here on this

sacred spot, this holy day, our new life begins. We have both passed through much suffering, much misery, but it was necessary. God has ever been very good to us, and to Him we owe our thanks for this glorious *Christmas Reconciliation*."

SPEAKING OF FISH.

Kate Thomas.

Do you like pictures of the duller side of life? Or are you not particularly interested in anything so lowly as a fishwife? Ah, my dear girl, if you ever stand on the quay of a fishing town and watch the little boats pull out on, mayhap, stormy waters, you will realize the full pathos of humble life. Do you recall Kingsley's "Three Fishers"? Perhaps it would not be amiss to quote it here, as to know it is to know; at least, one exquisite thing.

"Three fishers went sailing out into the West,—
Out into the West, as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

"Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Tho' storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

"Three corpses lie out on the burning sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide goes down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning."

One of the quaintest little fishing villages found anywhere is St. Ives, England. It is on Carbis Bay, the most beautiful bay of the Cornish coast. By the way, Cornwall has a wonderful coast—great cliffs, and the sea throwing its waters high. Dear little doll-sized Carbis Bay! It is so pretty that while you are looking at it, you forget that St. Ives itself is as dirty as it is quaint, and smells bad, Fish! Here we counted thirty-seven sail boats spread out over that small curve, all floating away to the great ocean. Pretty? Oh, yes. And more boats to follow! Truly there are "plenty of fish in the sea."

One of the finest sights in Plymouth, is to stand on the pier (from whence our forefathers set sail in the Mayflower), during the mackerel season, and see the boats come in. Load after load of great, shin-

ing beauties is turned out on the long wooden floor. Then the fishers stand around with anxious eyes while each pile is sold at auction to

the big dealers. Sometimes the haul brings a good price. Sometimes, one of the old fishers told us, the heaping result of two long days'



NEWHAVEN FISHWIFE.

toil, and absence from home goes for a mere pittance. The fisherman's wages are as uncertain as his life, and his wife does much darning before she buys a new pair of hose. Sometimes, perhaps, she buys no hose at all. And yet, as the Scotch ballad says, when the poor fishwife goes by with her basket,

"Ladies clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their bran pelisses,*
Cast their heads and screw their
faces."

Modern customs are changing everything, and fishwives in picturesque costumes are not seen frequently now. However, in the small and quaint village of New Haven, near Edinburgh, Scotland, the women still preserve their original costume. These women seem to have some of the strength of the

*Draw aside their skirts.

sea. When the other work is done, they busy themselves making nets. They are used to being observed, and take it with stolid indifference. If they have any heartaches, they are not telling you about them. It is seldom that one would be as pathetically and beautifully talkative as the fishwife of the ballad:

"Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome
farin!
Wha'll buy caller herrin',
New-drawn from the Forth?
When ye were sleeping on your pillows,
Dreamed ye aught of our puir fellows,
Darkling as they fac'd the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without
brave darin';
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth;
Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may call them vulgar farin';
Wives and mothers, most despairin',
Ca' them lives of men!"

CHRISTABEL'S TALENT.

Edyth Ellerbeck.

"Ugh! Just listen to that wind. How I hate March!" With a shiver Viola Lake drew some sofa-cushions over her ears.

"You ought not to complain in such a cosy nest as this. If you had an attic room and could hear the spooky sounds around those corners, you'd have reason to complain," spoke up a sophomore who sat jack-knife fashion in a stiff window seat.

"Viola is so sensitive to unpleasant sounds," said a black-eyed freshman, whereat some of the other girls exchanged amused glances.

"Well, give her some more tea—it's so good for the nerves, you

know," laughed Geneve Ailey, "and I'd better have another cup—my Latin 'comp' is wearing on my nerves."

"Give me three lumps in mine. Christie," drawled Jean Groo, the prettiest girl in Hosmer Hall. "I need something to inspire me for that Wordsworth essay—it's due on the fifteenth, and here it is the ninth already."

"Beware the Ides of March, Jean. I warn you not to be late with that paper—you've been to three matinees this month, and I know Madam has her eye on you, and is ready to pounce when the opportunity comes," came in a warning tone from Geneve, whose rank of senior

gave her the right to preach. A groan from Jean was her only answer.

"My woes are more grievous than that," broke in another girl. "Madam told me this morning that she expects me to work for the French medal. She says that we boarders ought to work for some prizes, for it doesn't speak well for the school when the day-students carry off all the medals as they did last year. Being under her wing all the time, you see, we should be away ahead of those who aren't so blessed. I agree with her, but think how I'll have to work to beat Nell Rayland; she speaks French like a native."

"And doesn't know beans about grammar," interrupted Christabel. "On with the good work, Claire, and the whole Pentagon will sacrifice themselves upon the altar of friendship and hear you say your irregular verbs."

"Right you are, freshman," said Geneve, approvingly, "I move that we all form a combine and try for some of those prizes. Jean, why can't you write the Junior poem and reflect glory upon our Pentagon?"

"If I can rent a muse for the occasion, I'll try," responded the poetess of the crowd, "but Viola must try for the music prize. She's the greatest genius in our midst."

"Yes, yes!" cried the four, with one voice. They turned to the couch where Viola lay, her head still half concealed by the cushions. A long, even breath came from under a silk ruffle.

"Asleep, of course!" cried Claire, making a dive for her. Christabel made a desperate effort to save her idol. The struggle was vain, however, for Viola was stripped of her pillows and beaten with them until she sat up wide-eyed, her fluffy hair all disheveled about her flushed face.

"What do you tormentors want now?" she demanded mildly, for Viola's calm was imperturbable. "I go to sleep to forget this March hurricane, and hardly get two winks before I am rudely brought back to earth."

"Poor thing, your nerves must be in a terrible state when you can sleep through a sitting of the Pentagon. Miss Viola Lake, it is the sense of this meeting that you be instructed to enter the contest for the music prize offered by the honorable Madam Vallean in this institution."

"Oh, girls," Viola expostulated, now fully awake. "Why, I haven't practiced one bit this whole semester."

"Ought to be ashamed of yourself, then," sternly replied Geneve. "All the more reason that you should turn over a new leaf and practice like mad from now on. It's only March, and you have till the middle of May."

"But I can only have the piano early in the morning—and you know how hard on me it is to lose my morning sleep"—A shout from the girls stopped her.

"Too bad you don't live in the north, where they have night six months of the year," said Claire. "Viola you would feel twice as well if you would only wean yourself from your couch. We'll donate an alarm clock to wake you if you'll only do it," and Claire put a pleading note into her voice.

"I'll wake you, Viola," said her room-mate, half timidly, "and you can get in a nap every afternoon."

"Sacrifice myself to satisfy your ambition, 'Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome.' If I get thin as a rail in the process, I'll tell my fond parent it was due to you."

"So be it!" cried the girls, with one accord, delighted with even this concession.

"Now, Christie, into what channel are your efforts to be turned?" asked Geneve, turning to another victim. Christabel flushed, then burst out impatiently,

"You need not humiliate me, Geneve, by calling attention to my lack of talents. Everybody knows what a gifted creature I am."

"Hold, there!" cried Jean, "don't let off steam until you come to the right station. How do you know what you can do until you try? I didn't know that I could write verses until one day I had to, and I sat down and ground out a yard at one fell swoop," and the famous poetess nodded encouragement to the too modest freshman.

"Listen to my list. Check them off, girls," Christabel cried, good-natured again. "Number one, my French. My papers, Mademoiselle Frein tells me, show a great deal more ink than brain work. Number two, Latin. I have been struggling for three weeks, and I *know* I shall never get Caesar over his bridge." Christabel did not mind the laugh that rang out, she seemed rather to revel in her shortcomings, now bent on gaining her point. She continued solemnly, "Number three. I went to Carrozzi to have my voice tried and he tore his hair—said he'd rather listen to a chicken."

"How about English?" interrupted Claire.

"Worse than ever," was Christabel's reply.

"That is the truth; I'll vouch for that," broke in Viola, "Christabel simply cannot express herself."

"Don't have to express myself—I'll send myself by freight!" and then Christabel dodged an avalanche of pillows. "Incorrigible!" was the verdict of the girls as they filed out, leaving the two girls, Viola to fall asleep again, Christabel to wash up her cups.

If Viola had been a light sleeper

the rattle in the pan would surely have wakened her, for Christabel was thinking, and under the stress of the unusual effort banged around her frail dishes with an energy that boded ill to the slender handles. The gleam of fun on the little brown face had given way to an expression of discontent. There was a suspicion of tears under the long lashes. To the girls she had recited her dismal failures with a laugh, but now that she was alone, the list of them rose long and disheartening to mock her.

"It isn't fair," was the cry in her heart as she looked over to where her room-mate lay sleeping. "Viola can sing and play, and she is beautiful, besides." She ran over in her mind a list of the girls whom she knew best, and there was hardly one but had some talent. "Even stupid Matie Keller can draw," Christabel moaned. "I think it's mean; it's mean!" and this time her vehemence shattered a Japanese saucer. Christabel walked over to the large window that overlooked the big yard, leaned her hot face against the cool pane, and stood there looking out on the trees that swayed under the wind, and the dust that whirled up from the road. The tumult outside was hardly more fierce than the storm in her breast.

Hosmer Hall was one of the real old-fashioned schools, where modern scientific methods were unknown, where all the old-fashioned virtues (as well as many old-fashioned faults) flourished. A cultured French gentlewoman was at the head of the school, and her highest ideal for the fifty girls under her charge was to make ladies of them. Scholarly attainments she highly prized and encouraged, but manners won her highest commendation. She held to the very unmodern custom of offering prizes to stimulate endeavor, and unscientific as it was,

confessed herself well satisfied with her results. A prize in every department induced well prepared papers, increased neatness—there was a prize for that, too—and made good nature something to be cultivated, for one of the prettiest prizes was given to the possessor of the sweetest disposition, and was bestowed by vote of all the students. A merry laugh always won a smile of approval from the stately woman, while frowns, even over books, met reproof. The girls all adored her, and considered her approval more than the prize, though with the levity of girlhood they often hid their real feelings under a mask of jests. Christabel idolized her, and it was the consciousness that she had so little in her to merit the Madam's admiration, that added to the bitterness of her thoughts now.

"What can I do, what can I do?" she cried again and again. Then, as she stood there gazing out on the March landscape, there came to her out of the back of her mind, where all such things are stored, a little couplet, a recollection of grammar school days,

"When skies are dark and life looks blue,
Something for somebody go and do."

Crude little lines they were, but they brought with them a lesson that Christabel needed today more than ever before.

"I will, I will!" and Christabel's buoyant nature, a lightning change artist, turned the lines of discontent into those of determination.

* * * * *

"Viola, Viola!" Christabel's first task presented itself early the next morning, for her room-mate, wrapped in sleep, dreamed on in blissful unconsciousness that such a thing as a piano existed. At Chris-

tabel's first call she hardly stirred.

"Viola!" cried Christabel, rising half out of her narrow white bed and clapping her hands noisily.

"Ye-es!" came from under the covers of the other bed.

"You must get up—remember your practicing!"

Silence. Viola was soaring above the earth again. Throwing off her covers, Christabel promptly sprang out of bed, and filling a glass of water stood over her prey, and with a teaspoon poured a few drops on each eyelid of the speaker.

"O-oh!" gasped Viola, throwing out her arms wildly. "What's the matter?"

"You've ten minutes to dress and get down to the piano. I'm responsible for you, so please get up."

"You ought to have been Head Priestess of the Spanish Inquisition, Chrissie," said Viola, as she stretched and yawned. She got up and dressed presently, however, and cleared the clouds from Christabel's face. When the sound of Czerny's exercises, played by a firm, clear touch, came up from the music-room below, Christabel smiled at her own reflection in the wash-bowl.

"I can't win a prize for myself," she said, "but I can help her to win one."

The same scene was repeated nearly every morning; with but slight variations. Viola's propensity for sleep was almost unlimited. But Christabel never grew discouraged. Viola was her idol, and no sacrifice was too great for her. But all her energy was not expended on her sleepy room-mate alone, for Christabel was possessed with a frenzy for doing, and spent her time circulating among half a dozen different rooms, hearing Claire Beyton's French verbs, holding the book while Geneve Ailey recited her Latin verses, dancing with the younger girls down-stairs after din-

ner, or nearly breaking her neck showing some of the timid athletes how to "skin the cat." Towards the end of the term she added to her cares by canvassing among the girls for votes for one of her pets of the middle grade whom she was desirous of seeing adorned with the good nature prize. Her zeal very often got her into trouble, but her saucy face and merry laugh always won her forgiveness. But all her energy in helping others did not aid her in her own studies—her French papers still showed more ink than correctness, Caesar's campaigns remained a vast mystery.

"They left something out of my head when they made me," she explained to her teacher when a particularly bad lesson brought a reprimand.

The term grew to a close. Hosmer Hall girls looked forward to Commencement with the delight that that holiday always brings. A Hosmer Commencement was an important event in a girl's life. The Pentagon, as the five close friends called themselves, bubbled over with pleasurable anticipation, the four who had worked for prizes excited by the contest, and the fifth, Christabel, more nervous than any of the rest; for had she not worked for all four, besides trotting her legs off getting votes for Carol Mabey, the good-natured girl who was so imposed on?

Commencement day dawned clear and perfect, as only a May day can be. The great old hall, with its faded hangings, was brilliant with festoons of flowers and class colors. Mothers, aunts, cousins, sisters, filled all the chairs and aisles. The different classes in groups, with their flowers and dainty white dresses, caused Madam's heart to swell with pride.

Christabel sat with the rest of her class, her heart thumping so loud

she could hardly hear what was going on upon the platform. In a dream she heard Geneve Ailey's voice rippling off those familiar Latin lines. She could only see, and not hear, the girl who followed her, but awoke with a start when a ripple of applause after Madam's announcement told her that Geneve had won. A glad little thrill ran over her as she heard her friend praised, and she uttered a happy inward cry, "I helped!"

She was keenly alive to all that followed, and sat tense and straight while Viola palyed. Every note had an echo in her heart, and her foot beat time to the tune that she knew almost as well as Viola, from hearing it so much. Tears of thankfulness came to her eyes as Madam Valleau put the handsome picture of Mendelssohn in her room-mate's hands, and Viola sent a happy look in her direction.

Several other contests which had been decided on class records were announced, and Christabel had another disappointment when she learned that Claire had not succeeded in French. Later on the dejection was almost balanced by her elation over the success of Jean, whose clever verses elicited unstinted praise.

"To have all my girls win would have made me too conceited," Christabel whispered to herself.

Much interest was exhibited when Madam rose to announce the winner of the last prize, for this was decided by the vote of the whole school—the good-nature prize. Christabel looked over and nodded brightly to some of the "Middlers," who had helped canvas for Carol Mabey. Christabel had no doubt as to the result of this—the girls had acquiesced so readily when she suggested the quiet little girl. Madam made a little speech before awarding the medal.

"When we speak of good nature in Hosmer Hall," she said in her quiet way, "we do not mean the mere passively sweet nature that is neither an indication of strength nor of weakness. We mean our prize to go to the sunniest, the most helpful, the most unselfish girl. The girl whom it is a pleasure to have in our midst, the girl whom we'll all be sorry to part with, even for the summer. If she will come here to the platform, I will pin our badge of honor upon her. The one we have chosen as embodying in her character all the traits that we demand in our good-natured girl, is Miss Christabel Morton."

Christabel felt the hot blood surge into her face; she did not know whether to feel glad or to cry. She sat still, looking dazed and queer until Madam called her name again. Then she went and stood up before them all, blushing and frightened, while the pretty pin was fastened at her throat. Madam's kiss on her forehead brought a mist of tears, which she winked back as she bowed to the audience that were cheering her so heartily.

"Oh, Viola," she cried, as she hid her face on her friend's shoulder after it was over, "I'm so happy—I've found something that I can do!"

A SKETCH.

Rosemary.

Mrs. Blake's little garden alone would tell you a great deal about her. It is as symmetrical as the pattern of a carpet or papered ceiling. A deep border of sweet-smelling violets surrounds the flower-bed; a bunch of flags makes every corner alike; wide-spreading bleeding-hearts form a conspicuous centerpiece; while daisies and pansies, arranged in squares of different sizes from the center out, add much to the set appearance and exactness of the whole. It is a well cared for little garden. Even now shovel and sprinkling-can lie in the path, telling that some one has been there lately.

A small boy opens the gate and closes it carefully after him. Everybody takes particular pains to fasten Mrs. Blake's gate. The porch is white and clean, so he wipes his shoes "good" on the doormat as he knocks at the door. It almost seems a shame to mar that

stainless glass with even a finger mark.

"Come right in," calls a voice. "Oh, wait just a minute," as the door would not yield, "I put that bit of carpet agin the door to keep out the draught."

"How are you today, Mrs. Blake?"

"I'm not feeling extra well. My leg is bad this mornin'. The rheumatiz' is a bad thing, I can tell you. I've been a fussin' in the garden and then I scrubbed the porch and I guess I caught a little cold. But then we've all got our trials and our aches and I can bear mine if it is the Lord's will."

She is not old. Her smooth hair, parted in the middle, is still black and glossy, and her eyes bright, but a little lameness caused by the rheumatism gives her rather an old appearance.

The house within corresponds in preciseness with the garden. Flower

pots stand in the clean-curtained windows, arranged in pyramid style, the largest in the middle and the size gradually decreasing on both sides. The thread-bare carpet looks as if you might sweep it forever without raising any dust. On a small table in the corner of the room lie two or three neatly folded papers, together with spools, needles, thimble, and scissors. The things on the mantelpiece, too, look as if they were glued there—they are so in place. A clock stands in the middle. On each side, exactly six inches from the clock, are two old-fashioned ornaments. Vases at each end contain four flags, two white and two blue. The stove is black and shining, and the kettle singing furiously. A gray cat is asleep near the fire, and a canary, in its cage of brass, hangs in the sunshine near the window.

"You've had that bird a long time, ain't you, Mrs. Blake?" asked the little boy.

"Indeed I have, Harry. I've had Dicky about twice as long as your ma has had you. He was just a young bird when I got him, and I've had him for sixteen years, nearly. Ah, you naughty boy," she continued to the bird. "He splashes all over the table when he has his bath, and makes a nice mess for me to clean up. Oh, but he's nice. I don't know what I'd do without Dicky, I've had him so long. Singie, too. She wouldn't hurt him for the world. Would you, Singie?" Whereupon the big gray cat opened her eyes, stretched herself out lazily and getting up walked slowly over and rubbed herself against the skirts of her mistress.

"Do you ever leave them alone in the room together, Mrs. Blake?"

"Yes, I should think so. She wouldn't hurt him for the world. I believe she loves him about as much as I do. Listen to him; he's talking

to me. Want some apple, Dicky?" And going to the cupboard she cut a piece from a large apple that had already been sliced several times.

"There, you beauty! He does love a bit of apple so."

I believe that woman loves her bird more than many women love their children.

"Must you go now, Harry? Well, here's a piece of candy. Tell ma I hope she's well." Then, going to the table, she began peeling some potatoes for dinner, all the time talking to the bird, her dearest friend, and all she had to love.

* * * * *

Mrs. Blake is sitting all alone in her little room crying bitterly, and holding a little dead bird in her hand.

"Oh, my poor little Dicky, what shall I do without you? You're all I had. Why did you have to die? I wanted you to live till I died, but I guess it was not to be. This is one of my trials, and I'll have to bear it. But it's so hard."

She got a little box and laid her bird carefully in it, after holding it for several hours, and set it in front of the clock on the mantelpiece.

"I'm so lonesome without him," she told a friend afterward.

"See, here he is. I can't bury him." She took down the little box and gently stroked the yellow occupant, now so cold and still. "He's been dead two weeks now, but I can't bury him. He don't sing any more, but I love him just the same." She cried again now, and kept repeating over and over again. "He don't sing any more, but I love him just the same."



Saint Augustine! Well has thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will, but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of
shame.

—Longfellow.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

A LETTER FROM JAPAN.

Tokyo, Japan, Sept. 12, 1902.

My Dear Sister Taylor:

This is a day that makes me think of our dear President, our Board and the Mutual Improvement work. I am pleased to write you as a remembrance, as that is all I can do.

The summer is over and you have commenced your year's work, but we will continue studying the language. It takes a great deal of study and we do not have time for much else. We do our own work; we preferred it for many reasons.

We are enjoying our life here, though everything is so strange and different from what we have been accustomed to.

The people are very curious, something like children, to examine everything strange they see in our home. They remind me of the Indians, too, the way they hang around for hours and watch everything we do.

Some of the young students who come here are intelligent and very ambitious and I enjoy talking with them. Some speak German, some French and others English. Some of our boys can speak German, I speak a little French and of course we all can understand their English and we like to practice our Japanese on them. As many as six or eight come to our meeting every Sunday.

The book Brother Grant spoke about is finished and as far as we can learn, or understand it, is most favorable to our people, and a very finely written work. As soon as possible Brother Grant is going to have it translated into English. Mr. Takahasgigoro, the author, is a very pleasant appearing gentleman,

highly educated and I like him very much. He has translated nearly the whole of the Bible, has assisted in making a dictionary and is a very intelligent man to talk with. He has been a true friend to the brethren ever since he first met them.

October 14, 1902.

It is a strange thing here the way they set up or transplant trees and flowers. At the back of our house where there was a stream of water bordered by a row of trees, every tree was tipped over during the recent typhoon, so that the roots with the earth clinging to them looked like an even mud wall. These trees were all set up again, the earth tramped down around them, they were propped up with poles, tied with ropes and they look just as firm in the ground as ever and just as green. When the people move from one house to another they take their flowers and shrubbery with them. I have seen large trees, wagon loads of them, going through the streets, sometimes filled with almost ripe fruit and I suppose these were being transplanted.

Our boys are all in new homes now, two at one place and two at another. They thought they could get along faster with the language if they went into a Japanese home. Our young friend, Mashimo, offered to take two of them when he found that they wanted a place and his sister and husband took the other two. We all fell in love with the sister, Mrs. Nirayama. We have a picture of her in her garden. The garden is very pretty but the picture does not show it to advantage. There are streams of water full of gold fish; there are rocks and rustic

bridges, flowering trees and shrubs and those ugly stone images that you see so often here. And away in one corner is their little shrine,



Mrs. Nirayama with Umbrella and Rain Coat.

where they worship in their heathen fashion. Mr. Nirayama takes pride in saying that everything is just "nature" about his place.

But the strangest thing is the way you get to it. First, there is a little gate in the high board fence opening from the street. You have to stoop down to get through this door and then walk through quite an alleyway, with houses on both sides, then pass through another door and you are in this pretty yard. But no one could possibly get a glimpse into it from the street, and there are houses as thick as can be on all sides of it. They are each separated from the other by a high fence, so high that no one can see

over it, and the strict exclusiveness so dear to the Japanese is ensured.

Unless you take your shoes off the Japanese do not ask you into their houses, but bring mats and ask you to sit down on the veranda with your feet hanging over. They never step with their shoes on their soft matting covered floors, nor even on their spotless verandas. They have no stoves, no bedsteads, tables or chairs, and so their work is very light. They save themselves work by not making work. They never have much scrubbing or sweeping to do because they never bring any dirt into the house.

Many of the houses are very pretty, really artistic. The floors are covered with matting as soft as a cushion, but there is generally an alcove in the best room with a floor of beautifully polished natural wood. They have so many kinds of beautiful woods here, both light and dark. In this alcove there is a panel picture or wall banner, a painting on silk and they sometimes cost a hundred dollars or more; then there is a little cabinet with a single vase, pretty piece of lacquer work or something of this kind, but nothing fussy or crowded looking. The inside walls are movable, like sliding screens, and are of paper. They are sometimes very artistic, prettily tinted with just a spray of flowers here and there. The beams supporting the house are of natural wood; they simply take a tree, peel off the bark and polish it, but they are beautiful. They try to get odd and fanciful shapes with the knots and natural grain of the wood in many different forms.

*** The two little girls in the picture are ten and eleven years old, according to their reckoning. The Japanese count a child one year old from the time it is born until it passes its first birthday; then it is

two and so on. These little girls come to visit us every day and they always have these babies on their backs. They always say they are not tired. They run and jump and play games just the same as our children do and the babies seem to enjoy it. You would think their little heads would be snapped off almost, with the children running with them, and to see them sleeping looks very uncomfortable, indeed. But I saw a child on the train one day that was very fretful and would not keep still until the nurse stood

seem to take the very best care of them. * * * * *

The method of traveling in this city was very strange to us at first. Jinrikishas, the little two-wheel carriages drawn by men, are the principal conveyances. There are 40,000 of these and 45,000 jinrikisha-men in this city of about a million and a half of people.

We see occasionally a carriage drawn by horses. One strange custom is to have runners along, from one to three men in livery, and they run ahead to see that the road is



up, put it on her back and commenced to jog it by walking. Then it went to sleep immediately, but in such an uncomfortable position that it surprised us to think it could sleep. It is very seldom that you hear a child cry here. Everyone is kind to the children and parents

clear. Stranger still is this same custom with horseback riders. The officer or other notable on his handsome horse has his man trotting along ahead of him all the while he is out for his ride. Very few horses are used for drawing loads. The driver never rides, but walks

alongside, leading the horse, which has no bridle, and only the crudest and most uncomfortable looking

erally led by women or girls, miserable looking, overworked creatures they were, too, as well as the horses.



harness. Most of the loads are drawn by men, but many by women or girls. Up in the mountains we saw long trains of pack animals, poor looking horses and large, fierce looking bullocks, loaded down with sacks of coal, bundles of wood, long pieces of timber or lumber and even iron rails. The horses were gen-

In the picture the last figure but one is a girl. * * * *

I will close by assuring you that I remember you always in my prayers and feel the same deep interest in our work that I have always done. Your loving sister,

Augusta W. Grant.

THE RELATION OF MEMBERS TO THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.

Lottie Paul Baxter.

It has been well said "That which ye sow that shall ye reap." This is our sowing time, let us be sure in the springtime of our lives we sow good seeds, that in the Autumn thereof we may be laden with many sheaves to crown our earthly efforts. Our lives are largely what we make them; our associations are the same. If you belong to an association which falls short of the standard, think over your own past. Have you always been loyal to your meeting night and refused to go to places of amusement that would interfere with your Mutual? Has punctuality developed in your character through always being at your meeting on time? Have you never failed to raise your sweet, young voice in singing the praises of God? Never failed to follow in thought the pure supplications of the timid girl who has been asked to lead in prayer? Opposite your name on the roll have you credit for a sentiment each week, and has that sentiment been carefully prepared, that your hearers have caught the inspiration intended, and has it strengthened your memory and courage as well? Have you followed consecutively each lesson, that you could intelligently and creditably respond to a call to give the lesson if those to whom it was assigned failed to be present?

If in these small details you have failed to do your part, the reason your association is not so progressive as it should be is easily explained. When a lesson is assigned you, do not suppose that *any* kind of rendition will be sufficient; nothing short of your best and no-

blest effort should be given, even if only ten members are there to hear you. You may wonder what is of so much importance in so small a thing. I will tell you. It is the character building of a whole life, yes and more; it is for eternity. It is just at this time, while you are members of Mutual Improvement that these characters are formed.

Tiny pebbles of obedience in youth will build a structure in character which cannot be shaken by the trials of later life, nor destroyed by the temptations of the ungodly who cross your path. If you allow yourself time and again to hurriedly prepare and blunderingly present any obligation placed upon you, in a very short time, you will have acquired a shiftless habit, and worst of all you will have become indifferent as to whether the smile of approbation or look of disapproval is given from them whose opinion you should most earnestly seek. After having performed your part, you should be able to say in your own heart, "I have done my best," no matter how poor that best may be, or how inferior your effort is to that of some brilliant girl who has had all the advantages of an advanced education. Be sure it was your best, and as each succeeding lesson is given with that determination to prepare and deliver it well, assisted by that greatest of all blessings, the Spirit of God, it will not be long until you hardly recognize the first weak effort that was once your best.

Be determined in your resolve to do your duty; ask for strength from Him who alone can give; pray al-

ways to know what is right, then have the will to do it.

There is a saying that is gaining ground as a preface to so many of our duties that require preparation, and I wish to warn you against its use; it is this: "I am not very well prepared and I hope you will excuse me." Do not use it, girls, proceed at once with what you have to say and you will not go far until your hearers know you are not prepared and your preface is superfluous. There is, however, another side to this. When a reason is given for not being prepared, a release from that obligation is, sometimes, just as ennobling as a fulfillment of it. After explaining your position to your presiding officer, let her decide whether you are to make the attempt or someone else is to do it. She can then explain, if necessary, and a beautiful lesson can thus be taught that you are willing to follow the advice of your president, although you cannot present the lesson in its best light.

"The harvest is great and the laborers are few." They who are active in Mutual are usually active in all other work in the ward. I do not advocate the fulfillment of Mutual work at the sacrifice of all other noble duties, but as our integrity increases our ability to perform many duties will increase accordingly. If you cannot take your part, be prompt in notifying those who have charge of the program that others may have ample time to prepare.

This visible preparation is very necessary to make our associations a success, but I wish to speak of higher and nobler lessons than these to be learned and they are accordingly harder to master. The discipline of the mind is small and easily acquired compared with the discipline of the soul. Our daily and hourly prayer

should be to know how we can better serve the Master and walk in His footsteps. Education, good breeding and beauty alone will not make us as the Lord requires his daughters to be. We must work diligently, pray unceasingly to be guided aright, that our judgment, if we dare to judge, may be tempered with mercy, our eyes opened to see where we can lighten the burden of an overtaxed sister, and scatter sunshine among our associates. A universal sisterhood of love must reign supreme among us, our hearts be pure that our associates will feel, when in our presence, that we are daughters of Zion—the pure in heart. Purity of speech, action and thought must be synonymous with our name.

A simple portrayal of sisterly love comes to my mind of a beautiful young girl, timid, lacking self confidence as she arose to give a sketch she had prepared. After proceeding a few sentences, she hesitated and stopped, her memory had failed. Instinctively I glanced at her sister nearby. Tears of love and sympathy filled her eyes as her head drooped and we saw her lips move in silent prayer. As if all moved by the same impulse, we, too, unknowingly followed and while we thus prayed, the sweet young voice broke forth on that sacred stillness and did not falter again during the entire recital. This love, sister for sister, should be felt among us, that we might know when we attempt to perform our part we are not being unduly criticised, but are being prayed for by our hearers.

Let prayer be our constant comforter. It will not become commonplace by use, but it will be a pillar of strength to help us to better things.

There may be some who feel tried by odd little ways and mannerisms

of the president or counsellors, still knowing they are good women, trying to do their duty. If any such there be, think of their trials compared with yours. They have a large enrollment, all different temperaments, yet each one must be studied to know how to develop the best qualities she possesses. They must know how to decide questions of right and wrong, to give justice to all and offense to none. Many of our presidents are mothers. Did it ever occur to you the great anxiety of a mother compared with yours in your simple girlhood as you leave home full of joy, without a care! But that president mother must set the example of punctuality, must be there to greet you with a smile and hearty handshake, recognize new faces and make them welcome, assist with a word of timely encouragement the young girl who has her first question to answer, and many

other anxieties known only to her. As she is leaving home, she hurriedly tucks her little ones in bed, makes a short prayer as she kneels beside them asking Our Father to protect and guard them in her absence, cheerfully going out to meet with you, to be your counsellor and friend. Your president and counsellors are not placed at the head by right of their great superiority, but they are there to conform to a divine plan recognized since the beginning of time—that everything must have a head. You remember the words of the Savior when he compared the church to the human body. It is just so with the associations; every member is needed to make a perfect whole.

The associations are yours, dear girls, for you they were organized for you they will remain. Your relation to them is illustrated by the saying of the Master: "I am the vine, ye are the branches."

THE MAJOR'S TYPIST.

Henry Nicol Adamson.

Reginald Sidney Potts sat in a dingy office in Bock street, New York City. Reginald Sidney was alone, and was leisurely engaged in scanning the columns of the "New York Sun."

During the whole of the two hours he was by himself Reginald Sidney did not once display the faintest interest in his ledgers. The "Sun" served to pass away an hour and he read it sleepily. But all at once his manner changed. He had caught sight of an advertisement in the newspaper, had read it carefully, and had pondered over it half unconsciously. Then, suddenly, a daring idea

flashed across his brain, and he read the advertisement aloud:

WANTED—By a young lady, employment in any capacity in which thorough experience in typewriting, shorthand, bookkeeping, etc., would be useful."

"Sounds rather desperate. By Jove, what a joke it would be! Let me see, what's the address? Relief Street, Malone. She can't be a person of much importance. I'll do it! It'll just pay off a few old scores and I'll never be spotted."

With astonishing celerity for so indolent a youth, he snatched a sheet of plain notepaper and

attacked the typewriter. A few minutes sufficed to pound out a few irregular lines and to address and seal the envelope. He then helped himself to one of the firm's postage stamps and placed the letter in his pocket.

The next morning a young lady alighted at a New York railway station from a train which had passed through Malone. At the exit she encountered a friendly policeman, and enquired the way to Laurel cottage. He gave her a few simple directions, and the girl set off briskly along the street. The day was bright and cold, and her spirits rose unconsciously as she entered the kind of lane in which Laurel cottage was situated. Her face was now toward the Hudson river, and as she looked upon the waves dancing in the winter sunshine she breathed a hopeful prayer for success.

She paused a moment in front of Laurel cottage, and surveyed it with some curiosity. The cottage was as large as many a so-called villa. A fairly extensive garden stretched in front of it. From the door a path ran straight down to a gate in the hedge. A pleasant spot, indeed, was the garden of Laurel cottage.

In some trepidation she approached and pushed the electric button. Presently she heard quick, decided footsteps, and the door was opened by a tall man of forbidding aspect.

If John Pepper had seen an elephant standing upon the doorstep his face could not have expressed more astonishment.

"Is Major Hugh Carstairs at home?" she inquired, timidly.

"Yes, he is; but what has that to do with you?" was the rejoinder.

It was the girl's turn to look astonished now.

"Indeed," she said with dignity. "Is not this Laurel Cottage?"

"Yes, sure enough, it's Laurel Cottage," growled the man.

"Well, I have an appointment with Major Carstairs of Laurel—" began the girl.

"What's the woman joshing about?" cried the man; apostrophising an imaginary audience. "You have an appointment with Major Hugh Carstairs? You must be a little off."

"Do you mean to insult me?" said the girl. "I tell you I have written authority from Major Hugh Carstairs himself to interview him at Laurel cottage this morning."

"Away with your written authorities," cried the man with supreme disdain.

"May I see Major Carstairs?" asked the girl, quietly.

"Not if I can help it," said the man with determination.

"Can I see—er—Mrs. Carstairs?"

"Mrs. Carstairs!" repeated the man, and he seemed to turn almost faint with horror and astonishment. "Mistress Carstairs! Get away with you, you impudent thing!"

He attempted to shut the door in the girl's face, but she was too quick. She pushed her way through the fast-closing aperture.

"You forget yourself," she said, with dignified authority. "Please inform Major Carstairs immediately of my arrival by appointment."

A door at the side of the hall opened suddenly, and a middle-aged man appeared.

"Whatever's the noise, John?"

"This—this," began the servant, chokingly, "this woman pushed herself in here with the most brazen-faced impudence I ever—"

"Be quiet, Pepper," said his master peremptorily. Then, to the young lady, "To what, madam, am I indebted for this intr—er—hon—or?"

The girl's face became pale, but she replied, quietly, "Might I ask

if I am addressing Major Hugh Carstairs?"

"You are, madam," replied that gentleman.

"Then did you not write asking me to call here at this hour?"

"Did I what?" began Carstairs. "But, pray, come in here." He stood aside, allowing her to enter the room, then followed and offered her a chair.

"Now, madam, I am at your service."

The girl's lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Did you not send me this, sir?" she asked, drawing forth an envelope.

Hugh Carstairs took the letter and scrutinized it carefully. It was addressed in typewritten characters to—

"Miss Isabel Bell,
Relief Street.
Malone, N. Y."

Inside was a double sheet of note-paper, on which had been typed the following words:

"Laurel Cottage, Bank Lane,
"30 December, 19—.

"Miss Isabel Bell:

"Dear Madam—With reference to your advertisement in today's 'New York Sun,' I should like to have an interview with you at the above address at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning, 31st. I am, dear madam,

"Yours faithfully,

"(Major) Hugh Carstairs."

The Major's face became purple with astonished wrath.

"What do you make of this?" he asked, in so angry a tone that the girl looked up quickly. The gentleman saw the tear-filled eyes, and thought with a strange thrill how intensely blue and beautiful they were. He looked down suddenly at the letter, and his lips tightened.

"She need not try the pathetic with me," to himself. "I'm not to be melted by a woman's tears."

"I don't know what to make of it, sir," replied the girl.

The major examined the document with renewed care. The envelope bore the postmarks of New York and Malone.

"Didn't it strike you as rather strange that the postmark should be New York and the address Bank Lane?" he asked at length.

"Not at all," was the reply. "Any person residing in Bank Lane might post a letter in New York. But I did wonder that even the signature should be typed."

Once more the major subjected the envelope to the closest scrutiny; this time his vigilance was rewarded. A certain peculiarity in the stamp caught his attention. He burst into a hearty laugh.

"Sir!" cried the girl, indignantly. The major glanced up to meet the blue eyes again. This time they were flashing with wrath and injured pride, and again he felt an odd little thrill as he told himself they were even more beautiful in anger than in sorrow.

"This may be a laughing matter to you," she continued, "but it is scarcely so to me. I consider that some explanation is due me."

"Quite right," said the major, with the air of a man who makes a great concession. "But you must excuse my amusement, Miss Bell, since I think I have discovered the perpetrator of the joke."

"Whom do you suspect?" asked Miss Bell, somewhat coldly.

"Just allow me to ask you a question before I reply," said Carstairs. "What was your impression of the writer of this message?"

"That he was a shockingly bad manipulator of his typing machine, and that my services would indeed be highly acceptable to him," said Miss Bell, with some humor.

Her answer seemed to amuse the Major exceedingly.

"The fact is, Miss Bell, the writer is 'shockingly bad' at anything of a useful character. You have hit him off very cleverly."

"Might I ask who the writer is?" said Miss Bell, with dignity.

"Well," replied the Major, handing her the envelope. "If you will examine the postage stamp, you will perceive that it is stamped with a perforated device. That is the mark of a certain firm in New York. I have a precious nephew who wastes this firm's stationery in return for a weekly pittance. He it is whom I suspect. Of all the idlers under the sun he is the idlest, and his one great hope is to step into my shoes when I am no more. He is the son of my only sister, and is certainly my heir apparent. He rejoices in the cumbersome appellation of Reginald Sidney Potts. He bears me a special grudge just now because I refused him a check with which to liquidate some of his gentlemanly debts this Christmastide. I hope you will forgive these wearisome details, but I think the recital will clear up this mystery."

"It has been a cruel disappointment to me," said Miss Bell, in low, tremulous tones.

The Major looked at her with a curiosity which quickly changed to kindly interest. In that moment his eyes were fully opened to the girl's beauty and poverty, and his heart softened involuntarily.

"What was this advertisement?" he asked, suddenly.

"I was advertising for any position in which my knowledge of typewriting, shorthand, etc., would be useful," replied Miss Bell, resignedly.

"You see, I don't even possess a typewriter," said the Major, slowly.

Then he burst out suddenly. "But I have it! Yes, I have it!"

The girl glanced up at him in surprise, and the man blushed furiously.

"You see," he went on more calmly, "I—I am writing a book"—here his flush became even deeper. "It is called 'Reminiscences of the Punjab,' a record of my fifteen years in India, you know. I was—er—thinking of getting it published. I'm making it up from my diaries, etc. Perhaps you could—er—prepare my manuscript for the press? Type it from my dictation, correct the proofs, and so forth."

"I should be happy to do so," said Miss Bell, eagerly.

Then she, in turn, blushed at her eagerness.

"Very well, then," said the Major, "you'll do it, eh? What salary shall we say? Four hundred, five hundred dollars per annum?"

"Five hundred per annum!" repeated Miss Bell.

The Major flushed again.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "Of course your services are worth very much more than that. Six hundred, perhaps, would be nearer the mark?"

"Oh, no, sir," cried Miss Bell, "four hundred dollars would be ample."

"But you can't keep yourself on four hundred dollars a year," objected the Major.

"Can't I just!" said the girl, with a smile. Then she added: "I kept myself and an invalid mother for five years upon much less."

"Poor girl!" said the Major, kindly. "Never mind, my dear, I'll give you four hundred and fifty for a start, at any rate."

The girl looked indignant at his mode of address.

"No, thank you," she said, rather

coldly, "I am not worth more than four hundred at present."

The Major guessed the meaning of her flush.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Bell, I ought not to have addressed you in so fatherly a fashion, but, you see, I am an old man compared with you. You seem to be a mere child."

"Oh, no; you are not an old man!" said Miss Bell, impulsively. "The very—"

She stopped short in sudden shame.

"Don't you think so," cried the Major, delightedly. "Now, how old would you take me to be, Miss Bell?"

"About thirty-eight or forty," said Isabel, truthfully.

"Alas!" sighed the Major. "I was forty-six last birthday."

"Your looks belie you then," said Isabel, stoutly. "But you must not call me a child; I am getting on for twenty-five."

"A venerable age, truly," laughed the Major, looking at her with softened eyes.

He was now quite a different person from the man who had greeted her so fiercely in the hall. Suddenly it seemed to strike the two that their conversation was becoming more personal than their short acquaintance justified. Their eyes met, then both blushed and looked away.

"What did you think of your terrible reception?" inquired the Major, putting an end to a most embarrassing silence. Isabel laughed.

"I was annoyed, disappointed, and more than a little alarmed," she replied.

"I should think so," said the Major. "You must not mind John Pepper, however. He is as honest a soul as ever breathed. But he and I have grown up together confirmed bachelors—and—pardon me!—professed woman-haters. No feminine

foot save yours has crossed this threshold since we came to Laurel Cottage. No, sir!"—as the girl looked at him with sudden interest—"neither of us has been 'crossed in love,' as the saying goes, but neither of us has ever found pleasure in woman's society. I speak of myself as I was until an hour ago. And as for John, he hates women like poison, and seems to demand that I do the same!"

Isabel thought of her request for "Mrs. Carstairs," and smiled.

"Pepper by name and peppery by nature," she remarked, rising from her chair. The major escorted her to the gate, and after talking over some details of business, shook her hand kindly at parting.

Poor little Isabel Bell turned away, her heart as light as a feather and brimful of thankfulness. But Hugh Carstairs quaked inwardly as he descended to John Pepper's kitchen.

If the Major had cast a bombshell among the pots and pans he would not have disturbed his soldier servant so terribly as he did by his simple announcement. After his stammering, apologetic recital the Major beat an ashamed retreat, and left John Pepper alone among the ruins of his life.

Three months had slipped by, three of the happiest months Isabel had ever known. If only her mother had been living! But, as it was, she was intensely happy and grateful. Three months of happiness and adequate nourishment had turned the pretty, fragile girl into a surpassingly beautiful woman.

The manuscript of the "Reminiscences" had reached its twenty-sixth chapter by the end of March. Its progress was slow, but, as Hugh Carstairs was careful to explain, it

was sure. He was in no hurry, and the delay was his own fault entirely. Did not Miss Bell realize that this was his life's work? Why was she sometimes in such a desperate and uncomplimentary hurry?

"Chapter twenty-six," said Isabel on the morning of the 31st of March. "Yes, Major Carstairs, I have written that long ago. What comes next, please?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Hugh Carstairs, who had been lost in the contemplation of the clustering curls at the nape of her white neck. She insisted upon turning her back to him, for the light, she explained.

"The fact is, Miss Bell, I don't feel like working this morning."

Isabel pushed back her chair with an impatient sigh.

"You rarely do feel like working," she said, candidly.

"Come nearer the fire, Miss Bell," said Carstairs. "I'm sure you must be cold at that window. I want a little talk with you this morning."

"I like the view," said Isabel. "How lovely the Hudson looks this morning! How well I remember the first time I ever saw that view from here."

Carstairs' eyes began to glisten. He took an impulsive step forward.

"Isabel!" he began.

A knock at the door interrupted him. It was opened quickly, and John Pepper appeared, carrying a small tray, covered with a spotless linen cloth. Upon the tray was a dainty bowl of steaming beef tea.

"For Miss Bell," he remarked calmly, as he placed his burden upon the table. "The girl must be cold sitting at that window."

He left the room without another word, and Isabel and Hugh looked at each other in dumb wonderment. Then they burst out laughing.

"Poor John," said Carstairs, be-

coming suddenly serious. "You have conquered him, Isabel, as you have conquered me. Don't you see how it is with me, dear? I love you, love you more than blundering words of mine can tell, and I want you to be my wife."

The girl's face flushed and then became pale. She put out her hands as if to ward off a blow.

"Don't!" she said, tremulously. "Don't! I can't bear it!"

Hugh Carstairs drew himself up. "Is my love, then, so shameful a thing?" he asked coldly.

"It is not love, but pity!" faltered Isabel.

"Pity!" cried Carstairs. "Not love, but pity! No, Isabel, it is you that ought to feel pity if you can't love me. Is it not love that I feel for you, dear? What, then, can it be that makes me so happy at your coming, so wretched at your going, that makes me want you so desperately?"

"You need not want me any more!" said Isabel.

"And here is poor John's beef tea gone perfectly cold!" cried Miss Bell, after they recovered from their first transports. "Never mind, I'll consume it, no matter how it tastes. Dear John, I like him, too."

"After his cruelty to you on your first appearance?" asked Hugh, who was tenderly watching her heroic efforts to appreciate John Pepper's peace offering.

"That was due to his sense of duty towards his 'boss'," said Isabel. "But, Hugh, dear," with a charming blush, "what makes you love me?"

"Hem!" said the Major. "I wonder!"

"Well, to begin with, your pluck! How well you stood your ground against first John, then me! And how heroically you strove with your

tears and displayed your righteous indignation during that first interview. And next, I love you for your honesty. You would not take more money than you felt you were worth, and you said right out what you meant. And, next, I love you for your industry and then for your beauty and sweetness and complete adorableness. And last, but not least, for your womanliness!"

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried Isabel, in dismay. "I did not expect such a shower of compliments."

At that moment John Pepper's decided knock was again heard.

"Mr. Reginald Sidney Potts," announced the servant.

As soon as Reginald Sidney caught sight of Miss Bell he sank upon a chair, a look of consternation overspreading his features.

"Come for more cash, my boy?" said the Major lightly.

Reginald Sidney made no remark, but continued to stare at Isabel.

"Oh, you don't know this lady?" cried Hugh, mischievously. "And yet you were the means of introducing her to me. My nephew, Mr. Reginald Sidney Potts—Miss Isabel Bell, my future wife!"

Reginald Sidney could only gasp,

but Isabel advanced and took his hand.

"Don't look so wretched," she said, kindly. "We knew all about your joke from the first, and I, for one, am intensely grateful to you."

"And I for another," said Hugh. "And I'm sure John Pepper will make a third! But there was always a want about you, my boy! You managed your trick very well, but you might have thought to buy a stamp at the postoffice! Or perhaps you did pay, after all, for the one you borrowed from the firm?"

"Don't tease, Hugh," said Isabel, with a pretty assumption of authority. "Reginald Sidney and I are going to be friends, I can see. And what is more, Hugh, you will, as a favor to me, give my future nephew the little check he requires."

"His aspirations towards eventually becoming the sole possessor of my goods and chattels have already received a check," said the Major, facetiously. But the youth turned to his future aunt with eyes full of the most intense gratitude.

And thus it was that Isabel Bell added to her former conquests the complete subjugation of Reginald Sidney Potts!

TO WAIT.

Annie Pike.

When Time and Space
Had robbed me of your face,
Too hard it seemed to bear
With patient grace.

Since Death and Fate
Grew envious of our state,
I have no other care
Than just to wait.

HOW SHALL WE ENTERTAIN OUR GUESTS?

In our last Journal we mentioned an evening,

"When We Were Young."

Let this party be one of games and frolic, for which the following are suggested:

Kitchen Cricket.—Prepare the kitchen table (or the extension dining table) for the "cricket ground" by laying upon it a large blanket without creases, and on top of this a slightly starched sheet that has been ironed without folding. Stretch these two tightly and smoothly, and fasten by tying underneath the table. Then provide a small pasteboard box for "wickets," a light bat (made from a shingle) and a soft yarn ball about the size of a walnut. "Sides" must be chosen. The "Inns," one by one, take turns preventing the pitcher, who stands at one end of the table, from knocking down the "wicket," which, together with the batter, is stationed at the other end of the table. "Three strikes" or "wicket down" means "out" for the batter; and three "outs" means "side out," when the "Outs" take the bat and the "Inns" go into the "field." When a batter hits the ball, instead of making a "run," he must express some sentiment or line of poetry, or make some remark having a point; and this must be done before he is touched with the ball by one of the "Outs," otherwise that "batter" is put "out," and the next takes his place. Every "batter" who is put "out" must pay a penalty, and each one of the victorious side receives a credit.

Millionaires.—In this game the customary "it" plays the leading part by asking each player the question, "What would you do if you had a million?" To this question an answer must be given in reasonably correct rhyme, but it may be without regard to sense or logic. The word "million" may be varied by the substitution of "A dollar," "Some bonds," "A duck," or any piece of property or any animal. For instance: Question, "What would you do if you had a dollar?" Answer, "I think I would buy me a nice rubber collar." Or, "What would you do if you had a pig?" "I would wait and not kill it until it got big." Any player failing to make a proper reply

within a reasonable time, say one minute, must be "it" and pay a penalty. All those who don't have to be "it" receive a credit.

Home-Made Ping Pong.—Use a table prepared as for "Kitchen Cricket," with a piece of cloth about six inches wide, stretched, edge up, across the center of the table's width. Provide four light bats (made from shingles), and a small hollow rubber ball. Four can play the game, two at each end of the table or "court." Partners stand facing each other at opposite ends of the "court"; each partner takes turns in knocking the ball back and forth to the other, but the player must not allow the ball to strike his side of the table after leaving his bat. It is the duty of the opposite partner to catch the ball on his bat and return it to the other side of the "court" as before, and so on until one of the players misses; then the other pair takes a turn. This goes on for, say, twenty turns, which may constitute a game. Then two new couples may try their skill. While quartettes are thus playing, others not interested in looking on may engage in guessing games or tricks, or in any fun that may suggest itself.

Penalties and Credits.—Give each player a card containing the headings, "Credits" and "Penalties," on which card his or her name is written. A "marker" must keep account of all credits and penalties, using a punch or his initials, under the proper heading. At the final accounting, the guest who has the fewest penalties, or the most credits, or both, is the one entitled to the first prize. There may be a second and a third prize, if so desired, but there should always be a "booby" prize, which may be "inflicted" as the result of a trial of the candidate before a judge and jury, with lawyers for the defense and for the prosecution, witnesses, and all the paraphernalia and procedure of a court of law. Such a court may also award the other prizes, furnishing diversion for the latter part of the evening.

J. H. Y.

Address all communications for this department to Miss Ann M. Cannon, 536 Constitution building.

THE COOK'S CORNER.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

INTRODUCTION.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that this new series of papers on the art of cookery is undertaken for the coming year. The pleasure is afforded from the fact that the Department is again opened at the request of many readers of the Journal, who, during the past year, have missed the monthly article on this practical subject. It is gratifying to know that the young women of Zion are beginning to have an interest aroused in this homely subject, and that the mothers, young and old, are becoming more desirous of providing nourishing, appetizing food for their growing children.

We must never lose sight of the fact that this body of ours is the temple of the Holy Spirit which dwells within each of us. This body, too, should be our special care, for this is a mortal existence. And while our deepest purpose in life should be to have our spirits so schooled and perfected that they may attain the fullest glory during the next, still we must not lose sight of the fact that our bodies largely condition the degree of development attained by our spirits. If our bodies are mis-shapen, starved, or improperly nourished, our spirits cannot act untrammelled. On the other hand, if our bodies are over fed with rich, stimulating food, our natures in turn grow coarse and sensuous, and we lose entirely the nobler, purer ideals of life.

These two extremes are well illustrated in the two opposing classes of society. In the slums of big cities, where people live as animals and where nourishing food is so scarce that men must steal or fight for it, crime in all its horrible phases abounds. We could not look into the eyes of one of those half-starved children and not feel that though they are human in appearance, yet their souls are half dead or half slumbering because of the cruel life they lead. And in a measure, the same impression comes when we met a person who has lived entirely to gratify his senses—with whom eating for the mere pleasure of eating has been the chief enjoyment, and whose food has been of the richest, most stimulating nature all

his life. No wonder such a person's body is apt to be the home of gout or some other terrible disease; his spirit is more diseased than his body, for it has missed the chief aim of its existence.

So, while we must not despise the pleasure derived from eating well-cooked food, let us not lose sight of the important fact that our bodies are to gain strength and vigor from the food we eat, and that our spirits can develop best in a well nourished body. The main purpose of making the food appetizing is not, therefore, to please the sense of taste, but because when food is appetizing and well cooked, it builds up the body much more than when the opposite is the case.

It is not our purpose, during the coming year, to undertake a systematic course of study of the art of cookery, as was attempted two years ago in these pages, but to present to the readers subjects that may be of particular interest at the time the Journal is published. Aside from this, it will be our purpose to have, at various times, some recipes of preparations which are characteristic of other countries than our own. For instance, one month we will give some characteristic German dishes; another month, some Scandinavian ones. In this way it is hoped to give the home cook some hints whereby she can vary her daily menu and thus make her meals more attractive. Variety is a necessity of good cooking. If any sister has obtained a good recipe of some foreign preparation, she will help the readers of the Journal by sending the same to the writer at Logan, Utah.

A Sensible New Year's Dinner.

MENU.

Soup,	Crackers,
Roast Goose,	Apple Stuffing,
Sweet Potatoes on Half Shell.	
Scalloped Onions,	
Celery,	Pickles,
Steamed Fruit Pudding,	
Hard Sauce.	

The "Holidays" are usually a time of much feasting, and care must be taken that the system is not upset by the great mixture and abundance of indigestible food eaten during this period. It is well for the family to provide an extra good dinner for the Christmas and New Year's days, but the caution must be given not to plan too much. The children will most likely have indulged freely in candy, nuts, raisins, and fruit during the day, and if an elaborate dinner is prepared, the chances are it will not be enjoyed, or, if it is eaten, it will overtax the digestive organs and cause distress.

The above menu is simple and is quite sufficient for any family dinner. Of course, if one is going to entertain friends and wishes to provide as elaborate a meal as possible, other dishes must be added to the menu. Salad is always served at a formal dinner, but as suggested in the menu, celery may well take the place of the salad, and in towns where celery cannot be obtained, a simple home-made pickle may be served with the dinner to advantage. Above all things avoid an over crowding of good things on the holiday table; it is not in accordance with the best taste, nor is it good sense.

RECIPES.

Soup may or may not be served at this family dinner. It is not necessary, but if it is served, it must be a light, thin soup, which will not "fill up," because the body of the meal is so heavy. A consomme, or thin meat bouillon, may be served to better advantage than a milk soup, for the reason above given. Recipes for these soups have been given many times in these pages, so they need not be repeated here.

Roast Goose.—The American is apt to think that the only bird worth cooking is the turkey. But the American doesn't know the virtues of all birds until he has eaten roast goose with apple stuffing. It makes a nice change, too, for the New Year's dinner, especially after the Thanksgiving and Christmas turkeys.

Pluck and singe the goose; wash the outside with soap and water and rinse thoroughly. Then draw and rinse the inside; clean and save the giblets, especially the liver, for the stuffing. Cut the wings off at the first joint; remove the feet at the leg

joint. At the back of the neck, beginning at the body, make a slit in the skin to the top of the neck; lay the skin over the breast and remove the neck close to the body.

Apple Stuffing.—The simplest kind of apple stuffing is to peel and quarter enough tart apples to fill the crop and body of the bird. The apples, if small, may be peeled and cored and left whole. This makes a very good stuffing, too.

Another apple stuffing is prepared as follows: Peel and quarter enough ripe apples to make about one quart. Peel and chop one white onion; cook it in boiling water ten minutes and drain. Soak the crust of half a loaf of bread in some soup, squeeze it quite dry. Chop the giblets quite fine with a sprig or two of parsley if you can get it. Mix all these ingredients together and add two tablespoonsful of butter cut in small lumps.

Fill the crop, bring the loose skin over to the back and sew it down. Fill the body with the stuffing and sew up the slit, which, by the way, has been made as small as possible to admit of drawing. Hold the legs as close to the body as possible and pass a twine around them to keep them from spreading during cooking. Fold the wings over the back and tie them in place also. Dredge the bird with salt, pepper and flour and if it is to be baked in an open pan, cover the breast with buttered paper. Bake slowly for two hours, basting with soup or hot water and butter at least every half hour.

Sweet Potatoes on the Half Shell.—If you cannot get sweet potatoes use the others in the same way.

Wash and scrub enough medium-sized potatoes as near the same size as possible. Bake until "just done." Remove from the oven and cut them down lengthwise, being careful to keep the skin unbroken otherwise. Remove the potato, leaving the skins to form the "half shell." Mash the potatoes, add enough cream or butter and milk to moisten and season with salt and pepper. Pile the mashed potatoes lightly in the skins and place in the oven again until slightly browned.

Scalloped Onions.—Peel until all the tough green skin is removed. Do not cut them. Place in boiling salted water; let boil ten minutes; drain and recover with boiling water; add a little more salt. Boil for three-quar-

ters of an hour, or until the onions are tender.

Make enough white sauce to cover well the boiled onions. The proportion of ingredients is as follows: Melt two tablespoonsful butter; stir in two heaping spoonsful flour; a little salt, and stir in gradually one pint of hot milk.

Place the onions in a baking dish; pour on the white sauce, and cover the whole with buttered crumbs. Bake until the crumbs are brown.

Wrap a napkin around the baking dish, place it on a large plate or platter, and serve from the baking dish.

Steamed Fruit Pudding.—The holiday dinner will hardly seem complete without the regulation plum pudding. Nevertheless, we venture to give the recipe of a very plain fruit pudding and suggest that it is much easier of digestion and much cheaper than the heavy fruit pudding usually provided:

- 2 cups flour.
- 2 teaspoonsful baking powder.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt.
- 1 teaspoonful mixed spices.
- 2 eggs.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.
- 1 cup milk.
- 2 tablespoonsful butter.
- 1 pint of chopped apples or
- 1 cup of seeded raisins.

Sift the baking powder and salt with the flour; stir in the spices.

Beat the eggs until light and thick, stirring in the sugar gradually. Stir the milk and melted butter into the flour mixture and then add the beaten eggs and sugar. If raisins are used they must be first rolled in flour to prevent their sinking to the bottom of the pudding. The fruit is added last.

Turn the pudding into a buttered pudding mould or a small tin bucket with tight fitting lid. Cook in boiling water two hours.

To steam: Wring a napkin out of boiling water, dredge it with flour and pour the pudding into it. Roll up and place in a steamer. Cook two hours. Serve with Hard Sauce.

Hard Sauce.—Use as much again sugar as butter. Have a bowl slightly warmed and rub the butter till of the consistency of cream. Then add the sugar slowly, being sure that it is melted or blended before adding more. Pulverized sugar is best to use in this sauce because it is more quickly blended. A fine grained brown sugar gives a pleasing flavor, and if no other kind is obtainable use ordinary sugar. When all the sugar is well blended in the butter flavor with a few drops of lemon or vanilla. Pile it lightly on a pretty dish and set away in a cold place where it will harden. Some prefer to omit the flavoring extract and sprinkle grated mace or nutmeg over the top of the snowy pile.

SONG.

Kate Thomas.

A Scarlet West,
An East merged into eventide,
A bare, brown plain; and by my side
The one, the one in all the world
I love the best!

Last night's gay mask—
The outward wildness and the inward ache—
I cast forever. From her lips I take
Joy never-ceasing. Brown plain and her kiss,
Are all I ask.

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN ILLNESS.

HOW TO ACT IN AN EMERGENCY.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

I.

The woman who is to act intelligently in every capacity of her life as home-maker, must have almost universal knowledge. She must learn to prepare and serve food so that it is appetizing and nourishing. She must exercise her artistic instincts in furnishing the different rooms of the home; she must understand more or less perfectly the sciences of physics, chemistry, and bacteriology, or she cannot intelligently keep her house in a sanitary condition at all times. She should, to some extent, at least, understand the science of sociology in order to direct the affairs of a large family, so that all the members have their rights respected and respect each others' rights. Then in the more practical life, as laundress, and seamstress and dressmaker, the home-maker must serve as well.

Besides all these, there is often another and a more serious call made upon the mother's intelligence, for upon her knowledge in this direction a human life may often stand at stake. So long as we are mortal, just so long will we be subject to accident, disease and death. On this subject the young woman, who is striving to educate herself for her duties in life, must have some definite knowledge or she may often make mistakes that will cause her much unnecessary suffering. Many a young mother is forced to see her child in a critical condition from some accident while she is powerless to do anything except to wring her hands and moan helplessly.

A child may be picked up in an apparently drowning condition and the distracted mother, instead of knowing just what to do at the moment may, through her very ignorance, prove the greatest obstacle to her child's recovery. With a little definite knowledge of just what to do, and with more presence of mind, much suffering and sometimes even a life may be spared. The subject, then, is worth some time and study from our girls who wish to fill, com-

pletely, their destinies as mothers and shielders of the race.

The writer feels some diffidence in presenting this subject to the readers of *The Journal*, but if it is understood at the beginning just what shall be attempted during the series of papers, possibly some misunderstanding may be spared. There shall be no advice offered, no instructions given, except those that should be in the possession of every man, woman and child. These papers are not to take the place of a doctor, for nothing but general information shall be attempted. In case of a severe accident, which needs a doctor's care, such as the severing of an artery or the fracture of a bone, only those preliminary steps for relief shall be advised here. The subject of our articles may read "What to Do Until the Doctor Comes"; or "How to Act Intelligently in Accidents of Less Serious Nature When a Doctor's Care is Not Needed"; or "How Shall We Act if Out on a Picnic Many Miles From Home, and a Serious Accident Befall One of the Party." There are many families living out in small villages far removed from access to a physician; accidents of more or less seriousness may happen in their homes as in any other, and some of the hints given in these papers may help some such distracted mother or sister in a time of need.

In the leading schools of Domestic Science throughout the country, some provision is made for instruction on this subject; for no woman's education is considered complete until she understands how to act calmly and intelligently in case of an emergency. The following papers are, in the main, filled out from notes taken during a course of study at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., from Dr. Glentworth R. Butler, who is one of the physicians to St. Mary's, St. John's and Methodist Episcopal Hospitals of Brooklyn, and also Medical Director of the Red Cross Society of Brooklyn.

That the readers of the *Journal* may

feel perfectly safe in carrying out any advice contained in this series of articles, the writer has obtained the consent of Dr. Willard Y. Croxall, one of our own leading physicians, to read each article before it is published.

First Things to Learn.

A Latter-day Saint usually does things a little differently from anyone else, and in case of an accident the very first thing to do is to pray that serious consequences may be averted and that you may be inspired to make use of all the intelligence and knowledge you are blessed with. Above all things, don't get excited; keep calm so that you may think clearly and use what intelligence you possess. Prayer will help you to do this. If you don't act calmly you may do as much injury as you desire to do good. This is the most important lesson to learn, and if you can master your own emotions when called upon to act in an emergency, you may, by prompt intelligent action, be able to save a life.

If the accident is of a very serious nature, and there are Elders around, send first for them to exercise the power of the Priesthood in behalf of the sufferer. If a doctor's services are needed, send next a written message to him, describing the accident so that he may bring the necessary appliances; an excited bystander never delivers a verbal message correctly. Insist upon everyone leaving you unless he can be of service; thus you secure air and freedom to work. If the case is urgent, you may have to work where the accident happens; if not, it is better to carry the patient, by means of an improvised stretcher, to some nearby house, where he can be made more comfortable. Have the stretcher carried in the hands of the bearers and instruct them not to try and walk in step. Don't hesitate to cut clothing, if necessary; don't hesitate to do anything if you are sure it is for the best. Still, you must be careful not to do anything that is beyond your powers for a grave responsibility rests upon you, and it is usually safer to do too little than too much. The simplest measures are often the most helpful, and if you are not sure about what ought to be done, do nothing. If you can keep cool and will pray earnestly you may often know by inspiration just what to do at the right moment, and will avoid making any mistakes.

Study well the advice given in the following lessons and every other le-

gitimate source of learning on this subject and when the moment comes to act, you will have intelligence to aid your desire to lessen pain and suffering.

Note. Dr. Butler has published his lectures in the form of a little book called "Emergency Notes." Funk & Wagnalls, 18-20 Astor Place, New York, Publishers. The book is concise, and will be found a valuable reference for any one interested in the subject.

Most text-books on Nursing have a chapter or two devoted to Emergencies. A perusal of any of these will aid the student in gaining additional information.



And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

—Cooper.

Exhortation to Prayer.



For truth has such a face and mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

—Dryden.

The Hind and Panther.



Know then this truth (enough for
man to know),

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

—Pope.

Essay on Man, Epistle IV.



For blessings ever wait on virtuous
deeds,

And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

—W. Congreve.

The Mourning Bride, Act V, Sc. 12.



I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

—Tennyson.

In Memoriam.



Count that day lost whose low descending sun,
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

Staniford.

Art of Reading.

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"Whatsoever Thy Hand Findeth to Do, Do It With Thy Might."

"Never be a scrub." These were the words uttered with the strongest emphasis by a man who has, perhaps, influenced more of our young people than any one other teacher. I remember them so vividly—it was the first time I had ever seen him. The peculiar German accent at first made me doubtful of the word he used, but there could be no mistaking his meaning. And the kindly face, while it expressed contempt for the weakness, was ready to beam encouragement on one who was willing to try. "Never be a scrub!" Those words ring out clearly today, though the speaker has passed to his rest. If they will help another I pass them on, with a hearty "God bless you and keep you in your good resolve."



"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." No task is so humble that it can be slighted. It may be easy to do, so as not to require great effort, but it should be done well. No half-hearted work will answer, unless you intend to be a "scrub."

And the distasteful task, do it first, and see how much better life will look, what a firm grip it will give you, and what pleasure you will find in your work.

To a little child of my acquaintance was given the daily task of cleaning the lamps—to her the most

distasteful of all tasks. A wise mother encouraged her to do that first, and even to his day she remembers the relief always experienced when it was finished. The other duties were a pleasure when that was well done, and the glow of satisfaction that came with the night, when the lamps were trimmed ready for burning, has never been exceeded by any accomplishment of later years. A homely thing to bring such pleasure? Yes, truly, but it teaches a truth as if it were the greatest event of modern times.

And later years have served only to strengthen the lesson. In school the detested study grew delightful when approached with a determination to master it. Success generally has been attributed to having learned to do the hated task first and to do it so well that there could be no room left for improvement.

Never leave a thing half done. It will haunt you if you do, and will be the cause of half-heartedness and indecision. I repeat, no task is so humble that it can be slighted.



God gave us talents that we might improve them. Nothing grows by disuse. If we bind up an arm, however well and strong it may be, and give it no exercise, it becomes stiff and useless. The most enfeebled muscle will improve, through judicious use, and if the care be continued it will become strong and healthy. It is just so

with our talents. Persistent effort will bring success. It is an acknowledged fact that the brightest student does not always make the greatest success of life; it is the one, though he be dull at first, who perseveres. Will we "keep at it" until we succeed?



Why should we not be the greatest thinkers, the greatest scientists, the greatest painters, the greatest poets, the greatest musicians, the grandest men and women? We can never be any of these without most earnest effort.

Oh, why do we remain underlings! Is it because we shirk responsibility? Because we can have easier hours, can stop work whether the work is finished or not, can go care free and let our employer take the burden? Truly, "Whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all." (Mark 10:44.) And many of us take the easy path, and then complain that we are not first. Every great man is the servant of the people. He has no time for idling. Everywhere he goes there is something to do. Even an apparently idle hour is crowned by the solution of some problem, by the observation of some life lesson, to be given again to the children of men.



And you girls must fit yourselves for your life's work. If you, yourselves, are not to be the greatest in public life, you are, perhaps, to help some one else there, and you must learn the lessons of its success. You are to be the sisters, wives, mothers, of the world, and there is ample room for the use of your talents.

If you are in the home, make that home the brightest and happiest spot on earth. If you are helping to earn the family living, give to your work your best effort, even if you are not receiving the best pay. If

you slight work because you are receiving small wages, you are doing yourselves an injury; you are forming a habit that will cling to you. Then, too, you bargained to do it, and part of that contract was to give faithful service. Whether you came in at the eleventh or the fourth hour makes no difference. You made the agreement; keep it.

Whatever you are, be the best in that line; be it as much as honest effort will make you; be it whether the world recognizes it or not, and whether it is a great calling or not. If we fill a low position well we will then be ready for a higher one. Thus we may progress. "As man is, God once was; as God is, man may be."



ERRATUM.

Our attention has just been drawn to an error in one of the references given to the second question in the Book of Mormon lesson XXV, in the July number of Vol. XIII.

The question reads: Give an account of Jared and his brother leaving the tower. The reference should be Ether, chapters 1 and 2, instead of chapter 7, V. 2.



To the Ward Secretaries of the Y. L. N. M. I. A.:

Dear Sisters—Please remember that your annual reports should be made out during the first week in January, and forwarded at once to your stake secretary. If you have not received the blanks, on which to make them out, please apply immediately to your Stake Secretary, and she will supply you.

Be sure to copy the report in your roll book in the place provided for that purpose.

Thanking you in advance for promptness, and wishing you all a most happy and prosperous year, I remain,

Your co-worker,

ANN M. CANNON.

Gen'l. Sec.

GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

(Each lesson to be presented as a lecture.)

LESSON I.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BOOK.

The Book of Doctrine and Covenants contains, mainly, the revelations from the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith, to the Church. These revelations as they were received were read to portions of the people and some were published in the early magazines managed by the Church or Church members. This did not make it possible for all the members of the Church to obtain the information and comfort carried by the revelations, and the need was soon felt of a compilation, in book form, of God's revelations to His latter-day people. As early as July, 1830, the Prophet writes that he was arranging and copying "the revelations—the work appointed me by my Heavenly Father."

The main body of the Church at this time was located in Kirtland. A special conference was held at Hiram, Ohio, beginning Nov. 1st, 1831, at which was discussed the matter of publishing a Book of Commandments, containing the revelations given through the Prophet, and it was decided to publish an edition of 10,000 copies. At this conference the Lord revealed a preface to the Book of Commandments, known as section 1.* On this occasion a number of Elders, upon the request of the Prophet, declared themselves willing to testify to the truth of the revelations under consideration, and a testimony was drawn up,**

which has never been published in connection with the book.

From the 1st to the 12th of November, the Prophet Joseph was busily engaged in reviewing the revelations, preparatory to their publication. When this work was finished, the book was "dedicated by prayer to the service of Almighty God." About this time, at another conference held at Hiram, Ohio, the value which the people placed upon the revelations was shown by the following vote of the conference; "that they prize the revelations to be worth to the Church the riches of the whole earth, speaking temporally." A number of brethren were dedicated to be "stewards over the revelations and commandments."***

About the middle of the month, Oliver Cowdery and John Whitmer carried the revelations and commandments to Independence, Mo., where they were to be printed.****

A council was held on May 1st, 1832, at Independence, Mo., at which it was decided that three thousand, instead of ten thousand, copies of the first edition of the Book of Commandments, should be printed; and a committee was appointed to prepare the book for the press, and to see to the printing at the earliest conveni-

***Section LXX, Doctrine and Covenants.

**** Section LXIX, Doctrine and Covenants.

* To be studied in Lesson 4.

** See note at close of lesson.

ence. Persecutions delayed the work; it was therefore found necessary, Sept. 24, 1834, to appoint another committee, composed of Joseph Smith, Jr., Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, to look after the work. This committee made its report at a General Assembly of the Church, held Aug. 17th, 1835, in Kirtland, Ohio, at which the various quorums of the Priesthood, and the Church as a whole, bore their testimonies to the truth of the contents of the book, "and accepted and acknowledged 'the revelations' as the doctrine and covenants of their faith."

The first edition of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants was published soon after this last conference. Since that time many editions have been printed. In the later ones some revelations, given since the preceding issue, have been added. The book as we have it today, with the revelations divided into verses and with foot-note references, was edited in 1879 by Apostle Orson Pratt. He took a special mission to England for the purpose of doing this work for the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and to publish a new edition of of that work, and of the Book of Mormon, which had been previously edited by him.

Several translations of the Book have been made into foreign languages, and the Danish, Swedish and German versions have been published.

The Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price are the four books that have been adopted by the Church as authoritative in doctrinal matters.

QUESTIONS.

1. Name the four standard Church works.

2. Why was the Book of Doctrine and Covenants compiled?

3. In what town was it first decided to publish the revelations?

4. Where was the main body of the Church at that time?

5. Where was the first edition of the book published?

6. How do the witnesses to the book claim to know the truth of the revelations? (See printed testimony below.)

7. How can such testimony be obtained? Could a better reason be had?

8. What did Orson Pratt do for the readers of the Book?

9. Where was your copy of the book published? (Ask several members.)

10. Review briefly the events connected with the origin of the book.

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

A. Give an account of Joseph Smith's first visions.

B. Give an account of the persecutions of the Church in 1832 and 1833, which delayed the publication of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants.

For reference, use the new History of the Church, Vol. 1; Whitney's History of Utah, Vol. 1; Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith; Roberts' Missouri Persecutions; Pearl of Great Price and Jenson's Church Chronology.

NOTE.

The Testimony of the Witnesses to the Book.

The testimony of the witnesses to the book of the Lord's commandments, which He gave to His Church through Joseph Smith, Jun., who was appointed by the voice of the Church for this purpose; we therefore willing to bear testimony to all the world of mankind, to every creature upon the face of all the earth and upon the islands of the sea, that the Lord has borne record to our souls, through the Holy Ghost, shed forth upon us, that these commandments were given by inspiration of God, and are profitable for all men, and are verily true. We give this testimony unto the world, the Lord being our helper; and it is through the grace of God, the Father, and His Son, Jesus Christ, that we are permitted to have this privilege of bearing this testimony unto the world, that the children of men may be profited thereby.

LESSON II.

GENERAL CONTENTS.

The first part of the Doctrine and Covenants is devoted to a series of lectures on faith, which were "originally delivered before a class of the Elders in Kirtland, Ohio," during the winter of 1833-34. The rest consist of revelations from God and inspired writings of the Prophet Joseph.

The lectures on faith were delivered by Joseph Smith; and all the revelations, with two exceptions, were given through him. The last revelation in the book, the 136th, was given through the Prophet Brigham Young; and the 135th section, which gives an account of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, was inserted with the sanction of the Church.

The greater number of the revelations was given during the years shortly before and after the founding of the Church, when there was immediate need for divine guidance in questions of organization and doctrine. More than three-fourths of all the revelations, or over two-thirds of the space not occupied by the lectures on faith, were given during the years 1829-1833. The fundamental doctrines were given at this time, while the other laws and ordinances of the Kingdom of God were given little by little, in the succeeding years, as the people were prepared to receive and understand them. The book is in that respect, a beautiful example of the Lord's manner of leading His people from simple and fundamental truths to those that are more complex and less readily understood.

The remaining fourth of the revelations was given between the years 1833-1843, with the exception of Section 136, which was given in 1847.

Since the Church and the Prophet

moved frequently from place to place, the revelations contained in the book were received in various places. About 65 of the whole number, or nearly one-half, were given at Kirtland, Hiram, and neighboring places in Ohio; 24, in the State of New York; 16, in Pennsylvania; 20, in Missouri; and 9, in Illinois.

The revelations are arranged, with two exceptions, according to the order in which they were given. The earliest revelation is dated Sept. 21st, 1823. Section one was received Nov. 1st, 1831, but was printed first, because it is the Lord's preface to His Book of Commandments. Section 133, called the appendix, was received Nov. 3rd, 1831, but is placed after the last printed revelation given through the Prophet Joseph Smith, because it is in the nature of addition to the Book. Sections 134, 135 and 136 are also included in the appendix. Section 134, which deals with "Our views on governments and laws in general," was accepted by the Church at the assembly of Aug. 17, 1835.

The revelations were given, so far as we know, in various ways. Sections 2 and 13 contain the words actually spoken by angels to Joseph Smith. In most cases, the Prophet prayed to the Lord for knowledge, and when the inspiration came, he dictated to his secretary the words expressing the thoughts put into his mind by the Lord. This was done several times in the presence of others. (See P. P. Pratt's Autobiography, pp. 65 and 66.)

REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

1. How many pages does the Book of Doctrine and Covenants contain? How many are given to the Lectures on Faith?

2. What revelation in the book was given through the Prophet Brigham Young? Whither was the Church moving at the time?

3. When and where was the Church organized? (See Secs. 20 and 21.)

4. Why were not all the revelations given at one time; for instance, at the organization of the Church?

5. Why were not all the revelations arranged in the order in which they were given?

6. Why did the Prophet Joseph receive more revelations in Kirtland, Ohio, than in any other place?

7. When was the last revelation to the Prophet Joseph (printed in the book) received?

8. When was the Prophet Joseph Smith martyred?

9. In which year was the greatest number of revelations given? Why?

10. What revelations are found in the appendix? What does the word "appendix" mean?

11. Review this lesson briefly.

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

A. Give an account of Joseph

Smith's early work (to 1834), of translation, and writing revelations.

B. Give brief biographical sketches of the persons who acted as scribes for the Prophet during this period.

References as under lesson 1.

NOTE.

Years in which the revelations were given:

Year.	Number of Revelations.	No. of Pages.	Av. Length of Revelations in Pages.
1823	1	1	1
1828	1	2	2
1829	15	34	2.3
1830	19	42	2.2
1831	37	112	3.0
1832	16	62	3.9
1833	13	38	3.0
1834	5	24	4.8
1835	2	12	6.0
1836	3	12	4.0
1837	1	3	3.0
1838	8	9	1.1
1839	3	9	3.0
1841	3	19	6.3
1842	6	26	4.3
1847	1	4	4.0
?	2	55	2.5

Average length of section—3.25 pages.

LESSON III.

KINDS OF REVELATIONS.

The revelations contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants are so closely interwoven with the History of the Church, and cluster so closely about a few events, such as the translation of the Book of Mormon, the organization of the Church, early mission work, the building of cities and the early persecutions, that to understand just why each revelation was given at a certain time and in a certain manner, it is necessary to know the history of the time. This can only be done in part in these lessons.*

To illustrate: early in the year 1831, a woman by the name of Hubble, "came making great pretensions of revealing command-

ments, laws and other curious matters" for the Church, and in order to set the people right, the revelation known as section 43 (which read) was given. With this knowledge, the section becomes very plain. A great number of the revelations are similarly connected with historical events.

Considering only their subject matter, the revelations may be divided into two great classes: first, those directed especially to individuals and incidentally to the whole Church, and, second, those intended primarily for the whole church, and only secondarily for individuals. In some cases this distinction is not easily made. All truths of a general nature, whether addressed to individuals, or to the whole Church, are, of course, equally important to the members of the Church.

The first class itself may be di-

* It is advised that every association purchase at least one copy of the History of the Church, Vol. I, now published by the Church. In this volume, the historical relationships of many of the revelations are given.

vided by considering whether the personal revelations were given at, or without the request of the individuals. To illustrate: in 1829 it occurred to Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris that they would have the Prophet Joseph Smith inquire of the Lord whether they might have the privilege of becoming the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, and, after much solicitation, the Prophet complied, with the result that section 17 was given (which read). Sections 14, 15, 16, and many others were likewise given by request. On the other hand, section 126, to Brigham Young, appears to have been given without the request of President Young.

The revelations given to the Church as a whole may be classified according to their subjects.

During the early days in the Church, questions concerning the proper Church organization were important and many revelations were given on the subject, among which may be mentioned, sections 18, on the Twelve Apostles; 20, on Church government; 72, on the duties of bishops; 102, on high councils; and 107, on Priesthood.

Hand in hand with problems of organization, and hardly separable therefrom, were questions of correct doctrine for the Church, which led to another great group of revelations. Among these may be mentioned section 19, on the atonement and other doctrines; 59, on the Sabbath; 127 and 128, on redemption for the dead; 132, on marriage; sections 29, 38, 42, 45, 46, 50 and 76, on various doctrinal subjects.

Another set of revelations directs the details of the temporal and spiritual affairs of the people. Among these are section 48, on the purchase of lands; 69 and 70, on the Book of Doctrine and Covenants; 94 and 95, on temples.

Still another set of revelations includes those which were given to give personal comfort and cheer to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and his associates in the Church. A good example of such revelations is section 90. In the trying times of persecution and ridicule the comforting words of the Lord came with great healing power to those who were suffering.

Finally, a large number of revelations is devoted to miscellaneous subjects, which were of interest to the Church, and which the Lord chose to make clear to his people. Illustrations of this class are sections 7, concerning John the Revelator; 40, on James Covill's apostacy; 74, an explanation of certain Bible passages; 77, a key to St. John's revelation, and, 87, a prophecy on war.

A simple classification of the revelations in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, sufficiently complete for the purpose of these lessons, is the following:

- 1—Those directed to individuals.
 - (a) By request
 - (b) Without request.
- 2—Those given to the whole Church for aiding in,
 - (a) Organization.
 - (b) Doctrinal information.
 - (c) Direction of affairs.
 - (d) Personal comfort and cheer.
 - (e) Various matters of interest to the Church.

Review and Questions.

1. Why are the revelations best understood when the history of their times is known?
2. Name a section which was given to an individual at his request. What promises are made in it?
3. What promise and commandment are given Brigham Young in section 126?
4. Choose a section which deals especially with the organization of the Church, and enumerate briefly its chief teachings.
5. Do the same with a section dealing with doctrinal matters.
6. Do the same with a section advising the people in temporal affairs.

7. Do the same with a section that offers special comfort to the people.

8. Do the same with a section that handles a topic of general interest.

9. Why were not all the revelations on one subject given at the same time?

10. Has the Lord ever revealed anything to you?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

a. Relate the incidents which led to the giving of sections 27 and 28.

History of Church, Vol. 1, pp. 106; 109 and 110. Hist. Record, pp. 382; 206 and 383.

b. Discuss the condition of the Church at the time section 116 was given.

LESSON IV.

THE PREFACE TO THE BOOK; ITS PURPOSE.

The Lord has shown himself, in all his dealings with his people, to be reasonable. Every commandment given has been accompanied with a statement explaining why it is necessary. In conformity with this attribute, the Lord has given a preface to his book of commandments, section I, which explains the reasons for the giving of the revelations, and summarizes briefly the contents of the book.

A good preface to any book should prepare the reader for enjoying and understanding the book, and should explain why the book has been written. The preface should confine itself to matters contained in the book or connected with it; and, like any other literary composition, should be logical, presenting the various thoughts in a manner that is natural, and, therefore, easily followed by the reader. In these respects, section I is almost perfect. As a model composition it is excellent, and should be studied by all who desire to learn how to write well.

Section I may be divided into: 1. The Introduction, (verses 1-7); 2. The Preface proper, (verses 8-36); and, 3. The Conclusion, (verses 37-39).

The introduction opens (V. 1) with the speaker announcing himself as the One Who Dwells on High; and commands a listening ear from all people. All men are then informed (V. 2-3) that a message from the Lord is to reach them and that those who do not receive

it will be punished. Then it is stated (V. 4-6) that messengers will be sent to publish the message, and that their authority and message will be explained in the book. The introduction closes with the guarantee of truth, that God will cause the fulfillment of the things predicted in the following revelations. Thus, the first seven verses of the section is a beautifully constructed epitome of the whole book.

The preface proper enlarges upon the same subjects; and, in so doing, falls into six divisions.

The first (V. 8 to 10) restates the authority of the missionaries that will be sent out; and emphasizes that this work is from God, and is final. In the second (V. 11-16), the Lord explains why it has become necessary again to warn the people of the earth. In the third (V. 17-23) it is explained that to save mankind from their sins, the Gospel has been restored. It also testifies to the truth of the work of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The fourth division (V. 24-30) states fully that the purpose of the book is to show mankind the way by which eternal salvation may be obtained; and to make possible the establishment of God's Church. The fifth (V. 31-33) states with great force the effect of disobeying the commandments of the book. The sixth, and last (V. 34-36), gives a glimpse of the glorious future, when the Lord shall reign upon earth with those who have obeyed the Gospel call.

Then comes the magnificent conclusion (V. 37-39) which is the seal of the book: that the Lord can not lie; that the contents of the revelations shall be fulfilled, and that the spirit will bear record of the truth of the Book.

Thus, section I becomes a simple but effective introduction to the book, and to the Lord's latter-day work in general.

Verse 24 throws great light upon the form and language of the revelations; as it teaches that God always speaks to His servants in a manner easily understood, and that, therefore, God adapts His speech to the experience of His people. This truth, which should be remembered constantly in our study of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, shows again the reasonableness of God's method of dealing with men.

Section I was received by the Prophet Joseph Nov. 1st, 1831, at Hiram, Ohio, during the conference at which it was first decided to publish the Book of Doctrine and Covenants.

QUESTIONS AND REVIEW.

1. Name the three main divisions of Section 1.
2. What is the main teaching of the first and third divisions?
3. Name the sub-divisions of the second division, the preface proper.
4. What are the most important teachings of the second division?
5. What are the purposes of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, as explained by Section 1? (verses 6, 17, 24-20.)
6. Who are the messengers spoken of in verses 4, 5 and 8?
7. Read the most beautiful verse in this section.
8. In what manner of language did the Lord give the revelations? Why? (verse 24.)
9. What command is given us with respect to this book? (verse 37). What does it mean?
10. Do you consider this section to be a good bit of composition? Why?
11. Why is a preface to a book desirable?
12. Where and when was section I given? Why at that time and place?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- A. Discuss the characteristics of a good literary composition? (Refer to any good rhetoric, or "Preaching and Public Speaking," by N. L. Nelson.)
- B. Discuss verses 15 and 16 of section I.

USAGES AND PROPRIETIES OF GOOD SOCIETY.

LESSON VI.

BALL ROOM ETIQUETTE.

It has been stated in these lessons that the Lord is not displeased with His children who indulge themselves, under right conditions and at proper times and places, in the recreation of dancing, which is designed to and does re-create or make anew the wasted nervous forces which are of that fine substance that not even food itself can supply the need. The body requires sleep and rest to revivify its tissues, and this, to be sure, rests the nerves also; and yet, not even sleep and suitable food will keep the nervous system in good order, if a monotonous life without recreation be the rule.

There is a strong prejudice in the Christian world against dancing and going to theatres, and this is harmful, not because of the actual dancing itself nor of the attendance at the the-

atre, if it be a proper one, but because so many weak-minded persons are led by these forms of amusement into sin and misery.

It is next to impossible to convince our young people that there is any harm in dancing or theatre going, because they have been given such free license in these forms of amusement; and yet it is certainly true that there lurks a great danger in both these things for the unwary and the undisciplined youth.

A glance into the ethics of ball room procedure will indicate sufficiently where this danger lies and how it may be avoided.

Dancing is a healthful amusement, and is practiced in all gymnasiums as a part of the curriculum; but it has physical danger if indulged in at

wrong times and to too great an extent. Round dancing is often indecent and immodest, and is even more dangerous, physically, than the plain "square" dance or quadrille. Dancing, while it is healthful and good in moderation, is often a serious cause of moral degeneracy, but this lesson cannot deal with this phase of the subject, and therefore we recommend that all those who would pursue this topic for themselves shall apply to their parents or other wise counsellors.

Invitations for parties of a private nature should be issued to individuals rather than to couples. Invitations to parties given by associations, by clubs or by individuals in a public hall should be distributed with great care and thought. It is shocking to see the thoughtlessness with which our young people give invitations to dances and other social parties. Both young men and young women will issue invitations to persons not of our faith; and even one hour's acquaintance seems to be sufficient, at times, upon which to base an invitation to a private and select gathering.

No man, in the world, would be invited to the home and acquaintance, much less to a private social gathering or party, without a long acquaintance and knowledge of the invited person's antecedents and character, or without the best letters of introduction from reliable mutual friends. The world understands the character of the man of the world, and society has erected around helpless, innocent girls a strong barrier of public opinion of gossip united with strict social observances, which, in a measure, protect the girl and the woman from the acquaintance of evil and designing men. It is a pity, but it is true, that the one creature to whom a woman must look for protection, for guidance and for help, is the one creature who is also her worst enemy. Women need not be afraid of anything in the animal kingdom; their greatest fear is always of a wicked man. And, alas, so many wicked men—wicked morally—bear fair reputations in the business and commercial world. But our people must awaken themselves to this condition of affairs existing in the world and protect our innocent girls from undesirable acquaintances and wicked, designing men. It is for this that letters of introduction from honest and honorable people should precede an acquaintance with any

stranger who comes into our midst. A man of the world smiles in ridicule and amusement at the loose manner in which he may introduce himself into almost any society he pleases among our innocent, unsuspecting and generous-hearted people; therefore, let invitations be issued with great care, and only to those whose whole moral character can bear the inspection of the most searching light. That a man or a woman has the manners of a gentleman or a lady is not sufficient, for manners constitute but the outer clothing of the spirit; and yet good manners are beautiful in themselves and must be sought for and obtained by the son or daughter of Zion who would be a Saint indeed.

No lady will intimate to a gentleman in any way that she wishes to be invited to a party; but when she has been invited, she will either accept or decline with courtesy and cordiality. It is an unwritten law that the first invitation is the accepted one; but if a girl should receive an invitation from an undesirable source, it is well that she should have previously engaged in some informal manner to her brother or her father so that she may gracefully refuse the invitation.

It is bad form to keep a gentleman waiting after the appointed hour for his arrival.

If the party be a public one, and the young lady be under seventeen years of age, it is unwise for her to go out alone at night with a young man she should be accompanied by her mother or other chaperone. This is another precaution which the influx of worldly morals and manners makes necessary amongst our people today. In the world, a young girl is not considered "out" until she is eighteen years old, and she would therefore never receive an invitation under that age to go anywhere with a young man.

On arriving at the ball room, whether it be a public or a private dance, the young lady will go to the dressing room set aside for ladies, and as soon as she is prepared to go into the ball room, she will find her partner waiting for her in the hall, who will escort her to greet the host or hostess of the occasion.

The first and the last dance belong to her partner, and some young ladies hand their dancing cards to their gentlemen escort that he may write in any other number he desires before giving it to friends who may crowd around seeking this privilege.

More than three dances with any gentleman excepting one's partner, is in bad form, and girls who do not wish to be gossiped about should avoid making too pronounced a choice of any gentleman partner.

A knowledge of dancing and some grace in the manner thereof is an attractive quality in a young girl, and this accomplishment can be acquired now-a-days at a dancing school or through the tuition of some kind friend if the girl is a little slow in learning the various new dances.

Training dresses in a ball room are an abomination. And the low-neck, short-sleeve dresses worn by some of our young girls are neither nice nor proper; they are anything but modest.

Some ignorant girls—ignorant of the laws that govern their own beings—are led into this extreme of fashion, and thereby render themselves a menace to morality and somewhat of a disgrace to their parents and associates. Elbow sleeves and a little dainty cutting away from the throat are not to be condemned.

It is considered rude to refuse one partner and dance the same number with another. If a girl has any occasion to decline a dance with a gentleman, she should be careful to "sit out" that dance, unless she wishes to insult the one she has refused. Some young people, in the exuberance of their spirits, allow themselves to indulge in a number of practices which are rude in themselves, and which oftentimes seriously interfere with the pleasure of other people who may be present, such, for instance, as stamping the feet, swinging the partner around several times, shouting across the set, snapping the fingers, laughing and talking in loud tones, running across the floor, and even sliding over the floor. Young people will even be guilty of pushing themselves into a set where they have no right to be, or of asking others to leave the set, or of crowding past others already just taking their places, and if the couple in the set be an elderly one, such an action becomes an insult to every one present.

Everybody, and especially older people, recognizes the excitement and lack of mental poise which often characterize young people who gather in these places of amusement—the music, the lights, the sex contact, the dancing—all contribute to make the nerves unsteady, and especially in young people to make them intoxicated with the

spirit of the hour. But never, at any time, should a young lady be more careful of her womanliness and sweet modesty of manner than under these circumstances.

Occasionally a young man will drop his handkerchief in a quadrille set, and will leave, sometimes without even some such sign, and if somebody else comes and takes the vacant place rude words may be the result. All this is reprehensible to a degree.

It is sometimes difficult for a young lady to refuse a young man she does not wish to dance with. If she be overtired, yet she is fearful of offending a friend, she may well learn to invite him to sit by her side while she entertains him so gaily with conversation that he will enjoy it quite as much as if they had danced the set out together.

Too much dancing is bad, physically and morally, for both sexes, as stated before.

No young lady who has any respect for herself or regard for her character will dance with a young man whose breath smells of liquor; much less will she dance with a man whose reputation for morality goes even deeper into evil than liquor drinking. Girls cannot too quickly sever their acquaintance, coldly and promptly, with men who lose their moral reputations. The Lord did not design innocent girls to become the saviors of immoral men; mothers and sisters may help them, but it is the fathers and the Elders who will have the power, and to them God will look for assistance in the saving of moral degenerates.

It is expected that any young man in a private party may ask any young girl to dance without the formality of an introduction, but this is exceedingly bad form in public parties.

Cliques should not form in little crowds in private parties, although it is allowable and natural in public ones.

A young girl has no right to introduce a young man to another girl without her consent and permission. Introductions are a dangerous and much-abused privilege; they should be carefully given, and the person who gives them should remember that he or she assumes responsibility for the person introduced.

Parties should begin early and close early; but it is always optional with a girl when she shall go home, for her partner awaits her choice in the matter. It is not considered good form

to be among the last to leave the ball room.

Every girl knows that it is certainly the height of rudeness to go to a party with one young man and go home with another.

If any article of clothing has been lost, such as rubbers, cape or hat, do not add to the wrong by committing another and taking those of somebody else, for this is dishonest.

A young man is usually expected to call the next day and find out if his partner has suffered any ill effects from her enjoyment. This call, however, should be made at an hour when the young lady may be supposed to have set herself to rights, or at least when she is not still resting in bed.

QUESTIONS.

1—Under what conditions is round dancing harmful physically?

2—Under what conditions is it harmful morally?

3—When is dancing innocent as a recreation?

4—Why do we need recreation, and when is it proper?

5—Why does dancing have such charms as a recreation?

6—Why is round dancing more liable to be harmful than square dancing?

7—To whom should we apply for

deeper information in respect to the ethics of dancing, and why?

8—Why should invitations for parties be issued to individuals rather than to couples.

9—What should be the guide in issuing invitations to both girls and young men?

10—When and why should young Latter-day Saints be careful as to whom they invite to parties, especially those who are not of the same faith?

11—What good-sense rule in the world serves as a protection for young girls in a social way?

12—What can you say of letters of introduction?

13—Why may letters of introduction prove a menace to society?

14—What should a lady do when invited to dance with a gentleman she does not care to know further? Or when she is too tired?

15—What can you say of the etiquette of the ball-room and of private parties? What about cliques? What about rowdyism?

16—Should a young girl be accompanied by a chaperone when going out at night with a young man?

17—What can you say and what do you think of dress in the ball-room?

18—What general rule will always safely guide one in the etiquette of the ball-room? And why?

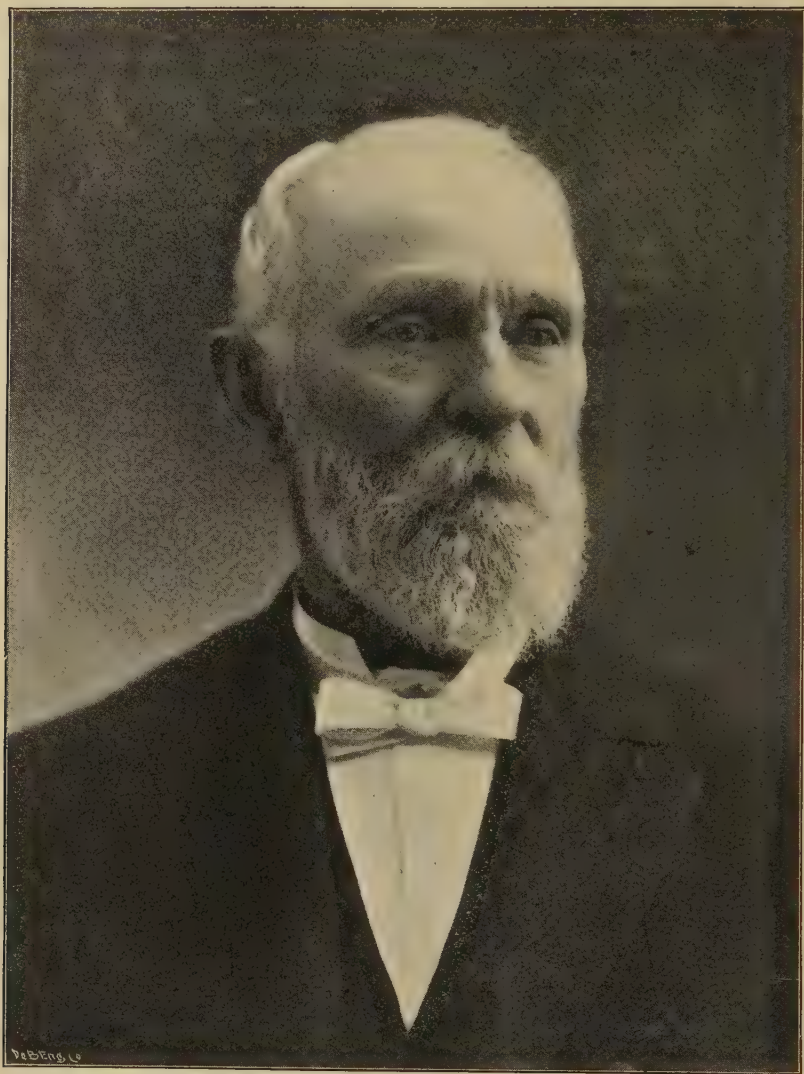
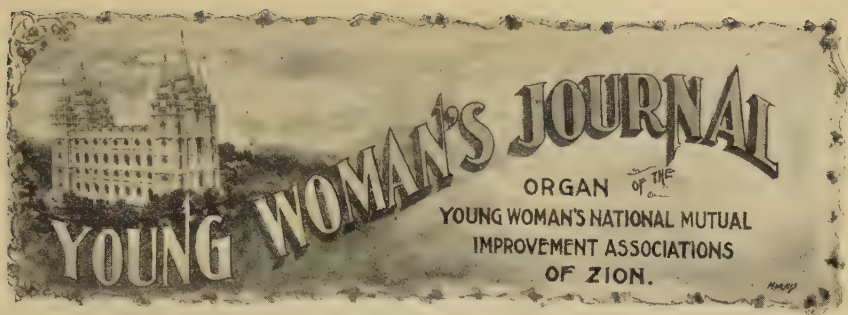


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John R. Kinder



Vol. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 2.

TEMPLES AND TEMPLE WORK.

President John R. Winder.

In April, 1892, I was appointed by the First Presidency to assist in the completion of the Salt Lake Temple, that it might be finished and ready for dedication on the 6th day of April, 1893.

At noon, April 5th, the Temple was completed, and I reported to President Woodruff that it was ready for dedication. It having been made known to the First Presidency that many non-members of the Church had expressed a desire to see the interior of the building, about 600 invitations were issued to people belonging to that class, and almost the entire number were, between the hours of three and five p. m., permitted to pass through every part of the building. This opportunity was evidently much appreciated.

The following morning, by eight o'clock, those who had passes for the first session of the dedicatory services began to arrive. Two sessions daily were held for adults, from April 6th to 18th, inclusive. During this time it was estimated by the admission committee that the total number in attendance was about 70,000. Besides these the 23rd and 24th of April were devoted to extending the same privilege to

the children of the Sabbath schools. This class of attendants numbered about 6,000, making a total, in round numbers, of about 76,000.

On the 23rd of May, 1893, the Temple was opened for ordinance work. Lorenzo Snow was appointed president. I was appointed his first assistant, and occupied that position until his death. Since that time I have continued in the same position in relation to President Joseph F. Smith. During that entire period, more than nine and a half years, I have never been absent one day when the Temple has been open for ordinance work.

I am greatly interested in this work, and look upon it as a very important part of the revelations given in these last days through the Prophet Joseph Smith for the salvation of the living and redemption of the dead. The following extracts from the Prophet's expressions on this subject are to me most interesting and instructive:

EXTRACTS FROM SOME OF JOSEPH'S LAST SERMONS.

On September 6th, 1842, he said:

"I now resume the subject of baptism for the dead, as that seems to occupy my mind and press itself upon

my feelings the strongest since I have been pursued by my enemies.

"And now, my dearly beloved brethren and sisters, let me assure you that these principles in relation to the dead and the living cannot be lightly passed over, as pertaining to our salvation. For their salvation is necessary and essential to our salvation, as Paul says concerning the fathers that they without us cannot be made perfect; neither can we without our dead be made perfect." (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 128.)

At King Follett's funeral, in April, 1844, Joseph said:

"The greatest responsibility in this world that God has laid upon us, is to seek after our dead. The Apostle says: 'They without us cannot be made perfect,' for it is necessary that the sealing power should be in our hands to seal our children and our dead for the fullness of the dispensation of times.

"It is necessary that those who are gone before and those who come after us should have salvation in common with us; and thus hath God made it obligatory upon man; hence God said, 'I will send Elijah the Prophet, and he shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children,' etc.

"I have a declaration to make as to the provision which God hath made to suit the conditions of man, made before the foundation of the world.

"He has made a provision that every spirit in the eternal world can be ferreted out and saved; He has wrought out salvation for all men, unless they have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost; and every man who has a friend in the eternal world can save him unless he has committed the unpardonable sin. And so you can see how far each can be a Savior."

Joseph said in his last sermon but one, May 12th, 1844:

"It is not only necessary that you should be baptized for your dead, but you will have to go through all the ordinances for them the same as you have gone through to save yourselves.

"There will be one hundred and forty-four thousand Saviors upon Mount Zion, and with them an innumerable host that no man can number. . . .

"Every man who has been baptized

and belongs to the Kingdom has a right to be baptized for those who have gone before; and as soon as the law of the gospel is obeyed here by their friends who act as proxy for them the Lord has administrators there to set them free."

President Brigham Young said, April 7th, 1853:

"We have one thousand years wherein the Elders of Israel will enter holy temples and officiate for just such persons as you and me, that have done the work we were called upon to do. There will be hundreds of thousands of the sons of Jacob to administer in the temples for you and me. Joseph will stand at the head of this dispensation and hold the keys of it, they are not taken from him and never will be in eternity. I shall be there if I live or if I die. If I die my brethren or my children will officiate for me. I shall lose nothing through death; magnify your calling in the Church and I will warrant you an exaltation just as good and as great as you can ask for."

When the corner stone of the Salt Lake Temple was laid, April 6th, 1853, President Young said:

"But what are we here for today? To celebrate the birthday of our religion; to lay the foundation of a temple to the Most High God, so that when His Son, our Elder Brother, shall again appear, He may have a place where He can lay His head, and not only spend a night or a day, but find a place of peace that He may stay till He can say, I am satisfied.

"Brethren, shall the Son of Man be satisfied with our proceedings this day? Shall He have a house on the earth which He can call His own? Shall He have a place where He can lay His head and rest over night, and tarry as long as He pleases, and be satisfied and pleased with his accommodations?"

Doctrine and Covenants, page 456:

"Now, what do we hear in the gospel which we have received. 'A voice of gladness.' A voice of mercy from heaven; and a voice of truth out of the earth; glad tidings of great joy; how beautiful are the feet of those that bring glad tidings of good things; and

that say unto Zion: 'Behold! Thy God reigneth.' As the dews of Carmel, so shall the knowledge of God descend upon them."

It is very gratifying to witness the increasing interest manifested by the Latter-day Saints in Temple work. We regret to know, however, that some of our young brethren and sisters do not appear to appreciate the opportunity offered them to go to the House of the Lord, where they can enter into that holy and sacred covenant of marriage

which is to endure through time and all eternity, not as the world have it, until death does them part, leaving them, after death without hope or expectation of being reunited.

It will doubtless be interesting to the Latter-day Saints to know that, from the opening of the Salt Lake Temple, in 1893, to the close of September, 1902, 726,924 ordinances had been performed therein. The aggregate of all the temples now existing, to the same date, is 2,447,000 ordinances.

"CALLED TO HER CALLING."

Grace Ingles Frost.

You will probably ask, "What is her calling?" It is the one that was given to woman in the beginning, by her Heavenly Father—the calling of wife and mother.

We are most of us ambitious, and it is right to be so, but we should never allow ambition to ruin our lives. We cannot all be Pattis, Bernhardtts or Bonheurs. And even were it possible, we should not neglect the calling of every true woman's life, that of motherhood. This is the highest calling that a woman can have. There can be none greater, nor can there be a happier one. Remember "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." Wise indeed was the peerless Gerster when she relinquished her stage triumphs to sing lullabies to her babies. She heeded the call and says that she would rather hear infant lips lisp "Mamma" than receive all the applause that the world can bestow.

If you will bear with me, I wish to paint two pictures for your inspection.

The first is of a young girl, who ten years ago was the embodiment of happiness. From the time she was a tiny child her heart had been filled with mother-love. She was a devoted little mother to her doll babies, and as she grew older would gladly forsake the pleasures of youth to care for a baby.

When she attained her eighteenth year, she found that she was the possessor of a beautiful voice. And letting her ambition for a career over power her desire for the higher calling, she ruined her entire life. Trials came. Then she lost her health. This deprived her of the voice she so valued. Today were you to meet her, you would find a woman grown old before her time, an invalid and one who is broken hearted. Her heart still o'er-

flows with mother love, but her arms are forever empty. Well may she murmur,

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might
have been."

My second picture is more cheerful. It is the studio of a girl artist, who, filled with enthusiasm for her work, stands before an easel, contemplating a picture to which she

has just given the finishing touch. As she stands thus her lover enters and throwing his arm around her asks her to be his wife. Palette and brush fall to the floor. In a moment she forgets fame, for she sees the higher calling.

Ah, dear girl readers, which one of these pictures will you choose when you, too, are "called to your calling?"

LOVE THAT AVAILS.

Josephine Spencer.

I.

An unconscious little cloud of resentment darkened Ruth's brow. It was the third time she had caught that covert glance from her neighbor's eye, and in spite of all her liberal and humanitarian instincts, there was a sharp twinge of pride at thought of his presumption.

Of course, he had done nothing overt. In the month since the family had moved next door there had been no advances on either side. But that unsavory something brooding over the reputation of the other family made Ruth resent even the hint of personal interest manifested in the stolen glances of its male member. With the cloud of drunkenness and crime resting on the memory of his dead father, no telling when these tendencies might break forth in the son, and the mere presence of the family next door was enough, without a shadow of familiar advance.

For three mornings, at the identical hour chosen for her day's sweeping of the front porch, he had

passed, and looking up, she had caught his keen look upon her. Perhaps he had impudently permitted himself to fancy that she was out there for that purpose! A flirtation with the son of James Leonard! Her face flushed to think of it. Turning her head curtly from the stolen glance, she caught another that brought a transformation to her countenance that neither of the two men could have failed to note. The sight of it brought an answering glow to Blake Elmer's face. Such a smile and blush, at off-hand, as it were, was enough to flatter anything with masculine intelligence.

He dismounted from his wheel at the gate, as the disfavored man passed it, and stood, openly admiring the girl who was trying to hide her soiled apron and towel-turbaned head behind the porch post. He had never thought her quite pretty before, but her flushed cheeks, and the unconsciously coquettish tilt of the towel above the dark fringe of hair, made her a distinct picture, spite of the disorder of her array,

which ordinarily would have held a disturbing chief place in his consciousness.

"Heard reception hours were in the morning, and thought I would come early," he called out, smiling teasingly at her confusion. She had always seemed to him a little prim and self-restrained, and this informal aspect made her more approachable.

"I expected you, and wore my Redfern gown," she laughed with him.

"Seriously, I must apologize for my untimely call," he said, with that touch of deferential courtesy in his manner that made his charm. My excuse is an important message for Miss Minna. I'm calling an extra rehearsal today at 10 o'clock, and must have her present. A college friend of mine, and fellow student at the conservatory of music is in town for a few days, and is going to give us a little coaching in the stage business. He gave the operetta in Philadelphia, and can be of help to us."

They chatted a few moments, then Elmer, with a lingering farewell smile and glance, mounted his wheel and rode away, while Ruth went into the house with commingled feelings of confusion and pleasure striving for mastery. She was very jealous of her neatness, and knew Elmer to be fastidious in this also; and only the memory of the latter's admiring glance, floating like oil upon her pride, could still its twinges. She told herself that her will to please in this respect was regardless of individualities. Yet she had found herself many times lately, tasking herself to conform to little things upon which she knew Elmer to have special opinions.

The fact was that Elmer's manifestation of deferential and tender regard for her, made the momentous solace of her comparatively lonely and burdened young life, and this and her faith in his seeming superlative fineness of character, made the impulse of many thoughts and actions on her part that conformed to his own.

They had met through Minna's music—Elmer recently from a New York conservatory, with a newly fledged title of professor of music, being engaged to give her vocal training. Making his professional duties an excuse, Elmer had come often to the house, his little acquaintance in the town making the social privilege a very grateful one.

Though Minna was the ostensible object of his visits, there had seemed from the first, to spring up a bond of mutual sympathy and understanding between him and the older sister, her practical and straightforward qualities, balancing his more emotional and reserved ones. These opposites, together with Elmer's natural and cultivated graces of manner had worked a charm, which lacked only a definite expression to be complete. It seemed enough to Ruth, as it was, to feel that Elmer sensed her sacrifices, and sympathized in his own discreet yet distinct way.

It had meant more to Ruth than any knew, when the exigencies of her position and the family fortunes necessitated her giving up her own musical ambition to have Minna's win fruition. There seemed times when the trying household tasks must be dropped perforce, and the spirit struggling at her tingling finger-tips must have expression, regardless of household duty and economical prudence.

But with the new sense of sympathy, awakened by Elmer's delicately expressed appreciation of her own unused talent, and its voluntary sacrifices, the task seemed easier, and there was not that dead sense of loss at her heart, making her hard tasks harder through the days. Yet, sometimes, as now, she wished, oh, so dearly, for the enjoyment of their common interests, even as care-free Minna.

As if in mocking answer to her present unexpressed longing, there came a sound of pounding steps across the porch, and two sturdy boys burst pell mell into the hall, leaving a track of mud where her broom had just swept clean. Develop her talents, indeed! What opportunity had there been for the unfolding of her capacities since her parents' death had left her head of the family! The ingenuity to lengthen short ends, to contrive diplomacies in the household economy—these were the only talents she was permitted to cultivate now, and once her future had seemed as bright and free from care as Minnie's.

She administered the oft-repeated rebuke to her loose-memoried brothers, then went into the little sitting room, the cloud on her brow deepening a little as she thought of her message for Minna. School had commenced, and she had counted on this, the one day in the week of her sister's home-staying for help in the hundred tasks that beset Saturday in the large household; and now this call of Elmer's had swung the load back solely on her own shoulders, save for the help that eight-year-old Amy might contribute to undermine its weight.

A half impulse to rebel, to controvert at least this little spurt of adverse destiny of today sprang within her. They had rehearsed the amateur

operetta for five months—surely this would not be missed. They could tell Minna all that would be added today—and as for the rest, did she not know how many of those precious hours after school time went to the weary repetition of Minna's part, that would have meant so much to herself in the home tasks. Yes, Saturday, at least belonged to her, and she would assert her rights.

"Min," she said, to the pretty seventeen-year-old girl who was listlessly dusting the objects in the room, "Mr. Elmer called to say that there would be an extra rehearsal at ten o'clock."

Ruth felt a little pang at sight of the quick look of relief and pleasure that crossed Minna's face.

"I'll have to leave everything then, and get ready. It's half-past nine, now, and it will take me fifteen minutes to get down to the school house," she said, eagerly.

"I thought you might miss this one day, Min, and help me. You know what the Saturday work is—I don't see how I can spare you."

Minna's young face clouded. "I wouldn't go, Ruth, if it weren't so near the end. It's the last rehearsal before the performance, Monday night, and there wouldn't be a chance to rehearse any new business between whiles. Besides, I'm afraid Mr. Elmer won't like it if I disappoint him, after he took the trouble to call."

Ruth went about her work in silence. If only Elmer had realized—But of course a man's intuition could not fathom everything. She would not do him the wrong of accusing him with the apparent thoughtlessness.

"I'm so sorry to have it happen this way, Ruthie," Minna said, noting her sister's sober face. "If you

can just stand it till Monday, you'll see how I'll try and make up afterward for the time it's taken. I shan't look at the piano, nor practice a trill for the next six months, and I'll work around the house like a Trojan." She slipped from the room and was upstairs almost in a breath, and Ruth heard her overhead, trilling the light airs of her role as she donned her street suit.

Dolph and Ernest were in the back yard by this time, threading sardine and salmon cans on the clothes line, for an aerial railway for their train of cars; and when Ruth had demolished the track, dispersed the construction gang and scrubbed the grease from the line, she remembered that Amy had not been in sight since breakfast time, and hastened to explore for the missing.

She found her in clandestine play with her tabooed neighbor's child, a girl of Amy's age, and invested with the charm that hangs like a halo about any forbidden thing.

"I want you, Amy!" called Ruth, sharply—her tone whetted with fear at the possibility of increasing intimacy between the families through the breach of these childish overtures.

Amy came obediently, and the sight of the shadow on Ruth's face brought her to her sister's side with quick sympathy. "Are you paining anywhere, Ruthie, or just sorry?" she asked.

"I'm just sorry, sweetheart. But it will be all right if you mind me, and help me a little."

"I'll help you a lot, Ruthie." It was a spirit that would have been a staff to lean on had the child been older, and as it was, made a great, green place of comfort in Ruth's life. She put the willing, childish hands to some light tasks, and felt her own burdens eased by the love

that made the frail spirit eager to lift it.

When Dolph and Ern came in, actually remembering to tip-toe across the newly scrubbed kitchen, their young wills loving and loyal, with only the fatal goad of tingling impulse driving them to ruleless acts, the shadows grew dimmer still.

How much to be glad for with all her cares. Her thoughts went back to Elmer and his tell-tale glance of the morning—nameless other little signs of tenderness he had shown coming to swell her happier current of thought. There was blue sky in abundance between the gray cloud patches, and she would not be so wicked again as to give up to this repining.

She was surprised to see how quickly the day's burden that had mouthed at her like an ogre, was downed. She could even listen with zest to the deluge of chatter Minna brought home with her at supper time.

"The rehearsal went splendidly—almost like clockwork, and there's some pretty new business put in that will make it perfect. Professor Strelling coached us himself in the gypsy dance—and oh, Ruthie! you should have heard him talk about my voice. He almost turned my head! And he's a man whose opinion is worth something! Mr. Elmer says he's quite a musical light in Philadelphia—and I can count on anything he says. He's going to stay over Monday, just to hear the operetta."

She helped Ruth wash the supper dishes, her busy tongue making her fingers lag, while Ruth's feet tingled and knees sagged with the long day's work.

Then, finally it was over, and Ruth, too tired to give serious heed to aught but the alluring touch of her soft mattress, drifted to dreamless sleep.

(To Be Continued.)

TWO PRAYERS.

Annie Pike.

I.

Peace, O my Father, give me peace today;
Not fame, not love, not riches do I pray,
But take the dread of future days away;
Let me have peace.

Peace, O my Father, peace from cares that fret,—
The past that stings my soul, let me forget;
Ambition unachieved, and vain regret;
Let me have peace.

II.

Father, I stand alone;
Each unresponsive face is turned away;
No smile for me adown the dreary day;
No heart to gladden that I pass this way;—
Father, I stand alone.

Father, I stand alone.
My heart doth falter like a child in fear;
Speak through the darkness calling me more near!
I need thy love to solace and to cheer,—
Father, I stand alone.

Father, I stand alone,
Linking the chain of days to unknown end,—
Lonely, so lonely doth the pathway wend—
Oh! for the touch of one deep-hearted friend!
Father, I stand alone.

JOSEPH SMITH.

*Rulon M. Owen.**

It is a peculiar fact that the true worth of great men is seldom acknowledged by the generation with which they live. It remains for the generations who follow to bury the jealousies and hard-heartedness of their fathers, and revere the true and good, as shown in the lives of the world's heroes. This is generally true of great characters in all the walks of life, but particularly so of the heroes of the Lord. "Ye hypocrites! Ye garnish the sepulchres of the dead Prophets, but take up stones to kill the living." These words of the Savior's tell the spirit that seems to have characterized each epoch in history. Long after the Prophets lay down their weary lives, when time and events have vindicated their teachings and acts and the imperishable truth of their mission is evident to all, the deeds they did and the characters they made are appreciated and honored, and their memories are celebrated and held up for reverence—not for worship, for all these are but the instruments in the hand of God, to whom alone is worship due.

So we come to celebrate the birth of Joseph Smith, not alone because the President of the Church has suggested it, but because this observance is the natural outgrowth of the reverence his followers feel for the man of God, the brilliant, inspiring hero, who withstood the storms of hell to establish the work his God entrusted to his care, and which has brought so

much consolation and light to their souls. This is a sentiment which is yet just rising, but which will grow and expand, until all men will bow to do him honor.

We stand in the evening of the world's great day, with the story of the accomplishments and triumphs of our predecessors to lead us onward and guide us upward. From the eminence near the summit of the day's development, we cast our glance back across the traversed plain and view the dispensations of God's providence. In each we witness a leader, a "mouthpiece"; and from his life we learn the beautiful story of God's purposes. But we see periods when men have faltered and wandered far from the way of Truth, until the Voice that guided them has ceased its warnings, and they have perished because they had no vision. In darkness, God has chastized them, and then, His love has swallowed wrath, and Prophets lived again to enliven Truth, and the Vision of Revelation is restored.

When Joseph Smith was born, the dawn of a New Dispensation was breaking upon the world, which is the successor of a long period of darkness. Without revelation for centuries mankind had fallen into the utmost spiritual degradation. In mingling with the errors of paganism and the skepticism of infidelity, Truth had been yielding her principles, and at this time she had been laid prostrate beneath the feet of unbelieving men. Now, however, there began to be an awakening; but in their unguided search, the world had developed a Babel of confusion, which made the time ripe for the restoration of the Voice of

* An address given in the Twenty-first ward of Salt Lake City, December 21st, 1902, on the occasion of the celebration of the Prophet's birthday, December 23rd, 1805.

Revelation, and the appearance of a new witness for God.

It was the guiding hand of Omnipotence that led the humble boy into God's Temple of the Woods, where he lifted unto Heaven an appeal for light. Pious, self-asserting priests had taught that the Heavens were "sealed as with brass," and the Voice of Inspiration was silenced forever more. But the promise of aid to the perplexed seeker after Truth, who would ask for light, had not been made a fantasy to Joseph Smith. There, far removed from the jargon of wordy sectaries, surrounded by the stately forest giants, 'mid the chirping of the morning birds, and the breath of Spring's gentle breeze, kneeling on the mossy breast of Mother Earth, this young, unschooled boy asked of God and his prayer penetrated the brassy silence of ages. He heard the "Voice in the Wilderness"—it was the living God!

If Joseph Smith's life had been peaceful before this, it was now to be a tempest. Had he been an obscure boy? Now he became notorious. Had he friends? Now the gates of Hell were unloosed to turn all hearts against him. Before, he had been harmless, now a criminal! And like the bearers of messages from God before him, he found his path the way of thorns and thistles. He believed the Scriptures, he proclaimed the Truth, he sought to uplift the world, he labored to enlighten mankind, he adhered to his testimony, and this was his crime; for this he must be put away!

As a result of this first vision and subsequent ones, Joseph Smith was given power to restore again to earth the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to organize the Savior's Church, that honest-hearted seekers for light might find the way to eternal salvation.

As Prophet of the Dispensation

of the Fullness of Time, he did not find himself welcomed by his fellows; but on the contrary, was despised, maligned and rejected. In fulfillment of Moroni's prophecy when that personage appeared to him, Joseph's name soon became known "for good and for evil in all the world." We have listened tonight to testimonies of the good, we have their impress in our hearts, but we know that he has been accused in all the world as an author of all the crimes in the category of evils. Yet, with all this, his followers feel the burning within their breasts of assuring Truth, and they know that he is a Prophet, and they know that his gospel is the Gospel of Salvation.

There could be no stronger evidence of the truthfulness of his mission than a review of his life. In every condition, in every emergency, in all his acts, he bore the impress of his Divine calling. If he had been an imposter, seeking to gain fame, wealth or comfort by his fraud, he never for a moment realized his hope, but went to his grave "a poor, wayfaring man of grief."

The trials through which Joseph Smith passed were such as could be borne only by men of the highest character and imbued with the holiest of purposes; and not since the sacrifice of the immaculate Savior on Calvary's Cross, has a man been called upon to endure such a vicious, strenuous, unrelenting persecution. But the Prophet never faltered, and though he emerged from it only through his cruel assassination, yet he stands today an ideal of love for his fellow man, and of gentleness, patience, forgiveness, fortitude and honor. Most any man, being persecuted for righteousness' sake, can endure the scoff of enemies, and will be impelled to greater efforts and emboldened by the opposition of those without his cir-

cle; but few can stand to be cut with keenest disappointment by apostacy and treason of his associates. The blasts of cold from the weather on the human body, only cause the being to be more active, but when the organs of life within are sick, the body becomes limp and lame. So with the body of Christ, the persecution from without is an elixir of life; but the sickness of spirit and defection of integrity of its members are its greatest foes. Joseph Smith was called upon to witness many of his brethren turn to villianous haters and saw some of those whom he had trusted and confided in, joining with the rabble in crying for his blood. But his character withstood it all. The calumny of revilers, the tortures of persecutors, the treachery of professed friends, the apostacy of brethren were all defeated; his testimony was unswerved, for "he had seen a vision, he knew he had seen a vision; and all the persecution under heaven could not make it otherwise."

Without a scholastic training, Joseph Smith was a scholar before whom professors may learn wisdom. Not a historian, yet he made clear the events of the past, and foretold the future. Not an astronomer, by training, yet he surpassed the discoveries of astronomers. Not an elocutionist, yet audiences were electrified by his eloquence and the power of his wisdom. Raised up and tutored of God, and shielded by Heaven, he lived to accomplish his ap-

pointed mission; and though cut down in the prime of life, as a seal to his testimony, Satan was not victorious, for his work remained and his power fell to another.

Truth is imperishable. Lies rot and decay. And by their survival or decay, the accusations laid at our feet will be tested. A man's reputation may be of the blackest kind, but if his character is clean and good and true, it will outlive the lies of his traducers, the memory of him will live in the world, while the falsehoods sought to be attached to his character will fall back and be lost in their own filthy mire, and his traducers will sink into oblivion. Such is the verdict of time upon Joseph Smith. Worthy of the station of a King, and the honor of a patriot's burial, yet his murdered body rests in an

"Unknown grave in a lonely spot,
But the form that it covers shall ne'er
be forgot."

Growing with the years is the fame of Joseph, increasing with the days are the numbers of his followers; and when finally the history of the Nineteenth century shall be fully, truthfully recorded, and heroes are given their full measure of credit, the minus chapter—now unwritten—shall be filled in; and it shall contain a name brilliant above the rest, found in every record and known in every home—a name to lead the roll of God's beloved and the world's honored—that name shall be, *JOSEPH SMITH*.

LEADERS TWO.

Susa Talmage.

The boy with light hair was a leader among the pupils in my room. He it was who decided upon the games to be played at the recess periods, and who should champion the sides in contest. The others seemed quite willing that he should dictate thus, for there was scarcely a boy or girl in the department who did not feel honored by any favor or show of special friendship from the "General."

During the month of November "Puss" came. The boys gave him this name because of his quiet movements in the school room. But on the play ground he was quite different.

It was plainly seen that he knew more about Rugby than had ever been thought of in the Branch School before he came. He could run faster, jump higher, and throw weights a greater distance than even the boy with light hair.

It all came about naturally, of course, but very soon I saw that the power of the old leader was slipping away from him. Surely the allegiance of the boys in the Fifth grade was being transferred, and because of his greater accomplishments, "Puss" was the favored one to receive it.

The boy with light hair worried about it, though he tried not to show it. He made poor recitations, and his general deportment was not good.

I did not require as much of him as usual, knowing the strain he was under.

Then the crisis came. It was in this way. One night after school I went through a grove on my way

home. Coming into a little clearing some distance from the road, I was surprised to see the boys from my room gathered there. Seated upon two fallen trees they were, everyone except the boy with light hair and "Puss."

These two stood facing each other, with caps off and sleeves rolled up.

In answer to my question the boy with light hair said,

"It's just this way, Miss D—, either 'Puss' or I must give up. If he is the best man I am willing he should have the first place. So the fellows agreed to come here tonight and see us fight it out fair and square."

Then I did something which even now makes me smile when ever I think of the consternation of the worthy board of trustees when they heard of it. I motioned to the boy nearest me on the log to move along. Twenty boys obediently wriggled down a few inches, and in the space thus vacated I sat and gave the word, "Go ahead."

The fight was carried on fairly. The boys on the logs maintained a most dignified silence until one contestant was down. It was Puss. The boys with light hair helped him up and handed him the cap. Then the others gave a cheer.

Five minutes later I was on my way home. On my right, carrying my books, was the boy with light hair; on my left, with my lunch basket, walked "Puss."

When we reached my gate both boys said good night and walked off side by side down the street.

SKETCHES.

I.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Kate Thomas.

Ten minutes in Ireland is not worth buying a ticket for, is it? But let us take one little peep at the marvelous Giant's Causeway.

By the way, as you pass through the country, you notice the cottage homes with their thatched roofs. Sometimes you will see a girl outside at her spinning wheel. She hasn't those eyes of Irish blue that the poets write about. In fact, those eyes of Irish blue are scarce in Ireland. Also that Irish wit is more frequent in America. The average Irishman laughs like the negro does—simply because he is "built that way," not because he is thinking particularly bright things. And make him angry! Oh, my! When you have visited the Emerald Isle

the common phrase, "He got his Irish up," is fraught with terrible meaning. Heaven preserve all sinners from an Irish mob!

Now you who came from "Ould Oirland" and are thinking tenderly of the mother country, don't scowl at me—I am partly Irish myself. But don't think that you want to go back to that land, because you don't. "America, darlin', the land of the free," is the very best place on earth. Only some of us are not good Americans—we are crude, and rough, and rude—and so belittle our nation. As for the old country, it is all very well for the upper classes. Nice people in Ireland, like nice people everywhere, are nice! Is that plain? But step inside that cottage



IRISH PEASANT AT WORK.

where the girl is spinning, and doubtless you will see an array of dirt that you have not pictured in your wildest dreams. Yet, what right has anyone to judge any peasantry? God pity them, say I. You who are born so far from such environment that you look at it in horror and disgust, are you quite sure that there is not a barefooted girl somewhere who, with half your chance, would think greater

40,000 of these pillars. The effect, as you walk over the entire Causeway, (which is divided into Grand, Middle and Little, each separated from the other), is, as one of the girls said, "Beautifully awesome." The breadth is over 300 feet. The length is broken by the dividing rock, but the Grand Causeway is 700 feet long. In different places, you find the Giant's Organ (height, 120 feet; the guide



LORD ANTRIM'S CHAMBER.

thoughts and do a hundred nobler deeds than you do now?

Surely, it is time we arrived at the Causeway. It is a most wonderful formation of nature that requires half a dozen pictures to illustrate it fairly. The view shown is a part of that Grand Causeway called Lord Antrim's Chamber. It gives an idea of the shape and position of the columns. They are so close together that water cannot pass between them. They were formed by crystallization while in a state of fusion. There are about

book says it plays twice in seven years—two party tunes, one for each side, so peace is kept); the Giant's Loom, a row of pillars 33 feet high; the Giant's Chimney Tops; the Wishing Chair, where every wish comes true (if you don't wish for ice cream bricks—they are woefully scarce over there), and the finest of all, the Amphitheatre. It is something like the pictures of the Coliseum of Rome. There are alternate rows of massive columns over great, flat ledges. The col-

umns really form the backs of these ledges, making circular benches. The top row of columns is 80 feet high, and the cliffs near are 350 feet high, so you can see that the Causeway is rather a stupendous affair.

There is also the usual "Lovers' Leap." Poor lovers! They have leaped from so many different places that it is no wonder death overtook them at last. Requiescant.

There are two legends connected with the Causeway:

"Fin MacCoul, an Irish giant of enormous stature, who lived on the Antrim coast, was famed throughout Great Britain for his deeds of valor in Ireland. He received a challenge from Ben Donner, a famous giant in Scotland, which he accepted, but a difficulty arose about the transporting of the Scottish warrior, as no ship of that period was large enough to carry a man of such tremendous weight. Fin MacCoul was evidently in want of some-

one to tread on the tails of his coat, so to accommodate his opponent and to enable him to come over to the Emerald Isle dryshod, he laid down the celebrated Causeway from Antrim in Ireland to Stofgar in Scotland. Of course Ben came across and was completely defeated. After that, the road not being required, sank into the sea." A remarkably intelligent road!

Another story is that when one of the Scottish giants came over to Ireland, the Irish giant, not feeling equal to the combat, took the advice of his mother and crept into bed. "Is that MacCoul within?" asked the Scottish giant. "No," answered the mother. "Then who is that in the cradle?" "That is only one of his children." The Scottish giant thought the father would be somewhat too large for him, and ran a race with himself all the way home. It doesn't state whether he or himself reached there first.

RIGHT AND WRONG—TRUTH AND ERROR.

G. H. Brimhall.

Right is power applied in wisdom;
It is Judgment leading Love;
It is Justice joined to Mercy;
'Tis the will of God above.

Wrong is power misdirected,
Hurtfulness impelled by hate;
Misplaced love, or light deflected
From the course it ought to take.

*Truth is knowledge—perfect knowl-
edge,
Of things as they were and are;
And of how they'll be in future—
Truth is Wisdom's morning star.

Error is the misconception
Of relations and of things—
Spirit feeding on deception—
Falsehood flying with Truth's wings.

* See Doc. and Covenants.

A MAID FROM REYKJAVIK.

Henry N. Adamson.

I.

The holiday season was once again over, and in what may be called Modern Athens everything seemed to be going on as usual. The stores in Dearborn street looked most inviting, as they vied with each other in displaying exquisite and costly wares. The residences at the West End gave silent evidence, by the heavy folds of dark, rich curtains, that the winter season was fast approaching. Country houses, or seaside resorts, may prove very enjoyable for a time, but who does not sooner or later grow weary of them and experience a longing for home?

The schools and colleges had all "taken up" again and work at the University was in full swing.

On a seat in Dearborn street Gardens sat an unqualified young medical man, moody and silent. He did not seem disconcerted by the chilling breeze or the flakes of falling snow which appeared as heralds of a coming storm. The poor fellow was so bitterly disappointed that everything about him—even to the occasional passers-by—wore the same sombre hue as his own thoughts.

Larry Todd had studied hard to complete his course at the end of the past session; but he had failed, or been "ploughed," as he expressed it. On this bleak afternoon he felt so downhearted and miserable that he hardly seemed to care what became of him. It was not the fact that the last session's

work must all be gone over again that weighed so heavily upon his mind; the real bitterness lay in the stinging thought that he was unable to be self-supporting. Larry's home was in Flora, and his parents who were frugal, hard-working people, had been obliged for years to practice the strictest economy in order to put their younger son through a course in medicine. Thus it was harrowing knowledge that he must again be a heavy tax on the scanty purse of the dear old folks.

From across the Gardens a class-mate bent his steps towards Todd. He, too, had "missed his final," but he was three years Larry's junior in the first place, and, in the second, money with him was not a matter of such vital import, consequently the fact of his having failed did not cause him the same regret.

"Come, old fellow," he exclaimed, giving him a slap on the shoulder, "moping again? This will never do. You should be sitting beside a warm fire, and not out here in this cold place. It's hard lines, I grant you; but what's the use making bad worse? I tell you at the rate you are going you'll soon find yourself a patient in one of the wards."

"It's easy for you to talk, John, but you haven't to stand in my shoes. It's gall and wormwood to me to be sending home for money when I know my father has so little to spare. It's more like the thing that I should be assisting my parents than that they should be

scrimping and saving to keep up a duffer like me."

"Nonsense, Larry; you are mis-calling yourself unjustly. You did your level best. Fate was against you, and that is all you can make of the matter. No one can turn the stream of destiny, so look at the matter more philosophically. Why, bless me, man, your very failure may prove a blessing in disguise."

Larry Todd shook his head sadly, but vouchsafed no reply.

"Come, I say, stir your stumps! This wind is positively cutting, and the snow is falling thicker and faster. I'm bound for Grosvenor street to take dinner with my aunt, Mrs. Goodenough, and she'll be delighted to see you as well. She was wondering the other evening why you've never called up since you returned to town. Besides, there's a lady from Reykjavik stopping with her just now, so act the gentleman and come along and help to make things pleasant for aunt's guest.

"A lady from where?" asked Larry, rising as he spoke.

"Reykjavik."

"And where in all the world is that?"

"It's the capital of Iceland, old boy. I'm afraid, like myself, you'll need to brush up your geography a bit."

"What's she like?" was Larry's next query, as he trudged along as if he had a pound weight tied to each foot. "A flat-nosed, dark-skinned, little person, I presume?"

A spirit of mischief seized John Goodenough, who determined to have a little fun at his chum's expense in the hope of rousing him from his lethargy.

"Well," he said, "at first you'll no doubt think the lady very odd, but she improves greatly on acquaintance. She dresses in furs, and sits cross-legged on a bearskin on the floor; then, if she does not understand (and ten to one she doesn't), she looks up at you in such a comical way and winks her little obliquely-set eyes."

"How very strange!" remarked Larry, evincing more interest than he was aware of. "Can she speak any English at all?"

"Just a very few words, but she's very quick to comprehend signs and gestures. When you desire to attract her attention you simply give a slight cough. But take your time, you'll soon see Froken, and then I guarantee you'll manage wonderfully to make yourself intelligible."

"What's the lady's name, did you say?"

"Oh! her name is Olafia Sigurdson, but I generally just style her 'Froken'—that's the Icelandic for 'Miss,' you know."

Larry did not know; in fact, his ignorance was colossal regarding either the Isle of the Midnight Sun or its people, and it was with feelings that were midway between those of the explorer and of the scientific investigator that he accompanied his friend to the flat where Mrs. Goodenough resided. The young men were ushered into the drawing room, where the cheerful firelight shed its warm, bright glow on all around, but, although Larry cast furtive glances in every direction, he could see no sign of the strange foreigner.

Presently, however, the door opened, when poor Larry became

so utterly bewildered that he scarcely knew where he was or what he did. When he was duly introduced to Miss Sigurdson he could only mumble a few incoherent words as he crimsoned to the very roots of his hair. Instead of the dark-skinned, greasy-faced, dumpy little woman, a very vision of loveliness was presented to him.

Olafia was a maiden of the fair Norse type, whose pretty features and lovely complexion, with its shell-pink tints, were set off by wavy, golden hair, which shone round her face like a halo. The hair was loosely braided and fastened by dainty hairpins to the crown of her head. Her eyes were azure blue. She was rather tall and very straight. Her dress, according to the costume of her native country, was composed of a pleated black skirt, and a bodice of the same material, opening in the front, and exposing a beautiful white chemisette. Round her throat she wore a tie of colored silk in place of a collar, and on her head a round flat, black cap, with a thick tassel suspended therefrom, and confined at the top by a narrow tube of silver.

Larry, regaining his composure, "looked daggers" at John, who stood by, convulsed with laughter; whilst Olafia Sigurdson stared in confusion. At last the culprit found the use of his tongue.

"It was really too bad of me, old fellow, and I humbly apologize. But when I found you entertained such crude ideas of the Northland, I could not resist the temptation of having a little fun. Why, Froken," he added, turning toward the mystified damsel, "do you know Mr. Todd expected to find you

squatted upon a mat on the floor, completely enveloped in furs, and he purposed resorting to signs as a medium of communication!"

"Oh, Goodenough, it is a great shame of you to be so teasing. Am I such a curiosity that you should make sport of me?"

Happily at this juncture the dinner bell rang, putting an end to the little comedy, although it was to be referred to and laughed over on many subsequent occasions when the two medicals spent the evening with Mrs. Goodenough and her guest, or when on a Saturday afternoon they delighted the young stranger with the wonders of Chicago—its magnificent buildings, its monuments and museums, its Botanic Gardens, and the thousand and one other features of beauty and interest.

II.

Christmas had come and gone; January had ushered in the New Year; and February and March had followed with their bleak days and piercing winds. But April's smiling face soon changed the aspect of both city and country, whilst the joyous symphony of the birds, the sweetly budding trees and hedge rows, and the tender fragrance of the timorous wild flowers, awakened by the sun from their long winter's sleep, brought fresh hope to every heart.

There was no further moping or discontent on Larry Todd's part, for his time was now so fully occupied that even John Goodenough saw but little of him.

Olafia Sigurdson had left Chicago for Copenhagen and Larry occasionally heard from her, which

tended in no small degree to brighten his busy days. He had been fortunate in securing the tuition of a couple of pupils, which materially assisted in paying his fees; and, to further add to his good luck, he had fallen in with a most suitable companion to share his lodgings, thus making his personal expenses considerably lighter than they had been the previous year.

One Saturday evening Larry once again wended his way towards Grosvenor street to his kind friend, Mrs. Goodenough, his firm elastic step being in happy contrast to the listless, shuffling gait with which, after failing in his "final," he had accompanied John to his aunt's house. A radiant smile flitted across Larry's face as he felt his inside pocket for about the tenth time to make sure that a certain important letter was still lodged safely therein. Then, turning quickly, he hurried along to the further end of Dearborn street in order to post his valuable epistle at "the general." Larry wondered over and over again what the "Froken" would say (for he had learned from John to style her thus) when she should open this letter, for be it understood, it was altogether different from its predecessors. Larry had grown more courageous, and determined to find out whether or not the fair maid of Reykjavik entertained for him any warmer feeling than that of platonic friendship. But, American-like he was both cautious and quiet and deemed it more prudent to see how his advances would be received ere he really declared himself.

Lover-like, Larry was not long at a loss for either ways or means of communicating Cupid's whisper-

ings, so he procured a tiny white rose, and pressed it along with a spray of a certain little blue flower much more carefully than he had ever prepared a botanical specimen. Then, having gummed it on a pretty card, he wrote the all-important message beneath:

"A son of the Stars and Stripes begs of a daughter of the Northland, in the depth of her affection, to plant him one forget-me-not."

III.

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die."

There is an old saying that misfortunes never come singly, and the same is equally true of surprises. Larry Todd's exertions were not to go unrewarded this year. He had not only passed his examinations, but taken a distinguished position in them all, and now the day had at last arrived when he was to be "capped." John Goodenough had been successful also, so, all in all, this was to be "a great day."

The graduation ceremony was rather imposing. John declared he hardly knew himself in his cap and gown, and, strange to say, his eyes wandered several times to the gallery. But Larry expected no one in particular, and so did not look about. Certainly somebody in the audience clapped most enthusiastically after the mysterious "tap" was given, but Larry merely supposed this to be a fellow-student, or possibly "some other fellow's sister" up in the gallery.

That evening the pleasant sunlight streamed in at the drawing room windows in Grosvenor street as Dr. Goodenough and his friend, Dr. Todd, entered. But if poor Larry had once before been nearly overwhelmed with confusion in the same room he was now destined to be almost intoxicated with delight, when none other than Olafia Sigurdson stepped forward and offered her hearty congratulations. At first he fancied his senses were playing him false; but no, there she stood in very truth, as maidenly and sweet as ever, only with a tell-tale flush of pride on her soft cheeks, and a glint of love-light in her bewitching blue eyes.

After dinner, John pleaded an engagement, and a caller dropped in to see Mrs. Goodenough, so the young doctor and Olafia went along for a stroll in Dearborn street Gardens. They sought the very spot where Larry had sat—lonely and despondent—one short year before. But this evening, as the great Building, like an old-time giant, kept watch and ward over the city below, it smiled down on a very happy pair of sweethearts.

Dearborn street was looking very animated; the electric cars ran back and forward; the busy carriages and coaches hurried hither and thither. Whether it was to prevent Olafia from feeling afraid, or whether after all, Larry found it expedient to resort to signs and gestures (as John had at first advised), I am not prepared to say, but I do know that as they sat and chatted Larry's arm stole gently around his companion's waist, and she did not resent the liberty.

"So you'll return to Iceland, my darling, and wait there until next

spring, when I trust I shall be able to visit Reykjavik and bring you back with me."

Olafia nodded her head. "And is it not wonderful when we reflect? If I had not missed my final I would never have met you, and then—I mean we two would have never met, you understand—and then—"

"Then," said Olafia, blushing deeply, but finding the use of her tongue, "then, dearest Larry, the world would never have been the same to either of us."

"I hope your parents will be perfectly satisfied when you explain everything."

"Oh, yes; to be sure. You know father's people came originally from Norway, but mother's relatives belong to Connecticut, like Mrs. Goodenough's folks, so you see, I'm a bit American as it is.

"But," said Larry, drawing her closer, "you haven't told me yet what you thought when you opened my letter, and saw the pressed flowers and read the lines."

"Why," answered Olafia, blushing more deeply, "I didn't think anything specially. I just folded the letter carefully and put it aside, and then I kissed the little faded love tokens, and placed them in my purse, and they are there still."

This seemed to Larry such a happy suggestion that he in turn kissed the owner of the purse—well, I won't vouch for the number of times. Many little plans and confidences were exchanged, and many of the hopes and fears of the past were told in the twilight. And even as the last red rays of the American sunset shot up and gave promise of fair weather for the morrow, ere the curtain of night

covered the scene, so Larry Todd felt that the roseate mists of love were fitly closing in the tale of his past penury and lonely night watches, and prophesying the

brighter days of a successful professional career, cheered by the radiant presence of his fair northern bride.

IN MINOR CHORD.

Thrall.

She stared at the trees, which rustled above the grassy bank on which she was lying and noted each separate leaf, the sunbeams glittering through them, the drowsy hum of the insects, the pleasant persistent murmur of the brooklet, in that state of semi-consciousness into which one in trouble often falls. She remembered long afterwards how the branches grew apart and showed a patch of the dazzling blue sky. And the blithe song of the cricket on the ground somewhere near sounded most unfeeling to the girl in such distress.

"Hush, you little torment!" she cried suddenly, with a peevishness totally unlike her usual self, and rising on her elbow she threw a pebble at the spot whence came the cheery note. It was stilled, and she again laid her head on the grassy pillow and resumed her dry-eyed staring at the bit of blue. If possible her face became whiter than before, the pretty mouth set in a straight line, the dark, smooth brows drew together in a frown of angry pain.

"And to think," she said, half aloud, "that I loved him and believed in him as in myself, only I thought him so much better and nobler than I can ever be, and now

I find that I've deceived myself and been blind and wilful all the time. I suppose it's the just punishment for adoring—yes, adoring, any human being. But oh, he was so nice! And he looks so grand and brave! How could I judge differently?

"O, why did I not listen to mother and learn to know him better and to read my own heart more truly! I, who have always said I would never promise until I meant it and would never, never ask release! Is marriage so insignificant that I should not have waited and been sure what I was doing?

"O, for the happy freedom of a year ago! I had not seen or even heard of such a man. And in that short time I have given him the best love of my life and kept nothing back. I lived for him, my mind was intent only on his interests and hopes, my heart beat as much for him as for myself. I thought he understood my devotion—appreciated my ambitions—shared in my dreams of the future and was as pure and manly and strong as the ideal I formed so long ago."

She sighed deeply and the slow, painful tears dimmed her aching eyes. She turned over and laid her throbbing forehead on her bent arm. The sweet, fresh odor of the crushed grass filled her nostrils and

the brook began singing a clearer, louder tune.

"Oh, to be a boy for even a little while to avenge my wrongs in the good old savage style!"

Then, with a short, impatient, contemptuous laugh, she dashed the tears away and said,

"How silly! As if they can be wiped out by a few blows and a bloodstain or two! I'm growing childish, or else I've been a child and knew no better! I've certainly always been wilful and self-sufficient, and I suppose it took a lesson to teach me how unwise and foolish I really am. How hard that lesson has been no one will ever know.

"And his protestations that he does truly love me are an added insult. If he did, he would never have done that vile and wicked thing. 'If I marry him, I will be the means of saving and reforming him.' As if I owed it to him, when plainly he owes it to himself and me to become a man! Bah!"

She sat up impatiently. Her face had flushed and her dark eyes shone angrily. Her eyes became fixed on her slender brown fingers clasped around her knee and gradually the flush receded again, leaving her fair girlish face white and infinitely sad.

"After all," she slowly murmured, "I ought not to be too hard and unforgiving. It's not his fault that I set him upon a pedestal and worshipped him. I'll tell him good-bye forever tomorrow, and forgive him, too."

Again she fell silent and sat gazing before her. Gradually the sweet mouth resumed the winsome pout, the brows relaxed, the eyes grew wide and soft. Slowly she rose to her feet and softly knelt

on the thick grass. She folded her hands in the childish way she had not outgrown and, looking upward at the shining blue sky, she poured out her soul in prayer.

"Dear Father, look in mercy on Thy wayward and sorrowful child. I thank Thee for the priceless lesson I have learned and for Thy loving care which was over me in spite of my forgetfulness and folly. I thank Thee from my soul that I was stopped before it was too late. Heal the wound I have received, fill my life with new interests and pursuits. And above all, keep me humble and obedient that I may make no second mistake, but may choose my companion as a daughter of Israel should. Be with me night and day, oh Lord, and aid me to bear my burden. Make me strong and wise, noble and good, and help me to forgive him. I ask it in the name of the Savior, Amen."

She rose to her feet and, brushing her dress, she gathered it up and quickly left the shady nook. She paused a moment as she stepped through the hedge onto the path, and looked back at the scene of her brief struggle. It was as quiet and peaceful as a nook in Paradise, and almost as lovely. One comprehensive glance, one last sigh and she was gone. But somehow the chirp of a cricket never sounded gay to her after that day and the rippling of water never failed to make her sad.



We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

—Shakespeare.

Hamlet, Act. V, Sc. 5.

TO PHYLIS.

Rosemary.

O Phylis, sweet Phylis,
Pray do not say me no.
I cannot live without thee
Dear heart, I love thee so.
I will but send to thee a line,
And ask thee, "Be my valentine."



O Phylis, sweet Phylis,
Let not my poor heart break.
For thou alone hast power
To sooth its every ache.
I'd give the whole world were it mine
To have thee for my valentine.

THE GROCER'S VALENTINES.

James Edward Fogeldy.

Our country grocer was a kind-hearted little man, who always showed an interest in the promotion of public cheerfulness and top-heavy hilarity. In those golden days of prohibition, when the people went thirsty out of necessity, he regularly pandered to the general taste by importing mild bitters, Jamaica ginger, and bottled toddies, all of which he freely administered in cases of sickness—for a mere consideration. It was his life-long study to please the villagers, and they never knew what startling innovations his goodness would lead him to.

One day as he sat in his office, his feet perched up on the desk, unexpectedly there slipped out of his deep pocket into his heart—the source of all his worthy actions—a most wonderful thought: he would regale the town with a batch of ugly valentines.

A week before St. Valentine's day the ox-team freighters delivered to the store a box from the city stationery dealers. When the proprietor examined the bill, he found he had been sent five times as many valentines as ordered; but the wholesale house had appended a note, saying, "In your country we think *you* will find ready sale for such delicious novelties." The *you*, underscored, was encouraging, and, with his nail puller and hatchet, he proceeded to the unpacking.

Now, since the grocer was honest and business-like, having made it a practice to taste all the delectables—after they were weighed out to the purchaser—to assure himself they were of good quality, he thought it incumbent upon him,

as a reliable merchant, to scrutinize these valentines before putting them on sale. Accordingly for three long winter evenings he did nothing but fatten his humor on the grotesque caricatures and lave his artistic palate in the sweets of the appended doggerel. Among the lot was one that might have been a new edition of Irving's long-haired Dutchman, who twisted his queue so tight to the back of his head that his eyes and mouth were kept perpetually open and his brows drawn up to the crest of his noddle. Under the long, lanky, spectacled figure were the following lines:

"You're a saintly old scoundrel with
sense not a bit,
Though you pose as an angel from
heaven just lit;
You seem to forget that we know you,
Old Shark,
That you pray in the daytime, but
steal in the dark."

When the store keeper read this he almost tipped over backwards with laughter, and, after scanning the cartoon over and over again, and going to the infinite labor of learning the verse by heart, he laid the valentine to one side, resolved to hazard that much of his stock in advertising; for, if Neighbor Dobbin was not the original, the artist had been most unfortunate in not knowing of his existence.

The neighbor referred to was a testy, vindictive old schoolmaster, who, some years before, had laid aside the ferule to pursue the more peaceful calling of farmer and livestock raiser. There had always been uppermost in his mind a suspicion that some one was going to take advantage of him, and he had made

it a point, when an opportunity came, to get even beforehand. Following up this practice, he had come into disrepute among the thriving farmers and cattlemen, all of whom he had hated righteously since the time when, as school boys, they had dug pitfalls for him. He wore a long coat and trousers of gray homespun, a black wool muffler around his neck, and his hair uncut. He bestowed sacred care upon his grizzly locks, and boasted that no barber had laid a pair of scissors on his head for twenty years.

Many stories were afloat as to the cause of his going unshorn, the most probable of which related to his wife's stubbornness. In the days of the early settlement, so tradition ran, she regularly trimmed his hair at the beginning of each term of school, until, one day, having inadvertently left some uncommonly prominent terraces along over his ears, at which the youngsters took exception, he scolded her roundly for her lack of skill; whereupon she stoutly refused longer to ply her art on his ungrateful head. Thenceforth, as a matter of economy, he let his hair grow long.

The grocer's plan was this: To send the above mentioned valentine to Neighbor Dobin, who, suspecting that one of his many enemies had adopted this clandestine method of secretly conveying his respects, and desiring to retaliate in kind, would buy more of the rude burlesques. The broil thus started in perfect good will would end up in perfect rage and the complete closing out of the nefarious stock. The plan was an ingenious one and the weigher of peanuts hurried to put it into execution. He got a yellow envelope, purchased a one-cent stamp, and, disguising his hand writing, with his best wishes and a chuckle, sent the long, hungry

saint to its prototype, the schoolmaster.

Copies of Puck and Judge had never found their way into that far-off settlement, neither ugly valentines; and Dobin, next morning, as he toasted his socks before the grate and examined the cartoon his wife had brought from the post office, thought it a queer piece of advertisement, since no cure-all was mentioned. He called "mother," and they both focused their glasses on the unshapely figure. Her eye being quicker for details than his she immediately caught the likenesses and understood the import of "you pray in the daytime, but steal in the dark." With her assistance gradually the light got into the cerebellum of the crusty old pedagogue, and if his socks had not begun to smoke, and if "mother" had not raised the dead about "next Saturday's darning," he would have been mesmerized by his red and yellow counterpart, so intently did he look at it. When things were calmed down, the couple put their heads together to solve the mystery of the sender.

It must have been some one who held a personal grudge, who considered himself the victim of theft. Dobin thought over all who had preferred charges against him. There was Tom Greehoff, who, one dark night, had found the water, when it was Tom's turn to irrigate, running on Dobin's potato patch. This could not have furnished a well-grounded cause for complaint, since the dam might have broken, besides it is not good to water potatoes in the light of the moon. Then there was Bill Smithers, who had noised about the town that the school master had marked a maverick, which, the spring before, had been seen sucking one of Bill's cows. This piece of scandal raised Dobin's ire and he dared Bill to his

face to prove the calves were identical. At another time the back-fence neighbor had accused the user of ferules of stealing the eggs of his thoroughbred Leghorns, and made the charge, in the minds of the people, unanswerable by showing that no one else in the town had Leghorns; but Dobin, by some means, had gotten chickens of that very breed into his barnyard. With wonted facility the schoolmaster had cleared himself by stating that he had imported an incubator, a contrivance never before heard of in that section, which had both laid and hatched the eggs that produced his blooded chickens. As evidence he brought forward the advertisement. Although Dobin considered the ill will of these three persons as unjustifiable, they might have sent the valentine. At all events he determined to get the advice of his one staunch friend, the grocer.

He was received very courteously into the little office in the rear of the store, where he was closeted a full hour. There were confidences exchanged and advice given. The box of valentines was thoroughly rummaged, and when the schoolmaster left, he carried away in his pockets a dozen or more, which his friend had helped to select.

The next day many grim people came to the store on the same errand and went away smiling, with little bundles tucked away under their arms. The postmaster also noticed a slight picking up in his cancellation.

The second morning, when the grocery man came to his place of business, a crowd was at the door. Each made his wants known in a whisper, and one after another they were shown into the back room. Later, farmers tied their teams to the hitching post, and woodhaulers, talking boisterously or shouting, dropped their lines and elbowed their way into the sales room. There

also was heard the click of the spurs and the slap of the riding whips of the cowboys, whose horses champed their bits along the fences and under the bare shade trees. These swearing gentry, likewise pushed in by the counters and wanted to see some of "them d—d ugly things flying 'round here." Old women, middle-aged women, and blushing girls, each wearing her newest white apron and best sunbonnet, took their places in the line, waiting to be shown into the mysterious back room; while prying urchins besieged the building and wedged into every spare niche. The grocer had to employ an assistant clerk, who conducted the overt business, but he remained in the rear, occasionally appearing at the partition door, his thin visage the playground of fugitive smiles, as he dismissed the purchaser with meaning eye-corners. There was a constant jingle of small change from the office and a constant demand for nickels and dimes.

The post office was equally busy. All day a promiscuous crowd hung around the single window. "Any mail for me?" became a din in the ears of the postmaster, whose legs grew weary under his slender weight. If the applicant received a yellow envelope, straightway he set out for the store; if not, he resolved to wait patiently another hour. Every villager expected to be remembered either by friend or foe, and if he received no valentine, he concluded he was neither loved nor hated, that his life was an unnoticed monotony.

The day passed, a bustling, festive holiday for the town. Everybody, feeling himself even with everybody else, was happy. Even old Dobin slapped his enemies on the shoulder and felt half reconciled because he had played the trick on them.

Dark came, and only Mr. Dob-

in and the little grocer remained in the store.

"Big run today, eh?" queried the schoolmaster.

"Broke the record. All the valentines gone but six, and a big hole in the bitters and Jamaica ginger. Say, now," continued the storekeeper, "here's a bargain for you; these half-dozen valentines for a quarter. Bring them in sorter reserve-like

and fire them at your slanderers as the day closes. They'll know better than to come at you again."

"It's a trade. I'll be even with these fellers once, blamed if I don't. I don't get roiled up very often, but here goes," and he paid the twenty-five cents and posted off with the bargain, leaving his friend with his self-congratulations and his nickels and dimes.

A GOOD WAY TO SWEEP AND DUST A ROOM.

Dust all bric-a-brac; place it on a table or other convenient place, and cover with a thick cloth. Take corners of curtains and shake thoroughly, but carefully, then pin (not tie) up out of the way. Shake rugs and brush them on lawn or porch; then shake again. Remove all cushions out of the dust. Open doors and windows when convenient. Dust the chairs and place them in another room. Be careful to dust between the rounds at the back of the chairs. Get a little clear water in a wash bowl and dampen broom slightly. Shake well before applying to carpet. A teaspoonful of ammonia mixed with the water will help freshen the colors in the carpet. Sweep with steady, short strokes and be careful not to lift the broom too high. Sweep under all movable furniture.

For dusting, have a large soft dust-rag and a small, short-handled soft brush. In many of our stores now they have long handles with a wire contrivance on the end for holding a cloth. These are especially fine for dusting the upper part of the wall and keeping the cobwebs out of the corners. It is a

simple arrangement and any bright boy could make one with an old broom handle. While the duster is clean wipe the windows and thus save cleaning them so often. Sweep the walls as far as convenient, as you dust the furniture. Be sure and shake the duster often. Don't let the dirt accumulate on the tops of high cupboards or wardrobes, but bring the step ladder in and dust them occasionally.

A room swept and dusted in this thorough way will not need cleaning so often and by its bright fresh appearance will pay for any extra trouble taken.



Too much rest is rust.—Sir Walter Scott.



Let nothing come between you and the light.—Thoreau.



The chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do the best we can.—Emerson.



To have what we want, is riches; but to be able to do without is power.—Geo. Macdonald.

THE COOK'S CORNER.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

Some "Word of Wisdom Drinks."

The revelation containing the Word of Wisdom was given to this people in February, 1833. It would seem that nearly seventy years is enough for any people to learn a lesson so evidently for their good as is that contained in the Word of Wisdom. But alas! there are too many families who disobey or ignore the teachings of this great law. We are told that "inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father. * * * Strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies." That is plain teaching, is it not? And yet in how many families of Latter-day Saints is it the custom to have wine and toddy and brandy pudding sauce at certain holiday seasons!

"And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly." The expression "hot drinks," has been interpreted by many to refer to temperature only and that anything can be drunk so long as it is luke warm. This, of course, is a perversion. The question was raised about this expression soon after it was given, and to still all discussion of the matter a sermon was delivered by Patriarch Hyrum Smith, May 29th, 1842. Among other beautiful things he said: "'And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly'; there are many who wonder what this can mean, whether it refers to tea or coffee or not. I say it does refer to tea and coffee." (Vol. IV of Contributor, p. 13. Sermons and Writings of the Prophets.)

This Journal is owned and read by the young women of Zion. To them this subject is of vital importance because they are the future mothers of the men and women of our people. Does not this thought bring with it a sense of great responsibility? Upon your strength in resisting evil and clinging to the right, will largely depend your son's early conceptions of what is right and wrong. And it is to the young girls and young mothers we appeal to banish from their houses all the things forbidden in the Word of Wisdom. If your chil-

dren then fall into temptation, the responsibility is not yours and your suffering will be much lessened by the knowledge of your having done your duty.

It is sometimes easier, in trying to overcome a fault, to be told what may be done rather than what must not be done. So, after urging our readers that they do not drink wine in any form, or tea or coffee, it is our purpose to give the recipes of a few simple drinks that may be used as substitutes for the forbidden ones. Of course, after being accustomed to the taste of those drinks mentioned above, those here given may seem insipid. But after being used a while their flavor becomes just as palatable and their effect more refreshing than those which work such harm in the human system.

Barley Coffee.—"Nevertheless, * * * barley for mild drinks, as also other grains," we are told in the Word of Wisdom. How shall barley be made into mild drinks? If made into beer it contains alcohol in greater or less degree and is therefore not good to drink. It can be made into coffee and thereby furnishes a palatable, nourishing, unstimulating drink. But as much care must be taken in its preparation as in that of the real coffee, or it will not be so good.

Select good, well matured, barley. Clean it from everything but the barley kernels. Place in a pan in a moderately hot oven and let it brown slowly. Stir frequently that it may all be equally brown. It must be carefully watched as it burns very quickly. When the barley is a rich golden brown all through it is ready.

To make the coffee: Grind one cup of the brown kernels. Mix it with the white of one egg and four cups cold water. Stir thoroughly. Place on the stove and let it boil for fifteen minutes. Add two cups of boiling water and set on the back of the stove where it will keep hot but not boil. If preferred stronger or weaker than that given add more or less hot water at the last. This coffee can be re-heated and re-boiled without losing its good flavor. If care has been taken while

browning that none of the kernels are burned the flavor will be delicious. Otherwise it is strong and unpleasant.

Many people mix bran or wheat with the barley and some even add molasses thinking it improves the flavor. This can be done of course, as it is preferred.

Plain Lemonade.

- 2 lemons.
- 3 cups water.
- 6 tablespoonfuls sugar.

Squeeze the juice and grate the rind of the lemon, being careful that none of the white part of the rind is grated, for that gives a bitter taste. Boil the sugar and water for about ten minutes, then pour over the juice and grated rind. Strain and set away to cool. Serve with a bit of cracked ice if desired, or very hot if for a hot lemonade.

Delicious Lemonade.

- 20 lemons.
- 6 oranges.
- 4 quarts water.
- 1 quart sugar.
- 1 banana.
- ½ a pineapple (or ½ can of canned pineapples).
- 1 pint of strawberries or raspberries.

Boil the sugar and water; pour it over the juice and grated yellow part of the lemon and orange rind. Strain and cool. Slice the banana very thin and place in the lemonade. Then the pineapple sliced thin and cut in small pieces. If the canned pineapple is used, less sugar will be needed. And last, drop in a pint of luscious strawberries or raspberries left whole. If all the fruit named is not obtainable use what you have. Any or all of them makes a delicious addition.

Fruit Punch.—Our young people who live in the larger cities are tempted to serve at their parties "real punch," with liquor therein, because "everyone else serves it." With a little strength of character on the part of the hostess she can serve a delicious drink and still not have the tempting wines therein.

Prepare a lemonade according to the preceding rule, using only one half the amount of water. Place a piece of ice in the punch bowl, pour over it the cold lemonade; have ready for the amount there given two

bottles of Apollinaris water, which has been kept on ice. Just before serving add the Apollinaris, which imparts a very pleasing, pungent taste. Any of the mild mineral waters can be used in place of the Apollinaris.

Fruit Juice.—Everyone is familiar with the fact that fruit should form an important part of man's food. Most people in this country have an abundance of canned fruit and preserves during the winter season. But there is another way of preserving the beneficial part of fruits that is not common here in America as it is in Europe. I refer to the preserving of fruit juices. The juice may be used in many ways: as flavoring for different kinds of puddings, as pudding sauces, and as a healthful and palatable drink. Used as a drink it makes a very good substitute for wine to be offered to callers on New Year's day.

To Make the Juice.

Fruit juices may be made from strawberries, raspberries and English currants, together, or separately, and from the native currants or black English currants.

The juice is extracted from the berries just as for jelly. In making juice from the berries, wash them thoroughly and pour a little water over them (just enough to supply the moisture that evaporates during the process of boiling.) Boil without sugar, about one-half hour, then strain through a flannel bag so that the juice may be clear. Add about half as much sugar as juice and re-heat until the sugar is dissolved.

Have perfectly clean bottles; pour in the juice while boiling hot, using the same precaution as in bottling fruit. Cork immediately, and holding the bottle in the hand, not on the table or any support, hammer the cork down securely. Cool slowly, label, and it is ready for use.

For a drink, place about three or four tablespoonfuls in a glass of cold or hot water, as preferred.



Banish the tears of children; continual rains upon the blossoms are hurtful.—Jean Paul.



Each year, one vicious habit rooted out in time ought to make the worst man good.—Franklin.

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN ILLNESS.

II.

BLEEDING OR HEMORRHAGE.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

Circulation of the Blood.—The blood supplies nourishment to every part of the human body and if for some cause its supply is cut off or its circulation interfered with for any length of time, the body soon perishes. Before learning how to prevent the flow of blood from a wound, it is necessary to learn something about the nature of the blood and the course it takes in flowing through the body.

The heart is a pear-shaped muscle lying in the chest just under the breast bone, with the apex pointing downward and toward the left side, and the top lying toward the right. It lies just about in the middle of the body, but we feel its movement on the left side and therefore usually suppose the heart to be on the left side.

After the food has been made into a digestible or soluble condition, it is brought into the blood, by which it is carried to all parts of the body. Thus is the body built up and nourished.

The heart acts as the pump which forces the blood through all parts of the body. It is divided into four cavities; the upper cavities are called the right and left auricles; the lower cavities, the right and left ventricles. The pure, bright red blood, containing all the nourishment for the body, starts its journey from the lower left hand cavity, or the left ventricle, and is carried by means of a set of tubes called arteries, to the different parts of the body. One pair of arteries takes the blood to the head, another

pair to the arms, one large artery goes through the trunk and there subdivides and goes to the lower limbs. This set of tubes or arteries divides and subdivides until tiny hair-like tubes are formed, which go to every part of the body; they are so fine and so close together that a pin prick on any part of the body will draw blood. As the blood passes on its course, it not only distributes the nourishment, but has the power to collect the waste material or those particles that are no longer needed by the body. These tiny hair-like tubes are called capillaries, and as the blood enters them it is robbed of some of its nutriment and takes up as well considerable waste matter. In them the blood is gradually changed in color to a dark blue, which is due to the presence of the waste matter of the body, and a gas called carbon dioxide. The capillaries in turn unite to form larger tubes called veins, and through them the blood is carried to the upper right hand cavity of the heart or right auricle, where it passes to the lower cavity or right ventricle, from there it is sent to the lungs. In the capillaries of the lungs the impure gas, carbon dioxide is given off and oxygen is taken up; the oxygen has the power of re-purifying the blood and changing its color again to bright red. From the lungs the new blood is sent to the left auricle, where it becomes mixed with the food material from the digestive tract. From the left auricle it enters the left ventricle and begins its journey over

again. So well does the heart perform its work that all the blood of the body is pumped over its entire surface once every minute.

This is a brief sketch of the circulation of the blood, but the interested reader will refer to some good text-book on physiology and review the subject thoroughly. It is important to remember that most of the larger arteries lie rather deeply imbedded in the muscles, while the veins lie nearer the surface of the body. The veins can often be traced lying just under the skin, as for instance those at the wrist.

Kinds of Hemorrhage or Bleeding.

When we understand the circulating system of the body, we know that there may be bleeding from three different sources: Arteries, veins and capillaries. If blood issues from an artery, it will be bright red in color and will flow in jets or spurts, each one corresponding to a heart beat. Blood issuing from a vein is purplish in color and flows in a steady stream. When the capillaries are wounded and blood flows from them, it oozes out gradually much as does perspiration, but it is still bright red in color.

Of course, in very serious wounds the bleeding is from all three sources and very prompt action must be taken. A physician should be sent for as soon as possible, but until he comes some of the methods given in this lesson may aid in stopping the flow.

Cases have been known, on battle fields, especially, where severe arterial bleeding has stopped of itself, and it is interesting to know how Nature accomplished this result. The blood vessels are hollow tubes much like a hose, and are kept in a state of distention by the blood passing through them. The arteries are composed of three layers, or coats; when cut the inner

layer draws together at the opening; it also retracts or draws back, thus making the opening much smaller. In connection with this action of the artery a property of the blood manifests itself to stop the flow. The blood contains a substance called fibrinogen, which when in the blood vessel is liquid, but as soon as it is exposed to the air becomes a solid jelly-like mass, and forms with the blood what we call a clot. If the flow of blood is not too strong, the combined action of these agencies is sufficient to stop its flow, but this is rare.

Nature has another expedient which she uses in cases of severe arterial bleeding. The shock of the accident, accompanied by the loss of blood, often causes the person to faint. In this case the action of the heart is lessened and the blood flows much more slowly and much less is lost. Thus does Nature do all in her power to aid her children in case of accident; all that man can do is to assist Nature in performing her own functions. Excited bystanders often cause great mischief by giving brandy or whisky to a person who has fainted from loss of blood. This is the wrong thing to do, for it increases the flow of blood and interferes with Nature's processes.

However, it is only in the case of bleeding from the smallest arteries that natural processes alone are sufficient. If a medium sized artery is severed and aid is given in time, the flow can usually be checked, but in the case of the larger arteries the flow is so sudden and great that death usually ensues.

Means of Stopping Bleeding.

1. The simplest and first means to adopt in case of bleeding is to elevate the part, above the heart. The blood flows more slowly up hill than when the part is held down, and the slower

the blood flows, the easier and quicker will it clot and the bleeding be stopped.

2. The application of cold or heat will often tend to lessen bleeding, by causing the blood vessels to contract. If ice can be obtained it can be chopped and placed in a perfectly clean cloth and placed upon the wound, or even laid on directly. Very cold water can be used when ice is not obtainable. If hot water is used for this purpose, it must be as hot as can be borne by the hand, for if luke warm it increases bleeding.

3. The next step to try, if the others are insufficient, is to exert pressure on the wound, first by the fingers. Often times this simple means will be sufficient to stop the bleeding until medical assistance can be secured. Place one finger above the wound, another below and bring the edges together with some pressure. Never mind if it hurts you or the patient; better that he should suffer a little extra pain than lose his life.

If you are not strong enough to practice the last method, have a clean piece of linen, muslin, or cheese cloth folded many times until it makes a wad large enough to cover the wound. By means of a bandage bind this folded cloth (called a compress) on the wound until the bleeding ceases. In these two cases you have simply stopped the flow of blood by pinching together the two ends of the cut tube—just as you would stop the flow of water in a cut hose.

4. If you know where to locate the artery above the wound, it may be compressed at this point by pressure from the fingers. This will not cause so much pain as does pressure at the wound, but unless you are familiar with the course of the arteries, this will not help much.

An improvised tourniquet may be

used as follows: Suppose the bleeding is from the lower arm and is quite severe. Secure a piece of cloth or a handkerchief and fold in the shape of a bandage. Tie it loosely around the upper arm, but make the knot very secure. Place a stick or a pencil under the knot and twist it around until the bandage is tight enough to stop the flow of blood. This, too, may be painful, but pain is better than loss of life. If necessary, this pressure may be kept for one hour or longer without serious injury, but can only be practiced on wounds of the limbs. Those from the body must be treated by pressure of the hands.

The doctor stops bleeding permanently by tying the ends of the blood vessel just as one would tie a rubber tube. But only a physician can do this, of course.

To stop bleeding from a ruptured varicose vein, which usually occurs in the leg, place the patient on his back, raise the limb with pillows, and apply a compress directly on the wound. This will usually prove sufficient. Remove garters and all tight clothing from the limb, so that the blood may not be checked in its flow toward the heart.

5. There is another method of stopping bleeding which is condemned by physicians, but which is often practiced through ignorance. There are certain substances, such as iron, tannin and alum, which have the power of drawing the tissues together, just as alum, if eaten, will pucker the membrane lining of the mouth. Sometimes people pack mud or even cobwebs into a wound thinking to prevent the flow of blood. Even though it does stop it, the danger from introducing dirt and filth into the wound is just as great as is the bleeding itself. This means is not sufficient, except in capillary bleeding and simple pressure is effective in that case.

HOW SHALL WE ENTERTAIN OUR GUESTS?

GAMES FOR LITTLE FOLKS INDOORS.

Virginia Reel Party.—The Virginia Reel need not be described; but let it begin, the fun of the evening with the explanation that it really represents the process of weaving—the passage of the shuttles, the tightening of the woof, the tying of the selvage, all imitated by the various motions of the dance.

After the “reel” may follow games and refreshments: Here are some suggestions for the former:

Twos and Threes.—This requires a large room. Girls and boys form a double circle, girls on the inside and boys on the outside. One couple is counted out for “It,” the boy becoming a “guard” on the inside of the ring, the girl a “fugitive” on the outside. The game consists in the “guard” preventing the “fugitive” from taking a place in front of any couple without getting caught, but should the fugitive do this successfully, then the rear one of the three thus standing in line becomes a “fugitive” and must fly to a place of safety in front of the next or some other couple. When the “fugitive” is caught a penalty is incurred, the two change positions, the “guard” becoming a “fugitive” and the former “fugitive” becoming “guard.” The “guard” must never run outside the ring; and the “fugitive” must never run through the ring.

Threading the Needle.—A boy and a girl, facing each other, standing upon two chairs set back to back, about 18 inches apart, form a circle with their four arms by clasping each others hands tightly together; they are “it.” The

rest of the company, in couples, forms a single-file ring, and march to music between the two chairs. When the musician calls “thread the needle,” “it” must try to catch one of the marchers, whereupon the marching couple, one of whom is caught, must be “it,” and pay a penalty. Failing to catch anyone, “it” must pay a penalty, and try again.

“Ouch.”—All must be blindfolded, excepting someone who is to be “overseer.” Each player is turned around until all idea of direction is lost. Then the players are formed in line, holding hands. At the word “march,” the line, all abreast, must walk slowly forward. The one who meets an obstacle which he cannot pass over or around without breaking the line, must call “ouch,” and the “overseer” takes him to the “hospital,” where the “blind” over his eyes becomes a “bandage” around his head. This marching proceeds until all are taken to the “hospital,” the last one thus taken becoming the “doctor.” The “doctor” charges each patient with a penalty and the game is ended.

Birds and Cats.—One of the party must tell some little story about birds, saying, at the mention of each bird, “Birds fly,” whereupon each player must raise the arms in imitation of flying. But when the words “cats fly,” are pronounced, the players who “fly” are caught. A player who fails to “fly” at the proper time, or who “flies” when “cats fly,” must pay a penalty.

Court Clowns.—Let the company divide, one-fourth being "courtiers" who go out of the room, the rest remaining to form the "court." The "court" arranges a row of stools, or chairs turned on their sides, leaving between each seat a blank space, where pillows are placed. This row is the "bench." Cover the "bench" with newspapers, in front and on top, so that it presents an apparently solid seating surface. The "court" then stands in a row behind the bench, and the

"courtiers" enter. The latter stand in a row facing the "court." Each courtier then chooses a particular seat. When all have thus chosen, they take a position in front of their respective seats, turn about-face and wait for the word to sit. At the signal "be seated," the courtiers must, without hesitation, take the seats chosen, and if such seats prove to be blanks each one so deceived must pay a penalty. This process is repeated until all have been courtiers.

AWAKENING.

Emily Calhoun Clowes.

They'd known each other just one
 week,
 Their love was new begot;
 And yet they were not satisfied—
 If love be blind, why not?

Then lo! one morn the world grew
 bright—
 Soft myst'ries did unfold:
 Joy simply knew no bounds for these
 Two kittens nine days old.

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A few days since I heard a splendid woman make a brief address. When I say "splendid," I use the term advisedly,—one whose life is so full of beautiful thoughts and actions that it corresponds with and enhances the physical beauty with which nature endowed her.

"My sons are growing up," she said. "I have taught them to observe the Word of Wisdom. Never to my knowledge have they partaken of wine. A few days since, I was stabbed to the heart by a friend who knows my aim. She said:

"Oh, yes, I saw one of your sons, last night, just pouring the wine down."

I turned to another for an explanation, and she said,

"No, Sister —, he merely tasted it to be sociable."

"Oh, Sisters, I should be so sorry if your 'mere tasting' should awaken in my son a slumbering appetite."

And the full pathos of it rushed home to me as I recalled a childhood's memory of her father,—a man whom she loved so devotedly, and whom she tended lovingly even in the days when drink had robbed him of his early manhood.

And you, little girl, who tempted that son, "Just to be socialable," could you read the future as I read the past, would you take upon your soul the burden of your temptation? Please God, there shall be none, for he is his mother's son as well as his grandfather's grand-

son. But who wants such a responsibility? Not you, my dear, nor I.

And your influence, will it check other girls in offering temptation? Yes, in time. It has its weight now.

The pebble thrown in the mill-pond does not stir the world, but it moves the water where it falls, and the water trembles in ever widening circles till the farthest shore is reached. Be sure of your pebble. Let it not be a lump of mud to defile the pure chrystal, but rather a talisman to cleanse from all impurity.

I once had the pleasure of introducing a crowd of our girls and boys to a number of noble women, who had spent years working for temperance. We passed some hours together. I noticed one of the ladies pin a white ribbon on a youth, remarking:

"Now you must take the pledge."

How happy I was at the answer,

"I did that long ago, Mrs. T.—"

Yes, we all did that long ago when we entered the waters of baptism; we do it now when we partake of the sacrament, and promise "to keep the commandments which He has given" us. Oh, ye of little faith! What is the comfort derived from a cup of coffee, a drink of tea, a glass of toddy, compared to the blessings the Lord has promised,—they "shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and they shall

run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint;—and the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them.”

This promise is tangible, is real. It has been verified in the lives of many of our people, and their testimony confronts you. You know they are truthful, you never doubt their word, but you doubt your own strength. Doubt no more! But take the first step, and strength will be given you, even as it has been to many others. Be resolute and He will keep His word. You shall not be left to yourselves.

Those among us who are true to the teachings of our faith are a mighty light in the world, a glory to the people from whom they come. If we join the ranks, there must be no wavering, no turning back; but the joy that comes from the life is beyond power to conceive unless you have tried it. No one who has once tasted such joys can be satisfied with anything less. We may blunt our susceptibilities or crowd out our thoughts for the time, but the memory will come upon us when we least expect, awakening to remorse or prompting us to make amends.

Let “Zion arise and shine,” the time draws near when she is to “become the beauty and glory of the whole earth.” We are a most essential part of that Zion, and the only way we can help on that glorious time is by learning to govern self, to make ourselves subservient to the Divine Will, which will then shine through us, illuminating the way, guiding the stumbling feet of those who grope in darkness, leading them onward and upward, until they reach the heights, where they can in turn help others.

If one light goes out, a portion of the path is dark, someone may stumble ere another flame takes its

place, and in that fall someone precious to us may be injured. If we each guard our own light, that it shall burn clearly and steadily, we shall at least not hinder any soul, and we may be the means of saving one from some pitfall or snare.



Miss Ada Patterson, for many years a reporter on the Salt Lake Tribune, is at present in New York doing literary work. Under a recent correspondence with that paper Miss Patterson gives words of such vital importance to our girls that we depart from our usual custom and re-print them. While not one of us, the winter has always shown a kindly interest which we appreciate highly:

New York, Jan. 13.—The ambitious young women who are tired of the “narrowness” of home life and who yearn to come to this big city to seek their fortunes, preferably on the stage, should have seen what the writer saw in the office of a leading theatrical manager last week.

A disheveled, shabby, hopeless-looking woman, who was old as to disappointment and hardships and poverty, though comparatively young as to years, appeared at the railing that separated visitors unwelcome from visitors admitted, and cast dull, spiritless eyes at the desk where the manager sat, deep in conversation with his newest star. The manager did not see her, but an alert young representative of his stepped to the railing.

“Good morning. Nothing today. Perhaps there will be later. Good morning.”

The woman walked slowly away, dragging her feet as though they were an added weight of which she would like to rid herself. Her shoulders dejectedly bent, and her lifeless-looking face revealed her utter lack of hope and a resigna-

tion whose pathos brought tears to the eyes of a woman who watched her.

"It's an old case," said the manager. "She has been coming here every day since I've been here, between three and four years. And she always talks like that—answers her own questions. She never waits for a word from me, although of course, I've nothing to say. She's always just like that.

"Good morning. Nothing today. Perhaps there will be later. Good morning."

"Every time I read of the suicide of a strange woman I read the description to see if it is this one. But I can do nothing for her. You see yourself she has no looks nor 'ginger' left. Why didn't she stay at home and marry some honest fellow and be happy?"

In answer to the many letters that come to me from Utah girls who want to come to New York and go upon the stage I make this general answer. There is not a theatrical manager in the world who permits himself the privilege of honest speech who does not advise against the stage as a profession. Given success upon it and the rewards are great. Pecuniarily, the

successful actress is better compensated than the successful woman in any other profession. But the chances are a hundred-fold against success. Beauty will not win it. The magnetism that makes a girl a social favorite will probably not reach beyond the footlights. Cleverness is no guarantee of success, for I have in mind two of the brainiest women I know, in an acquaintance that happens to include many hundreds of American and European women, who would starve did they depend upon their rare theatrical engagements, and one of the dullest women I know, a mere human parrot, earns a large salary by singing and dancing in a musical comedy.

Try to realize, my dear correspondents, that the "narrowness" of the home life is often a "blessedness," and that the homeless woman in a great, hurrying, heartless city, though the world may account her pre-eminently successful, is, in her heart, one of the wretched ones of earth.

'Tis old advice, but never too old to be good. Marry a good man and find the true joy of life—without which the most successful woman in the world is a failure—the peaceful "narrowness" of a happy home.

OFFICERS' PAGE.

It has been decided by the General Board to hold conventions of the Y. L. N. M. I. A. throughout the different Stakes of Zion in the fall, on the same day that the Y. M. M. I. A. hold their conventions. Appointments will be made later in the season and due notice of the time and place will be given.

It will be the aim of the General Board to send a representative to each of these conventions, also to

the annual conjoint conference of each Stake.

The matter of appointing other Y. L. conferences is left to the Stake officers. Some will think it advisable to hold them, while others do not; some think they accomplish more good by holding district conferences. Each president, acting with her board, is left to decide what is most needed in her own Stake.

The appointments for the Conjoint conferences of the Y. M. & Y. L. M. I. A. for the year 1903, are, so far as made, as follows:

Sunday, Jan. 18, San Luis, North Sanpete.

Sunday, Jan. 25, Millard, Benson, Pocatello.

Sunday, Feb. 1, Wayne.

Sunday, Feb. 8, Beaver, Utah, Sevier.

Sunday, Feb. 15, San Juan, Emery, Morgan.

Sunday, Feb. 22, Juab, Fremont, Uintah.

Sunday, March 8, Panguitch, Union, Box Elder.

Sunday, March 15, Bannock, Jordan, Woodruff.

Sunday, March 22, Summit, Oneida, Bingham.

Sunday, March 29, Wasatch, Cassia, South Sanpete.

Sunday, April 12, Granite, Nebo.

Sunday, April 19, Davis, Malad.

Sunday, April 26, Bear Lake, Tooele.

Sunday, May 10, Parowan, Hyrum, Alberta (East).

Sunday, May 17, Weber, North Davis, Alberta (West).

Many inquiries come in regard to the preliminary programs as outlined in the Manual for 1902-3. We would repeat that the outline is merely suggestive. Consult with the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A., and together agree upon some plan that will be satisfactory to both. You must have time to take up your own studies; if you have any more, the program as outlined will be profitable.

In some wards they hold very successful and pleasant meetings by pursuing their individual studies separately, and then coming together and spending what time remains listening to the conjoint program. Thus, if anything needs to be crowded, it will be the latter.

In some other wards, where these

programs are a decided success, a certain amount of time is assigned to each person who takes part. If they run over their time the officer who is presiding pleasantly reminds them of that fact. This method is productive of good, teaching the members to say what they wish in as short a time as possible.

It is advised by the General Boards of Y. M. & Y. L. M. I. A. that monthly conjoint officers' meetings be held by both Stake boards and ward officers.

Inquiry comes as to how to interest younger members in some of the associations. The best solution which at present appears to us is to grade the associations. If you haven't separate rooms to which a part of the members can adjourn, let the two classes meet in different portions of the same room. Each can refrain from anything that would unnecessarily disturb the other. Let the same lessons be taken, but let the teacher of the younger girls simplify the lesson. Also they themselves in giving the lectures and answering the questions will naturally make them more simple.

It is very important that all officers, both Stake and local, should read the Officers' page in the Journal. To them this is the most essential portion of the magazine, and it should always be referred to immediately upon receiving the number.

The General Board furnish roll books free of charge to the associations. Any who are not supplied will please notify us.

Secretaries, are your reports made out and forwarded? If not, please attend to this at once.

GUIDE DEPARTMENT

BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

The first two lessons in this course were printed in the August Journal for 1902. When the time for commencing this study was changed to January, 1903, further publication was delayed until that time. The two lessons referred to were reprinted in the January Journal, that the new subscribers might have the benefit of them. The lessons there presented (1 to 4 inclusive) are to be taken up during January and February; those in this issue, during March. (It is expected that two evenings each month will be devoted to the study of the lesson on the Doctrine and Covenants, one to the Usages and Proprieties, and the remaining one to the testimony meeting. Where there is a fifth meeting, that can be profitably employed in review or in taking up some of the supplementary work given with this course.)

The following is an outline of the lesson on the Book of Doctrine and Covenants:

1. The Origin of the Book.
2. General Contents.
3. Kinds of Revelations.
4. Section 1; The Preface.
5. The Giver of the Revelations.
6. Jesus Christ and the Atonement.
7. Priesthood.

8. God's Church and Chosen People.
9. Faith.
10. Repentance.
11. Baptism.
12. Gift of Holy Ghost.
13. Gifts of the Spirit.
14. Healing the Sick.
15. Correct Living.
16. Knowledge and Wisdom.
17. Civil Government.
18. Fasting and Prayer.
19. Marriage.
20. Children.
21. The United Order.
22. Tithing.
23. The Word of Wisdom.
24. The Last Days and Christ's Coming.
25. Missionaries.
26. Zion.
27. The Millennium.
28. Salvation for the Dead.
29. Temples.
30. Resurrection.
31. The Final Judgment.
32. Life Hereafter.

As many of the Associations adjourn during the months of June, July and August, the Doctrine and Covenant lessons will be discontinued during that period, and other studies provided for those who remain in session. This present course should thus be completed in May, 1904.

LESSON V.*

THE GIVER OF THE REVELATIONS.

(The third lecture on faith may be read in part in class.)

In the preface to the book of Doctrine and Covenants, the giver of the revelation says, "Behold, I am God" (a), thus leaving no doubt as to the individuality of the speaker. In succeeding revelations the nature

and attributes of God are very fully explained, and in the third Lecture on Faith, the character of God is considered exhaustively. In the second Lecture on Faith the evidences upon which men must base their belief in the existence of God are presented.

God is personal, that is, He possesses an individuality which is distinct from that of any other personality in the universe (b). This is

*Note: The member delivering the lecture should look up all the references given, and should read such as throw light upon the subject of the lesson.

(a) 1:24.

(b) Fifth Lecture on Faith.

illustrated in many of the revelations. For instance, speaking to the Elders of the Church, the Lord says, "Even so will I, the Lord, reason with you that you may understand" (c). Only a personal God would be able to reason with men as men reason with each other. In other passages accounts are given of men who have seen God; and Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery testify, in a sublime passage, that they saw God in Kirtland Temple. "We saw the Lord standing upon the breastwork of the pulpit, before us, and under his feet was a paved work of pure gold, in color like amber. His eyes were as a flame of fire, the hair of his head was white like pure snow, his countenance shone above the brightness of the sun, and his voice was as the sound of the rushing of great waters" (d). This is additional proof of the personality of God.

God's attributes (e) are the highest within man's understanding. He is eternal and unchanging; omniscient; merciful; truthful; is love itself, and is no respecter of persons, but is just. However, he requires obedience to His commands, and when that is refused, he may rise in His wrath and indignation (f) to punish the sinner.

God's limitless power is one of His most striking attributes (g). Such power, controlling the heavens and the earth, would indeed be dangerous in the hands of a human being, but, under the control of a perfect God, it becomes the great blessing of all created things. He has expressly declared that the powers of heaven can be controlled only upon the principle of righteous-

ness (h). Parts of this great power may be delegated to those holding the Holy Priesthood (i).

A God of such power would needs possess a residence of wondrous beauty, and live among superior beings. The angels live in His presence, on a globe like a sea of glass and fire, where all things are manifest—past, present and future (k). The place where God resides is a great Urim and Thummin(l); and thus it is explained how God can know the least detail of what is occurring on this and on every other world in the universe—how He can even look into our souls and read our thoughts, and judge us justly on the last great day.

There are many Gods (m); and every righteous man, who has obeyed the laws of God, will rise to the dignity of a God (n). A quorum of the Gods constitutes the governing power over all things. This Godhead is composed of God, the Father; God, the Son; and God, the Holy Ghost (o). So perfect is their wisdom, that the members of the Godhead act in all respects as though they were one God.

The revelations contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants were given, without exception, by God, the Son, Jesus Christ; that is, He is the speaker; yet all the attributes that may be ascribed to the Son belong also to the Father and the Holy Ghost. The statement that the speaker, in the revelations, is Jesus Christ, may be verified in numerous places. In section 10:57, and many others (p), the speaker says, "Behold, I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Section 27 opens

(c) 50:12; 61:13.

(d) 110: 2, 3.

(e) Third Lecture on Faith, v. 13-18.

(f) 63:32; 56:1.

(g) 61:1; 60:4.

(h) 121:36.

(i) 121:36; 50: 26, 27.

(k) 130:7.

(l) 130:8.

(m) 121:32.

(n) 76:53-58; 132:20 and 37.

(o) Fifth Lecture on Faith.

(p) 11:28; 14:9; 18:22; 63:60; 95:17.

as follows, "Listen to the voice of Jesus Christ, your Lord, your God," and sections 29 and 62 open in almost the same manner.

REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

1. What are the evidences upon which men base their belief in God? (Second Lecture on Faith.)

2. What reasons have you for believing in a personal God?

3. Name three of God's attributes. Is God perfect?

4. What law controls the exercise of God's power? Explain.

5. To what earthly agents can God's power be delegated? (121:36; 50:27.)

6. Describe God's residence. (130:4-7; 76:21.)

7. Suggest a method by which God may know all the occurrences in the universe.

8. Name the members of the Godhead. What is the office of each? (Fifth Lecture on Faith.)

9. Who is the speaker in the revelations found in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants? Prove.

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

A. Give an account of the notions of God, held by the sectarian world. (Orson Pratt's Works.)

B. Relate the events connected with the Heavenly appearance in Kirtland Temple. (Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith.)

JESUS CHRIST AND THE ATONEMENT.

LESSON VI.

(See Note under Lesson V.)

The relation of Jesus Christ to man, and his atonement for Adam's sin, are foundation stones in the Gospel structure. The Book of Doctrine and Covenants does not in any one place consider these subjects exhaustively, but by a reading of the whole book, numerous passages are found that, placed together, give a full, correct and beautiful exposition of the doctrine of the atonement. To understand this doctrine it is necessary to review our existence before we came upon earth. All things were created spiritually before they were given a temporal existence (a). Even so, our spirits had their birth in the life before this. God is the Father of our spirits, and we are all, therefore, sons and daughters of God (b). Now, God loves all His children with a greater love than that possessed by any earthly parent; and He desires that His children shall grow in knowledge and wisdom until they receive the fullness

of joy possessed by Him (c). Such growth is impossible unless the spirits are given the necessary experience; and a fullness of joy can be received only by a spirit that has a body (d).

That this experience might be gained, and that bodies might be obtained, it was decided at a great council held in Heaven, long before the creation of man, to send the spirits upon this earth as to a school. In order, however, that the spirits could taste of the experiences of earth, it was necessary for them to become mortal, that is, subject to death. Since every spirit of man was innocent in the beginning (e), this was possible only by the first man transgressing some law of God, the punishment for which is death. Further, since this transgression was necessary for the earthly schooling of the spirits, it was not right to punish the first man, or his posterity for it; yet, the eternal justice of God requires that every broken law be met by

(a) 29:31; 93:29.

(b) 76:24.

(c) 76:6-10; 93:20.

(d) 93:33, 34.

(e) 93:38.

its penalty (f); and the sin of the first man would result in all his posterity sleeping in their graves forever, unless an atonement for the sin could be made. Jesus, our elder Brother, in his great love for us, offered to make this atonement, and to suffer an earthly death, in order that all the spirits might be assured of a resurrection from the grave (g). At the same time He refused any of the glory for the deed; but gave that willingly to the Father, who was the author of the plan (h).

At the proper time in the world's history, Jesus really did come on earth, in fulfillment of the Plan, and gave his life, in order that the effects of Adam's original sin might be overcome.

The atonement of Jesus Christ relieves every man of responsibility for Adam's sin unconditionally; and also secures for him a remission of his personal sins, conditional upon his obedience to the Gospel; the atonement makes us again innocent before God (i), so far as we could be affected by the fall. The nature of Christ's atonement is well explained in the doctrine that little children are holy, being sanctified through the atonement of Jesus Christ (k). As soon as children become accountable, they are then held responsible.

The fact that Christ atoned for the original sin does not alone save man (l), even though he leads an upright life, for there is a law, including many principles, known as the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which must be obeyed by men in order that they may receive eternal life in the presence of the Father (m). We are not compelled to accept this

Gospel, for we have our free agency, and can freely choose between the right and the wrong (n). Thus we are accountable for all our acts on the day of judgment. (o). (Read section 19:16-20; and section 29:35-50.) The atonement is only one part of this great Plan of Salvation.

Present at the great council in Heaven, which has been mentioned, was a son of God, called Lucifer, who was in authority in the presence of God, and who rebelled against the Eternal Father, and Jesus (p). He offered himself as a sacrifice for man, on the condition that all men should be saved and not one lost, thus setting aside the free agency of man; also that he should have all the honor for himself. This proposition was rejected, and, when Lucifer persisted, he was thrust down from Heaven, with one-third of the hosts of Heaven, who were his followers (r). This Lucifer and his followers are the Devil and his angels, whose mission it is to tempt the children of men from the paths of righteousness (s). "It must needs be that the devil should tempt the children of men, or they could not be agents unto themselves, for if they never should have bitter, they could not know the sweet" (t).

Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, is the agent through whom God, the Father, has performed all His works pertaining to this earth and its inhabitants (u). (Read Section 93:8-14.) He is our advocate with the Father, and pleads the cause of men before Him (v). He knows

(f) 130:20-21; 132:8; 107:84.

(g) 76:39.

(h) 31:13; 29:36.

(i) 93:38.

(k) 74:7; 29:46-48.

(l) 19:16-18.

(m) 20:29.

(n) 93:30-31.

(o) 101:78.

(p) 76:28.

(q) 29:36.

(r) 76:25-27; 29:36.

(s) 29:37-39.

(t) 29:39.

(u) 76:13, 23, 24.

(v) 45:3.

our weaknesses and how to "succor them who are tempted" (w). All things must be done in the name of Jesus (x). He is our King (y).

QUESTIONS AND REVIEW.

1. When were our spirits born?
2. What was the purpose of the great council in Heaven?
3. Why was the atonement necessary?
4. What constituted Lucifer's sin?
5. What is the mission of the devil and his angels? Why?

(w) 62:1.

(x) 46:31.

(y) 38:21.

6. How are children affected by Christ's atonement?

7. Upon what condition are our individual sins forgiven?

8. Are we saved by the atonement alone?

9. Is an upright life alone sufficient for salvation? Why?

10. What do you understand by man's free agency? Did we have our free agency in our spiritual existence? (Sec. 29:36.)

11. What is the relation of Jesus Christ to mankind?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

1. Read or recite "Immanuel—A Christmas Idyl," by Orson F. Whitney. (Whitney's Poetical Works, p. 136.)

USAGES AND PROPRIETIES OF GOOD SOCIETY.

LESSON VII.

TABLE MANNERS.

Perhaps no one thing betrays ill breeding, and on the other hand evidences good breeding, as do the manners a person exhibits at the table.

The habits of a lifetime are difficult to overcome. While some people are constitutionally dainty in their habits and manners, others may be rude and uncouth by nature. But happily training will rid the most ill-mannered person of his faults and he can become, in time, as refined and cultured in this as in any other branch of etiquette.

A man who had the most perfect manners of anybody that I ever saw was a man who was bred in Utah, but who had traveled extensively and who had been so observant and assiduous that he had cultivated to the extreme every elegance and grace of his naturally refined and dignified spirit. This gentleman told me once that when he went out on his first mission, a boy of nineteen, he had made up his mind to become all that was possible for him to be as a polished gentleman of the world, while losing none of

his love and testimony of the Gospel. He said that the first time he encountered educated strangers after leaving Utah was on a boat going down the Mississippi river to New Orleans. He looked about until he had discovered the most courtly gentleman on the boat—no doubt a Southerner of the grand old type—and this man was chosen as a model for the young missionary. When the latter went to the table, he watched carefully but quietly to see just what his mentor would do, and then he imitated that person's actions as perfectly as possible. And for years after, he made that the absolute rule of his life—to choose the finest mannered person in a company, and to make that individual his unconscious teacher and guide. When he was in doubt what to do, he would watch other gentlemen and follow their example in those simple matters of etiquette which mark the lady or the gentleman. This, then, is a good rule to follow. What lessons our young missionaries who go out into the world would learn, if they would

observe the rule made for himself by the young man referred to and followed so strictly by him that he has attained an international reputation for his polished and elegant demeanor.

And now, let us approach the table where we are to have a lesson in some of the details of that important function.

It would seem foolish to suggest that hands should be cleansed and hair brushed smooth before sitting down to dinner, either at home or abroad; yet there are many infringements of this simple requisite by many good people who take the liberty of being ill-bred and ill-mannered in their own homes, and sometimes in the homes of their friends. If you are a guest in another's home, be sure that you ascertain the time of the meals and be as prompt as possible in your appearance on these occasions. Ladies always precede gentlemen in going from the drawing room into the dining room, and when you reach the place assigned you at the table stand behind your chair quietly until you see your hostess sit. Other guests may seat themselves; but the best customs of this country insist that no guest shall be seated until the hostess herself has assumed her chair. Adjust your clothing properly before sitting down; and sit squarely back in your chair; make no noise or confusion in moving your chair about. Do not rest your arms or hands upon the table, but let them lie quietly in the lap, except when using them.

As soon as your hostess and the others have taken their napkins, lay yours lightly across your lap, not spreading it out like a tablecloth, nor tucking it under your chin like a bib, and use only a corner to wipe the mouth. Sometimes elderly or stout ladies or gentlemen will laughingly ask the privilege of the hostess to use the napkin as a bib; but it is bad

form, generally, and should be avoided.

You will be served with soup, if it is a formal dinner, and a large spoon will be given you with which to eat it. This spoon is not to be used as a shovel, but you will dip small portions of the soup in at one side of the spoon and then take it into the mouth from the other side, without making the least noise. All noises, such as blowing the nose, blowing soup, sucking or gulping, are extremely vulgar, at table especially. Practice a little grace in the handling of your spoon, and be as dainty as possible in all your movements, but natural and not affected. Do not eat your soup to the last mouthful, or your hostess will insist upon helping you to more, and that is always rather bad form. It is supposed that your hostess has sufficient for the dinner, to supply all your cravings without receiving a double portion of soup and thus making all the others wait to be served with the dinner proper.

In regard to the proper time to begin eating, customs change, but one of the best authorities, in a book published in 1902, says, "As soon as you are helped at table, begin to eat." This is sensible and comfortable.

You will be asked at the next course what kind of meat you prefer, and if it should be fowl or game, do not hesitate to express a preference, if you have one, for the light meat or the dark. When you are asked as to your preferences, state them frankly and modestly, as it is evident that your hostess wishes to please you, and you must graciously accept the kindness.

Bread and butter will be handed around with this course. Nowadays people use little bread-and-butter plates on which the bread is placed with a little golden ball or square of butter. It is bad form to spread a slice

of bread, and vulgar to bite into it, leaving the tooth-harks all around the edge. Break off a mouthful of the bread and put a little butter on it; do this each time you wish to eat it.

If gravy is placed on your plate, do not mix your potatoes with it, turning them over with your knife and fork.

Certainly every one understands that it is improper to eat with the knife, and yet we see uncouth people shoveling their food down their throats with their knives, to the imminent danger of their mouths and the disgust of the onlookers. Do not load your fork, either, to the handle and then throw it into your mouth. Your food should be placed daintily on the back of your fork as you hold it in your left hand. It is seldom necessary to lay down your knife and take your fork in the right hand to eat with. All vegetables are now eaten with the fork. Spoons are not used with vegetables as a rule, unless the food is served in liquid form; indeed, spoons are seldom seen after the soup course on elegant tables, unless it is for some very soft desert which cannot be handled with a fork. Ice-cream is sometimes eaten with a fork, and special, dainty forks are provided for that purpose.

Usually spoons, knives and forks are laid at each place, arranged in the order of their use, and should not be disturbed until the time for their proper use. Do not make the mistake of using your desert knife or fork to eat your meat course with, unless you want to betray your ignorance to the servants.

It is allowable to accept a second helping during the meat course, of anything which you may especially enjoy, and as you accept it a word or two of commendation to your hostess for her delicious cooking is in good taste, and will please the recipient. It is a pity that some

good people have such extremely voracious ways of eating their food; but, as has been said, it is hard to overcome the habits of a lifetime. Large mouthfuls, leaning over the table, chewing the food with great gusto, talking with the mouth full of food—all these are extreme bad taste.

If you are in doubt as to how to take any little dainty dish which may be offered you, such as olives or cheese, watch the best mannered person at the table, and imitate him or her as perfectly as you can.

Never put your fork into a piece of bread to take it from the plate, but always take it daintily and carefully with your fingers.

Your desert eaten, you can sit quietly until the others are through with theirs also. It is good manners and good hygiene to eat very slowly, and to chew your food quietly and well.

Toothpicks are never placed on elegant tables. In good society you are supposed to perform that office in the privacy of your own room; and if it is bad manners to pick the teeth at table, how much worse is it to blow the nose, or "spit" or do any of those vulgar things which some excellent people always feel called upon to do at such times. To belch wind is the extreme of vulgarity at any time; but at the table it is an outrage. One excellent gentleman is seldom, if ever, invited out to meals, for he has the inveterate habit of spitting into his handkerchief during that important function; you can imagine the disgust and consternation of all who are at the table with him! People who have catarrh should attend to themselves with their nose-douches and other paraphernalia in their own bed-chambers and not inflict their misfortunes or bad habits on their friends promiscuously.

At the close of the meal, watch for your hostess to rise, and be

ready to follow her example instantly, following her into the drawing-room for the usual after-dinner conversation. If you are well-read and well-bred, you will have entered into the conversation at the table, adding what you can to the general amusement and gay chatter, which should always accompany the meal at any time. Laughter aids digestion, and gay stories with light badinage should form the chief feature of the talk at table; although in some homes the meal time is given over to serious conversation on some literary or other interesting subject, this time being chosen by some wise parents in which to train the minds of their children and add to their store of information, thus leading them to see the beauty in so commonplace a thing as eating one's dinner. Above all things, the dinner table should not be made the place for argument, discussion or contention, or of directly personal remarks which lead to the embarrassment of any one present. Let the parents resolve to put away with a firm hand anything that may lead to disagreeable subjects while sitting at the table. Cheerful talk will make this time a healthful and useful season.

All the rules given herein are applicable, in the main, to home dinners, as well as to all other meals; and it is here, indeed, that children fall into bad methods or vulgar habits, or are trained into ways of refinement of manners. Therefore, let the young girl be resolved that she will make a strenuous endeavor to bring some element of refinement and culture into the meal-times of her home, no matter what it may cost her in labor and effort. The result will be well worth whatever price she may have to pay. Insist upon the primary rules laid down in this article being observed by every child in the household, and when your brothers are grown up and go upon missions they will thank you a

thousand times for the help you have given them in their boyhood days to avoid the mistakes so frequently made by our good but untrained missionaries who have such golden hearts, albeit covered by a rough exterior. Take this lesson to heart and practice upon it every day of your lives, and you will never have occasion to regret the time nor the labor spent.

QUESTIONS.

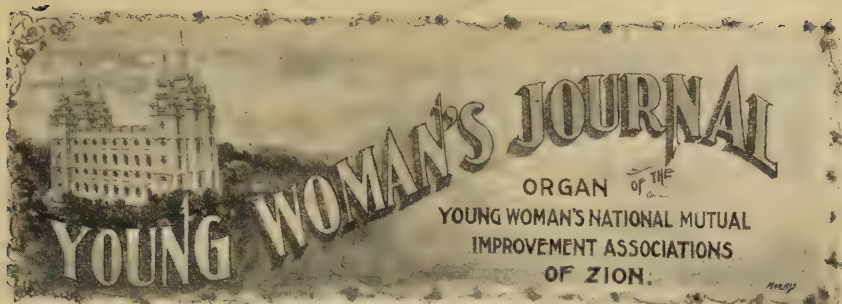
1. What do manners at table indicate of a person?
2. What is to be said of habits of long standing?
3. What can you say of the young man mentioned in this lesson as to the rule he made for himself in learning good manners?
4. Do you know any other persons similar to this young man?
5. What points of good manners should be known to everybody without telling them?
6. What are the requisites of good manners when a visitor in another person's house? Why should one be prompt at table, both at home and abroad?
7. What have you to say of napkins? Of knives, forks and spoons?
8. How should these articles be used at table?
9. Name all the vulgar things you can think of that should be avoided at table.
10. What is the practice about beginning to eat.
11. What things should be eaten with the spoon? With the fork? With the knife?
12. What can you say of serving and eating bread and butter? What does this lesson say about ice-cream?
13. What can you say as to conversation at table? What should be its characteristic?
14. What should you do when finished eating?
15. What should you do with regard to sitting down to table and rising from the table?
16. Who has any thought upon the subject that has not been covered by any of the expressions given?



A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud.—Emerson.



Arthur W. Lund



Vol. XIV.

MARCH, 1903.

No. 3.

SHILOH.

President Anthon H. Lund.

Go ye now into my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel.—Jer., 7: 12-14.

There is hardly a place in Palestine but is hallowed by the sacred memories clustering round it, and stands a monument of prophecy fulfilled. Such a place is Shiloh. It recalls many interesting events that happened there. The actors in some of these were women and this fact will no doubt make this short article the more interesting to the readers of the *Young Woman's Journal*.

Though the site of Shiloh was unknown from the days of Jerome until this last century, yet there are few places the location of which is more accurately described.

"Behold there is a feast of the Lord in Shiloh yearly, in a place which is on the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." Judges 21:19.

When the Children of Israel had made their miraculous entry into the land of Canaan and in a series of battles had subdued many cities and slain thirty-one kings, the whole congregation of Israel assembled at Shiloh, and the final division of the promised land was made among the tribes which had not been provided for.

"And Joshua cast lots for them in Shiloh before the Lord, and there Joshua divided the land unto the children of Israel according to their divisions."

It is a remarkable fact that although this division was made by Joshua drawing lots for them, each tribe was located in the very place plainly indicated in the prophecy pronounced by the Patriarch Jacob on the head of each of his sons.

The wanderings of the Israelites were finished, and the Tabernacle was permanently erected at Shiloh. It contained the Ark of the Covenant and the Holy of Holies. In the sanctuary the glory of the Lord had been manifested in so striking a manner that there was no room for doubt in the minds of the people in regard to the power of the Almighty. A cloud had rested upon it in the daytime and a fire at night. When the cloud covered it, the Israelites remained in their camp; when it lifted they moved on. How marvelously the Lord led his chosen people!

Nearly forty years after the Tabernacle had been erected at Shiloh an event happened which recalls the rape of the Sabines, and likewise the kidnaping of the Lamanitish maidens by the wicked priests of King Noah.

Through the commission of a heinous crime by men of the tribe

of Benjamin and their unwillingness to deliver up the offenders to justice, the whole tribe came near being destroyed. The eleven tribes united against the Benjamites, and though these fought with the utmost valor the superior numbers of their antagonists at last overwhelmed them. Only a few hundred men were left of the once populous tribe. The whole people had been so incensed against them that they had sworn they would not give their daughters to them in marriage.

When the war was ended and the people gathered at Shiloh, the men of Israel were filled with grief as they realized that there was one tribe lacking and it would probably become extinct. Then they repented of the oath they had taken, but an oath was sacred to them and they dared not break it. The people living at Jabesh-Gilead had refused to obey the call to arms and thereby incurred the vengeance of the victors. When they were smitten four hundred of their girls were spared and given to the Benjamites, but as this did not suffice a hint was given the latter how they might obtain wives and yet save the people from violating their oath. In a glen east of Shiloh the maidens of that place were wont to dance at the yearly feast of the Lord. Surrounding the place were large vineyards in the leafy shade of which two hundred Benjamites concealed themselves.

Unaware of any danger, intent on celebrating the feast and enjoying the dance, the young maidens leave Shiloh and congregate at their sacred gathering place. The joyous notes of the harp, the viol, the taboret and the timbrel are heard. The maidens clad in festive array are moving gracefully through the mazes of the dance; their whole being pulsating to the rhythm of the music: To them this is pure and

innocent enjoyment—part of their worship. They think themselves alone. They know of no young men being near to be bewitched with their graces. But men are near. See the vineyard becoming alive with people. The Benjamites spring into the sacred enclosure. The screaming and crying avail not the young maidens.

"And the children of Benjamin took them wives according to the number of them that danced whom they caught."

The men of Israel soothed the rage of the bereaved parents, and the Benjamites were left in peace, and the tribe soon became populous again.

The erection of the Tabernacle at Shiloh made this a very important place. Four hundred years it remained the temple city. To it the people made yearly pilgrimages. They brought their pigeons, lambs and bullocks, and offered them as sacrifices before the Lord. The roads leading to Shiloh on which today you can seldom see a wayfarer were then teeming with travellers. The bleating of sheep and the mooing of cattle would then be heard as they were driven towards the sanctuary. Likewise the joyous laughter and chatting of the young people mingled with the earnest conversation of the older members of the caravans.

Among those who annually visited the sanctuary at Shiloh were Elkanah and his wife Hannah. The blessing of children had been denied this noble woman. How earnestly she prayed in the Lord's holy house! The high priest Eli mistook at first her devout supplication, but when he learned the object for which she prayed so fervently he asked the Lord to grant her prayer. It was answered, and her sadness was turned to joy. A son was given her who was destined to be-

come a righteous judge of Israel, and a beloved prophet of God. She called him Samuel because, she said, I have asked him of the Lord. She had promised to consecrate him to the Lord's service. While the child was still young she took him to the temple and gave him into the charge of Eli, the high priest. From year to year she made his clothes and brought them to him. In the fulness of her joys she did not forget the Lord. We have on record her beautiful prayer which is really a sublime song of praise. Samuel was beloved by all who knew him. It was while a boy he received the call of the Lord in the Temple. Who has not been delighted by reading this beautiful narrative in the Scriptures?

The high priest was a good man, but weak and over-indulgent to his children. His heart must have been sorely grieved to note the wickedness of his sons. What a contrast between them and Samuel! Through this boy, the Lord informed Eli of his approaching end. A war broke out with the Philistines. The Ark was taken into the battle for a protection. Eli's sons were killed and the news caused the death of their father. The Ark was lost. When the wife of one of Eli's sons heard that her husband was killed, and the Ark lost, she gave birth to a son whom she named with her dying breath "Ichabod," for, says she, "the glory is departed from Israel." The Ark of the Covenant was never brought back to Shiloh and the glory had also departed from this, the first Temple City. Still it continued for a long time to be the abode of priests and prophets.

When Jeroboam had taken the government over the ten tribes and founded the northern kingdom he sought to turn Israel from the worship of Jehovah. At Shiloh lived

Ahijah the prophet. This man had foretold that Jeroboam should become king of Israel. Abijah, the promising son of the king, fell sick, and the monarch in his anxiety over the life of one so dear to him, did not now resort to his idols, but remembered that there was a prophet of the Lord at Shiloh and thither he sent his wife in disguise to inquire of Ahijah the fate of his son. The disguise did not deceive the prophet. He told the mother that he had heavy tidings for her, that when she should again enter her home the child would die, and that on account of Jeroboam's wickedness his lineage would be cut off. The prophecy was literally fulfilled.

History does not record when the catastrophe took place which Jeremiah alludes to in the prophecy quoted at the head of this article, nor in what it consisted; but the ruins of Shiloh bear silent testimony to the fact that the judgments of God have been visited upon this spot that was once so favored, as to have the Ark of the Covenant and the Holy of Holies located there.

It was in the month of April, 1898, in company with four other Elders, that I made the ascent from the Plain of El Muckna to the top of the mountains of Ephraim. The ascent had been steep and the climbing severe on our horses, but the view which now presented itself repaid us for our trouble. At a short distance from the road across a deep valley we saw a ruin and a few dilapidated cabins—all that was left of the once powerful city. The worship of Jehovah is heard no more. The "Crescent" is the sign of the worship there. The very ruin which we see from the road is named "Jami el Arbaim," the "forty companions of the Prophet."

In the days of Jeremiah the fate which had overtaken Shiloh and

the cause thereof was well known to the people, hence the prophet in warning them of their own impending fate if they did not repent, drew his illustration from what had befallen this city. He says to the people in Jerusalem.

"Then will I make this house like Shiloh and will make this city a curse to all the nations of the earth." Jer. 26:6.

The prophecy was not heeded. The word of God cannot fail. The de-

struction of Shiloh did, indeed, forshadow the calamities that were to come upon the whole land.

I turned my horse and sat for some time gazing at the ruins and reflected upon what had happened there more than three millenniums ago, and one more testimony was given me that God overrules the destinies of men, cities and nations; and others still were added that day as we pursued our way over the waste places of Ephraim and Benjamin to Jerusalem.

MUSIC AND "THE MASTERS."

GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL.

Edyth Ellerbeck.

"For lo! creation's self is one great choir,
And what is nature's order but the rhyme
Whereto the worlds keep time
And all things' move with all things
from their prime?"

Of all the arts, music holds the greatest place in our lives: the first lullaby that falls upon our infant ears is a promise of a world attuned to rythm,—a journey on which all the great mile-stones, graduation, marriage, and burial, are all illumined by the light of song. What does the babe or the savage know of literature?—Of painting, or sculpture? It is music that "hath charms to soothethesavage breast," and no other language is so universal, so all-powerful.

It is significant that music receives more attention in the Bible than any other art. The exiles in Babylon singing with a solemn joy the songs of Zion; the Hebrews chanting triumphant songs of thanksgiving on the banks of the Red sea; the prophetess Miriam leading a procession of women all chanting in chorus,

"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously,
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.

speak eloquently of the power of song to uplift a stricken people, or to express the deepest thanksgiving for deliverance.

Luther ranked music next to theology, while one of the greatest of musicians went so far as to call music his religion. Yet it is significant of this same composer's work that his greatest triumphs were reached in the praise of a being higher than his art.

Many claim that poetry rises to grander heights than does music unwedded to verse. Poetry, it is true, is a union of intellect and emotion, while music of a high order is often pure emotion. And *pure* here has a double significance,—in great music the purest and most exalted emotions make the perfect composition, while great poetry too often concerns the passions and unblest pleasures of mankind. Chaucer, Burns, Byron, and a host of others, in some of their most celebrated work are utterly unfit for the immature intellect, yet

what child but is helped and uplifted by the work of musicians of far less fame than these poets? All honor then to the names of "The Masters" in music who have done so much to make our lives part of the "great choir." They are far too little known, their lives too little read and profited by.

In our own community how many of the singers who delight in the "Messiah" know of the life and struggles that made such a production possible? Many do not know even the name of the composer,—one young man said "Dudley Buck," another "Guessed it was some Dutch or Italian fellow!" And yet the name of Handel is paramount in the history of English music! No composer has ever been more essentially national than the German Handel has become in England,—"without him Englishmen cannot bury their dead or elect their legislators." So greatly is this "master" revered there that when the "Hallelujah Chorus" is sung the audience stands,—an honor accorded in our country to the "Star Spangled Banner" alone—and that not always.

Georg Friedrich Handel was born at Halle in Saxony on February 23, 1685,—in the same year as his great fellow in music, Johann Sebastian Bach. With his full face and powdered wig, his pictures make him appear rather pompous; but he is said to have been a magnificent specimen of manhood,—his height of six feet one and weight of a hundred and eighty pounds contrasting forcibly and significantly with the slight, sickly femininity of certain musical "poseurs" of today.

At the age of twenty-four he was at the court of George of Brunswick, who was later to become George the First of England. Upon the invitation of some influential noblemen the young musician left the

court and went to England, where he met his first pronounced success. German though he was, it was by an Italian opera that he first became known to the English people. "Rinaldo" was hummed, whistled and sung all over London. Handel, unlike most musical geniuses, was wise in the affairs of this world, and at first "wrote down" to his audiences in order later to educate them to a higher standard. But in another matter he showed himself a true son of the tribe recognized today as



financially incapable. He had not the foresight to copyright his opera and before long an enterprising man named Walsh published it entire and reaped a rich harvest from the sales. The story is told that Handel and Walsh were both present at a convivial supper at the "Turk's Head," one night, and Walsh having boasted that he had cleared two thousand pounds from the sales of "Rinaldo," Handel arose and replied,

"My friend, the next time you

will please write the opera and I will sell it!"

Handel's life was crowded with work: the list of his creations alone is stupendous, but when one adds the number of projects undertaken and brought to success,—gathering talent from all over the continent, drilling his musicians and conducting at performances,—it seems too vast for one man to have realized in a lifetime. And yet he did not realize all that his Titanic soul conceived.

The composition of operas occupied the first part of his life. More than once he risked his all in the production of grand opera and lost vast sums in the enterprise. At the age of fifty-five he was bankrupt, but by indomitable pluck and energy paid off every cent in a few years. His "Saul" written to celebrate his emancipation from debt is a masterly composition, the "Dead March," from which will live forever.

Handel's transition from Italian opera to oratorio was gradual. Perhaps he would never have departed from the operatic work had it not been for the failure of the public to support it. When such cultured men as Swift, Addison and Steele wrote nothing but ridicule of Italian opera, it was not to be expected that the "common herd" should live up to it, once the fad had died out. When Handel perceived that his public no longer appreciated him he was quick to retaliate. His greatest work was written for, and dedicated to, the Irish people. Taking a hundred musicians with him the aging composer went to Dublin and produced the "Messiah." The result was an ovation never equalled in Handel's life before. London took fire from Ireland and when the work was given in the English capital the furor was repeated and Handel's future assured.

The "Messiah" may be called the equivalent in music of "Paradise Lost." Both concern the greatest facts of creation, and both are written in the mightiest of "grand styles." The same misfortune surrounds both poet and composer with the halo of martyrdom—both were blind the last years of their lives. Handel bore the calamity with heroic calmness,—"What does it matter so long as I can hear?" he said, and indeed his was a Divine compensation, for one does not need ears to be aware of

"The choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world."

His remains lie in Westminster Abbey, and a marble statue marks the spot. But it is not that colossal form alone that keeps alive his memory in the Abbey,—for as long as the cold marble endures, so long shall the ancient aisles and dome ring with Handel's warm and ever-living music.



To suspect a friend is worse than to be deceived by him.—La Rochefoucauld.



"Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself."



The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them.—Ruskin.



He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—Beecher.



Ah friend, my friend! one true heart,
fond and tender,
That understands our troubles and our needs,
Brings us more near to God than all the splendor
And pomp of seeming worship and vain creeds.

— Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BY RIGHT OF AUTHORITY.

Osborne Widtsoe.

Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood.—I Pet., 2:9.

The practice of religion demands that there shall be some one appointed to minister in matters pertaining to God. A community of religionists must have some one upon whom they can rely for spiritual help and guidance. Such assistance to the Church must be sought and secured through the mediation of an appointed ministry, and the organization of ministers for this purpose constitutes the Priesthood. Genuine priesthood is, therefore, delegated authority, by which men become empowered to stand for God is officiating in Divine things.

More than six hundred Christian denominations today claim the right to officiate in the Gospel of the Lord. However, since there is but one Supreme God, there can be but one true system of worship. The Latter-day Saints affirm that they have received a Divine commission to minister pure religion to the world. They aver that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is acknowledged by Divine favor to be the Church of Christ. Hence, it becomes the duty of the Saints to prove the correctness of their position, and the Divine inspiration of their prophet, Joseph Smith. The right of authority is with The Church; and we shall endeavor briefly to outline the evidence of the Prophet Joseph's divine calling, as derived from the existence in The Church of the Holy Priesthood. The history of the priesthood is made thoroughly clear in modern revelation; but, that the skeptic may have less reason to object to our argument, we shall build it up only from materials found in the Bible.

In a little vale near the river Jordan, Abram, returning victoriously from the conquest of certain kings of the East, was met by two grateful princes of the land which he had delivered. One of them was king of Sodom; the other was the righteous king, Melchizedek, ruler of Salem and priest of the Most High God. Melchizedek brought bread and wine; and, exercising the authority of his calling, blessed Abram in the name of God, the possessor of heaven and earth. Abram gave Melchizedek tithes of all the spoils.*

Such is the brief introduction upon the page of history, of the mysterious personage, Melchizedek. As he has appeared, so suddenly does he disappear, and remains shadowed in mystery for a thousand years. Then he is recalled by a few emphatic words as a type of the coming Lord;† but vanishes immediately and is unheard of for yet another thousand years. In the days of the apostolic ministry, Paul revives again the memory of the historic character, in a remarkable argument for the saving power of the Lord's high priesthood.‡ In these passages is found all that is said in the Bible of the first recorded priest of a recognized priesthood.

Perhaps it is the very mystery which enshrouds the priest-king that has provoked the interest always felt in him. The ancient rabbins affirmed that he was the patriarch Shem; other legends declared him to be an angel in human form; and some even identified him with the Lord Himself. We feel, however, little concern in the

*Gen. XIV. †Psalm, 110:4 ‡Hebrews, 5, 6, 7.

idle disputes about Melchizedek's identity. All the interest of the present discussion is centered in the priesthood, or authority, which the priest exercised. It is believed by the world that Abraham, in common with other heads of families of the patriarchal period, held some office in the priesthood, which qualified him to offer sacrifice and to perform other priestly functions.* But Melchizedek is described by a significant title as "a priest of the Most High God;" it is Melchizedek who blesses Abram and receives tithes from him; and all this seems to imply that Melchizedek's calling was higher than was Abram's at that time.† Moreover, in giving Melchizedek the tenth of all the spoils, Abram made a practical acknowledgment of the authority and validity of the priesthood which the king exercised. There can then be little doubt concerning the authority of the Melchizedekian priesthood. It was a pre-Mosaic delegation to man of Divine powers and privileges; and if it be true that a priesthood which is really efficient cannot be thought of as stopped or altered ‡ unless the people to whom it is given are unworthy or unprepared to receive it—we may justly infer that the people of the pre-Mosaic dispensations had with them the priesthood after the order of Melchizedek, and exercised the powers and privileges pertaining to it.

It seems, however, that this order of priesthood was lost, at the latest, during the early days of the national existence of the Hebrew people. We have no record in the Jewish Scriptures of the decadence and final disappearance of this high

order of power; but perhaps they were simultaneous with the loss of the Gospel, which was taken away because of the unbelief of the people.* The law of carnal commandments was made a school-master to lead the people to Christ and the restoration of the Gospel.† At the same time there came into prominence another order of priesthood.‡

The priests of the lesser order were the descendants of Aaron. They possessed, in virtue of this descent, the exclusive right to offer to God the sacrifices of the people. Now, the carnal law was done away with the introduction of the more perfect law of the Gospel; and it has been said that the Aaronic order of priesthood, which served largely the carnal law, was abolished at the same time. But the priestly institution itself was independent of the lower law, and was designed to be eternal—to exist as long as believers should be found among men. This is evidenced by the words of the Lord at the inauguration of Aaron's family. He declared to Moses that Aaron and his sons should possess the priest's office for a perpetual statute;§ and that their anointing should surely be an everlasting priesthood throughout their generations.|| Again, the Lord said of Phinehas, the grandson of Aaron, that he and his seed after him should have the covenant of an everlasting priesthood.¶ The doctrine of the eternity of the Aaronic priesthood is further in harmony with many sayings of the Scriptures. For, how shall there be a restitution of all

*Compare Book of Abraham, ch. 1.

† cf. Smith's Bible Dict., Vol. II, art. Melchizedek.

‡ Asserted in Preachers' Homiletic Commentary—Hebrews.

*Heb. 4:2; cf. Doc. & Cov., 84:25.

†Gal. 3:19, 24.

‡Exodus, 28:1.

§Exodus, 24:4-9.

||Exodus, 40:15.

¶Num. 25:13.

things* if the Aaronic priesthood be abolished? How shall the sons of Levi offer again to the Lord an offering in righteousness † if the Aaronic order be revoked? Or, how shall the priests, the Levites, not lack a man to offer burnt offerings during the reign of the Branch of Righteousness ‡ if the priesthood of Aaron be done away? These things indicate that the Aaronic priesthood is an everlasting institution, and further that, *where the Lord has upon the earth a chosen people, there will be also in existence a system of priesthood after the order of Aaron.*

When Jesus came to Earth and restored the Gospel, there was of necessity also, says Paul, a change of priesthood. Many ordinances and sacraments which the priests of Aaron had never attended to in the performance of their duties, were begun with the preaching of the Gospel. Hence was restored the true primeval priesthood after the order of Melchizedek, to which that of Aaron was but an appendage. § That the priesthood after the order of Melchizedek is superior to that of Aaron, is one of the truths demonstrated by the Apostle Paul. || The New Testament writers recognize in Christ the representative of the primeval priesthood; and as its chief high-priest, He stamps it as a more exalted order than that of Aaron. Moreover, the order of Aaron was at first an exclusive priesthood, limited to the tribe of

Levi; whereas the priesthood established with the restoration of the Gospel, became general in its application. We have already shown the validity of the Melchizedekian priesthood: that it was a Divine institution can not be questioned. Hence, the ministers of the higher and more extended authority, were truly qualified to perform the ceremonies of the higher law.

Like the Aaronic priesthood, that of Melchizedek was designed to be everlasting. Since it is really efficient, there can be no thought of stop or alteration in it. The Father declared to the Son, that He should be a priest *forever* after the order of Melchizedek.* And when Paul writes of something having neither beginning of days nor end of life, † we understand that the order of priesthood represented by Melchizedek, was limited to no particular time, but formed a perpetual order without beginning or end. ‡ It is, therefore, a truth, that, *wherever the Lord has upon the earth a chosen people, enjoying the higher law of the Gospel, there must be also among them a system of priesthood after the order of Melchizedek.*

Of what we have thus far considered, this then is the sum:—The Lord has at various times recognized two orders of priesthood—that of Aaron and that of Melchizedek; the order of Aaron is inferior to the order of Melchizedek; both are designed to be everlasting; neither can be abolished, nor can either be altered; both are essential to the higher life of God's people: for priesthood is delegated authority, so that without a Divine order of priesthood, man can not rightfully officiate in the things of God.

*Acts, 3:19-21.

†Mal., 3:3.

‡Jer., 33:15-18.

§ It is remarkable how near commentators may sometimes come to the truth. Under the caption "Priest," a writer in Smith's Bible Dictionary, affirms the superiority of the priesthood of Melchizedek, "from which," it is said, that of Aaron, however necessary for the time, is now seen to have been a deflection."

||See Hebrews, 7.

*Psalm. 110:4.

† Hebrew, 7:3.

‡ Such is the opinion of Stuart, in Biblical Treasury.

At some time during the second year of His public ministry, Jesus went up into a mountain, and called to Him certain of His disciples. He ordained twelve to be His Apostles and special witnesses, and gave them power similar to His own*. When the labors of the ministry became too extensive for the twelve alone, the Lord appointed other seventy and sent them two and two into every city.† The authority of judgment has been committed to the Son, and the Son said He had appointed to His disciples a kingdom, as His Father had appointed to Him, that they might judge the twelve tribes of Israel.‡ To one of the apostles the Savior said He would give the keys of the kingdom of heaven, that whatsoever he should bind on earth should be bound in heaven.§ On another occasion, the same binding and loosing power was given to all. || Then, after His crucifixion, the Lord appeared again to the eleven and conveyed to them a commission similar to that on which He Himself had acted:

“As my father hath sent me, even so send I you. ¶

Now, Jesus constituted these men His ministers, His fellow-workers, His representatives. He authorized them to do things which He Himself did. He endowed them with power over things both in heaven and in earth. He gave them a special commission similar to His own. It cannot be disputed, then, that Jesus delegated to His disciples the same kind of authority which He Himself possessed. We know that the priesthood of Jesus was the same as that of Melchizedek. That of the apostles must have been of

the same order. Thus, there existed in the primitive church the priesthood after the order of Melchizedek; and, since the higher necessarily includes the lesser, it is just to believe that there were manifest in that church, both orders of priesthood which we have shown to be eternal.

Through the perfidy and death of Judas Iscariot, the first quorum of apostles was made incomplete. Therefore Matthias was selected by lot and ordained to be a witness of Christ's resurrection.* During the ministry of the apostles, the disciples multiplied in numbers. It was impossible for the twelve both to preach the word of God and to wait upon the poor. Seven men of honest report were therefore chosen and ordained by the imposition of hands to look after the temporal welfare of the church.†: Barnabas and Saul were set apart ministers of the word through the ministry of certain prophets and teachers in Antioch; ‡ and wherever these two apostles went, they ordained elders in every church. § Paul exhorted his disciple Timothy to stir up the gift that he had received by prophecy and by ordination || and from other scriptural passages, we learn that it was the custom among the early Christians to fill vacancies in the church organization and to create officers, by ordination.

But a man can impart only that which he has received. Two orders of genuine priesthood, and no more, are mentioned in the Scriptures. The apostles were made partakers of these through the ministry of the Lord. Now, as the apostles themselves were set apart for the min-

*Mark, 3:13, 14.

†Luke, 10.

‡Luke, 22:29, 30.

§Mat., 16:19.

||Mat., 18:18.

¶John, 20:21.

*Acts, 1:16-26.

†Acts, 6:1-6.

‡Acts, 13:1-4.

§Acts, 14:23.

||I Tim., 4:14; 2 Tim., 1:6.

istry, so they ordained others to carry on the increasing labors of the church. The newly ordained must have received of the authority of the apostles, and, hence, of that of Christ. There were thus preserved in the Apostolic Church the very, scriptural priesthoods which *must* be found in the true church. And these priesthoods were really recognized and efficient; for the unclean spirits confessed the validity of the authority of Paul and his associates, but reviled the seven sons of Sceva and fell upon them.*

In the providence of God, the first apostles were one by one taken from the earth. The quorum was not perpetuated. The organization of the later Christian church became considerably altered; the form of worship was changed. No matter, however, what follies may have been committed by their, so-called, successors, the Savior and His apostles understood the vital principle of the existence of the church. The Lord did not assume to act without authority. He conferred His priesthood upon His disciples that they might become legal ministers. And the apostles conferred the same authority upon the officers of the apostolic church, knowing well that, *without a divine order of priesthood, man cannot rightfully officiate in the things of God.*

There is no trace in Christian society of an order of priesthood bearing the name or exercising the functions of either of the orders described in the Jewish Scriptures.† To account for the absence of a Divine order of priesthood, commentators

say that the notion of priestly mediation forms the principal argument of the epistle to the Hebrews. In that letter the mediation and atoning rites of the old Testament are shown to be inadequate. The effectual high-priesthood of Christ is demonstrated. In the sacrifice of himself He "led His people to God." He brought them within the heavenly sanctuary, into spiritual nearness with the throne of grace. "This argument," it is claimed, "leaves no room for a special priesthood in the Christian church, and in fact nothing of the kind is found in the oldest organization of the new communities of faith."*

It is said that the idea of successors to the biblical priesthood first appears in the writings of Cyprian, who lived in the third century of the Christian era. Yet, it cannot be denied, that there existed in the oldest organizations of the Christian church, apostles, prophets, high-priests, seventies, elders, bishops, priests, deacons. Jesus and His apostles themselves ordained such officers in the original church. In them was vested the divine authority necessary to make them ministers of God. They were made partakers, through Christ, of the Holy Priesthood.

After the eye witnesses of Christ's ministry had passed beyond, men found difficulty in finding a place in the church organization as they comprehended it, for the officers ordained in the primitive church. That all the officers, and the higher priesthood, were essential to a perfect organization did not occur to them. In a succeeding age, it was imagined that the ancient high-priests, priests, and Levites, were represented by the bishops, priests, and deacons of the Christian church. This thought

*Acts, 19:13-16.

†Smith's Bible Dict., Vol. II, Art. "Priest."

*Encyc. Britannica, Art. "Priest."

gained much favor; and hence, the idea of a Christian priesthood—but of no particular order—obtains in the Catholic church. It is asserted that ministerial authority is needed “to preach—to baptize—to administer the Lord’s supper—and to absolve.”* But Protestants, who reject the sacrifice of the mass, deny also the existence in the church of any priesthood like that of old.†

Now, where the doctrine of priesthood is received at all, it is the idea of a general priesthood that is seized upon. It is thought, that, since the priesthood is to be general, there can be no special order of it. But although a priesthood be general, must it not still be of some recognized kind? Although a priesthood be not restricted to any particular tribe or people, must it not still have Divine sanction? And what order of priesthood, except that of Aaron and that of Melchizedek, has ever received Divine sanction? What order of priesthood, except these two, has ever been held by authorized servants of God? If any community have a priesthood, that priesthood must be after a Biblical order if it shall be efficacious—unless, indeed, that community have received a new revelation from God instituting a new priesthood.

But such new revelation has never been received. The Christian world at large rejects both modern revelation and Biblical priesthood as childish and unnecessary. The abolishment of the orders of Aaron and Melchizedek, and the institution of a nameless order not known in Scriptures, are both acts of uninspired men. These things find neither sanction nor justification in the Word of God. If Jesus should

come among us now, what would He say of the many churches that claim Him as their head, but deny the existence of the priesthood which He conferred upon men? Would He acknowledge the acts of those who have presumed to officiate in His name without His authority? Or would He say to them, “I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity?”* The Lord is the same yesterday, today and forever. He is not like man, that he should change. The Gospel-plan is eternal. The Holy Priesthood has ever been a part of the plan: it can not now be lightly cast away.

All this, and more, is made clear in the Written Word; but it has not been understood. It is strange that men fail to see the mutual dependence of church and priesthood. Priesthood is delegated authority. Without genuine priesthood there can be no true church. When, then, the sectarian world denies the existence among men of the only priesthoods that God has ever sanctioned, it convicts itself as without authority—impotent and unrecognized before the throne of God. When ministers of religion confess that they hold neither the Aaronic nor the Melchizedekian priesthood, they admit that they have not the right to officiate in the things of God.

There came, in the nineteenth century, a religious reformer who thought he could not act legally without a commission. In the wilds of New York, a farmer-lad received a revelation. He was told that he was chosen to establish the Church of Christ, and to restore the Gospel to the earth. The boy might have presumed then to organize a church among his fellows. But he waited. For many years he was

*Church Doctrine—Bible Truth, ch. V.

† Encyc. Britannica—Art. “Priest.”

*Mat. 7:22, 23.

taught by an angel of the Lord. Then, one beautiful day in May, 1829, the youth went into the woods with his friend and fellow-worker to pray. A glorious vision opened to them. A person clad in white stood before them. He laid his hands upon their heads and conferred upon them the Priesthood of Aaron, promising that it should "never again be taken from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness."*

Joseph Smith, upon whom the lesser priesthood was thus bestowed by John the Baptizer, was not a scholar. He was not a profound student of the Bible. Where had the boy, if not inspired, learned that the Aaronic priesthood was eternal and could not pass away? How did he learn, that, if he were to organize an acceptable church, he must have in it the lesser order of priesthood? All other reformers before him had pronounced that order abolished. It was a courageous thing for an unlearned boy to do, thus openly to charge the world with error. It was a marvelous thing that he alone should perceive the necessity of receiving the ancient kind of delegated power and authority.

But still more marvelous things were yet to happen. The voice of Peter, James, and John, was heard in the wilderness that borders the Susquehanna river, declaring that they held the keys of the kingdom, and of the dispensation of the fullness of times.† These heavenly messengers conferred upon Joseph and Oliver the Holy Priesthood after the order of Melchizedek.‡ Where had Joseph Smith learned that the higher priesthood, like the

lesser, was an everlasting institution? How had he learned that it was not sufficient to hold the Aaronic priesthood only, but that he must receive that of Melchizedek also before he could establish The Church. It is wonderful that this youth should be alone to recognize the vital importance of the Holy Higher Priesthood.

In a recently published encyclopedia of Biblical literature, there is discussed, besides the priesthoods of Aaron and Melchizedek, that of Christ. The fact is ignored, that the Lord's priesthood is after the same order as that of Melchizedek. The reformers and learned ministers have overlooked the same thing. Only one servant of God has discerned the truth. Only one reformer has reformed. Only one has made the church he established conform with that of Christ. If Joseph Smith were uninspired, it is surpassingly strange that to him alone should be revealed this essential truth. If, as we have endeavored to show, The Church, in its fullness, cannot exist without the same delegated power that Jesus possessed, there is but one church upon the earth that can lay any claim to Divine power. There is but one community that can preach the Gospel by right of authority. He must be beyond the reach of argument, who cannot see that the existence in The Church of the priesthoods of Aaron and Melchizedek, is strong, favorable evidence—indeed, is proof—of the Divine inspiration of Joseph the Prophet.

Of all the people of the world, modern Israel alone fulfills today the conditions that prompted the words of Paul:

"Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, *an holy priesthood*, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

*Doc. & Cov., 13.

†Doc. & Cov., 128:20.

‡Doc. & Cov., 27:12.

A COLLEGE PRISCILLA.

Annie Pike.

Steerford stood before the grate fire, his feet wide apart, his head thrown back, and a smile upon his face. He was enjoying the effect of his recent announcement to an audience of four fraternal college men, lounging among numerous sofa pillows and in the comfortable recesses of leather chairs.

One man, called "The Lady," because of his small, white hands, gazed at Steerford for a moment and then said, "Don't you think that's a little tough on a fellow?"

"Tough? Well," with a broader smile, "It is what I should call a mild form of hazing which the authorities of the University cannot reach. *You* fellows would have him haul a wagon, blindfold, at midnight around the boulevard, but *I* have a more delicate means of torture—I merely have him ask his best girl to go to the Junior Hop with *me*. I tell you it takes *brains* to think of a form of hazing which would reach that fellow Harper. You might dump him to the bottom of the Huron below the dam in a nailed-up barrel and he wouldn't care."

"Who is his girl?"

"Dessie Fuller, a peach, and a swell dresser; sings like a bird, and is as bright as they ever get."

"We have never met her!" sighed the Lady, wringing his hands in mock grief.

"Will he do it?" asked Denny.

"I never knew him to refuse to do anything yet. You know it's part of his initiation into the fraternity to do anything we fellows ask of him. It will be a good test to find out whether the fellow is game."

"Hum!" grunted Denny, "I should say. Just ask me and see me refuse."

"Oh, well, you're as good as engaged," answered Steerford.

Denny flushed. "Nothing of the sort!"

One of the fellows struck a few cords on the banjo. "Toodle-de-dum-dum-dum! Put me down for a waltz and a two-step, Steerford. Toodle-de-dum!"

"I intend to have most of them myself," laughed Steerford.

"Will he do it?" asked the Ice Man (a pet name given by the boys). The Ice Man was so quiet that whenever he spoke it was as though he had suddenly emerged from his shell.

"I can try him," said Steerford, "and I don't think he'll do the baby act."

Denny, for some reason, was about to retort, but the banjo had been struck vigorously and a strong voice led the chorus:

"Oh, Josephine, my Jo!
Don't tease your baby so!
If that's your O-o-oh,
Speak, love, and let me know;
Now, don't yo' vex me, Jo,
Or else I'll surely go,
So, honey, say, was that your O-o-oh,
Josephine, my Jo!"

The men who were in the secret watched the developments of Steerford's plan with a great deal of interest and amusement. Would Harper be game? That was the question. If he said "No," the matter was practically at an end, although it would mean a difference in the feeling of the fellows toward him, not in his favor. If his answer were affirmative there was fun ahead which no college man despises. Af-

ter all, it was a great joke—that Steerford should take this young lady out of Harper's hands, using him as the instrument of invitation.

It was soon after this that Steerford called out to Harper as he passed through the hall of the fraternity house, "Here, you Fresh, I have a note to send by you, I am preparing to take in the Junior Hop in the Gymnasium—swell ball, you know,—carriages, flowers, and everything to match. Will you take this? Of course you will."

"Certainly."

Harper advanced and took the envelope. Then came the sentence which was to try his metal.

"My note is to Miss Dessie Fuller. You will find her at 119 South Ingalls. I believe you know the lady." Steerford added the last sentence nonchalantly as though it could be of no possible interest to Harper.

Harper stood stock still; his eyes flashed; then, for that one glance was his only answer, he turned upon his heel leaving Steerford, who immediately went into the hall, aroused all the fellows, and succeeded in attracting them all to his room for the news.

"He took it calmly," said Steerford, evidently much amused at Harper's acceptance of the situation. "The only place he showed fight was in his eyes, but it isn't his turn yet. He'll have to take it out on the next Freshman."

"Are you sure he'll take the invitation? It may be that he will destroy your letter, or ask the lady himself."

"No," said Steerford, "I have a feeling about the man. He has too much honor for that."

When Harper knocked on the door of Miss Fuller's room, he heard the same gentle, "Come in," which had welcomed him during all

the past semester, but it was with a reluctance he had never felt before that he turned the knob. It was not without a struggle that he had come. There are a good many things to consider when a man is in love and a rival threatens to rob him of such advantages as he may have gained. Steerford was handsome, and a general favorite with the college girls. Supposing Dessie should go with him, would it be the last time? Or would this engagement lead to others until her time would be filled by Steerford and there would be no room for Harper? Such things had happened through a different set of circumstances. There was the Lady, bearing up without a whimper under the desertion of his late sweetheart who had seen fit to show a decided preference for Denny, which was reciprocated. These thoughts made Harper a little savage by the time he entered the room.

With a short "Good evening," he handed Dessie the note.

There was a pretty pink flush in her cheeks, and her hair shone like gold under the gas light. He noticed how slender her hands were as she opened the envelope.

"Delta Chi! Who do I know in the Delta Chi fraternity? What's it about, anyway?"

By this time her eyes had seized the contents of the note.

"Pray, to whom am I indebted for this invitation?"

"To Steerford, of course."

"Who told him to ask me?"

"Was that necessary?"

"Oh, I suppose it is my own superior attractions!" she laughed merrily. "Did you ask him?"

"Of course not!" he answered indignantly.

She hummed a little tune and sat down at her desk. "Please take that rocking chair; you look uncomfortable." (As if a fellow wouldn't

be uncomfortable under such circumstances!) "I know him—that is I have been to a good many dances where he was nice to me, but I didn't suspect I had made an impression!"

She smiled, gnawing daintily at the end of her penholder, and poor Harper squirmed. He was convinced that the worst was to come, and had made up his mind not to show that he cared—therefore he was looking more concerned than he ever had before in his life. Our faces are books which sometimes flop open at certain places just when we most desire that they should not, and they always open to a chapter which we have read in secret many times, pressing back the leaves so often that they separate most naturally at that particular spot.

"You're glad, of course?" she smiled.

"Oh, it's part of my initiation," he said with a studied carelessness which was too apparent.

She narrowed her eyes and gazed at him thoughtfully, all the time smiling—some of these kittenish women are wiser than they look.

"Shall I accept?"

"Do as you please," he said stiffly, examining very carefully a photograph which, unconsciously, he held upside down.

"When I had that picture taken, I sat down.—I didn't stand on my head," she observed, quietly. "Am I better looking that way?"

Harper blushed and laid the photograph back on the shelf.

"You're glad I'm going, aren't you? What shall I wear? You like me best in pale green, don't you? Shall I wear roses? It will be 'swell,' won't it?" she babbled on, and Harper prayed for relief from his misery.

At last he could stand it no longer. He rose and made ready to go.

"Will you kindly give me your answer?" he asked, coldly.

"I wish you would open the register. I thought I felt a draught," she said.

Harper felt sure that she was making fun of him. He did not expect it of her and he longed to escape from the room.

She wrote the note, addressing it very prettily and deliberately. He noted this with a feeling of bitterness toward Steerford rising in his heart.

His hand was on the knob, the note in his pocket, when he heard a low voice from the desk, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

His name was not John, and yet he stopped as though he had felt a sudden shock of electricity. He was in a desperate place and he took his cue. Did he speak for himself? Well, I should say. What is fair in poetry is fair in life, and, after all, everything is fair in love and war.

That is why Steerford read the following note, good-naturedly, to "the crowd," confessing himself fairly beaten:

"My Dear Miles Standish:

"Of course a dance is not of as much importance as a wedding, but I suggest that when you desire the company of Priscilla you do not send John Alden!"



"Who weds for love alone, may not
be wise;
Who weds without it, angels must de-
spise.
Love and respect together must com-
bine
To render marriage holy and divine;
And lack of either, sure as Fate, de-
stroys
Continuaton of the nuptial joys,
And brings regret, and gloomy discon-
tent,
To put to rout each tender sentiment."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SKETCHES.

II.

RAGLAN CASTLE; TINTERN ABBEY.

Kate Thomas.

Monmouthshire, England, formerly Wales, is a hilly shire,* famous for its modern iron works and its twenty-five ruined castles. That is certainly wonderful for so small a district. The reason there were so many of these fortresses is that, after the Norman conquest, the early kings had much use for their troops and could not spare any to conquer that stiff little Wales. So they gave the nobles license to fight the Welsh on their own account and keep the land they obtained. Thus the castles were built, and each lord became a small king, with "goods and substance," serfs and knights at his command.

Raglan Castle, with its noble ivied-entrance, is one of the most extensive, and in some things, one of the most excellent of these strongholds found anywhere. It had six sides and was five stories high. There was a grand yellow tower where the second Marquis of Worcester, the lord of the castle and "the real inventor of the steam engine," kept a great store of water. He contrived all kinds of waterworks and used steam to set them going.

Around the castle is the great moat over which the drawbridge rose and fell; and in the fine Gothic arch of the entrance, are

the grooves whence the portcullises dropped. Within, are court yards, halls, kitchens, dining rooms, servants' quarters, state apartments and royal chambers. There are fine doorways and magnificent windows and beautiful cornices all of stone. There are stairways, terraces and towers. There is a remarkable group of cellars extending under the entire building.

The surrounding country is love-



RAGLAN CASTLE.

*Shire is pronounced with long *i*; when the word forms an ending, as in Monmouth-shire, the *i* is short.

ly; the view from the "Charles I. window" being especially so. By the way, that is an elegant window. It is divided into two rows of six squares each, making an oblong, twelve-paned surface. Of course, where we have glass they had air, and where we have wood casings they had stone. It is those slight differences, you know, that make the mediaeval times so interesting.

After the battle of Naseby (1645 A. D.) Charles I fled to this fortress for safety. The first Marquis of Worcester (*woo'-ster*), then aged

stand here, "breathless, dumb." Here in this church, now open to the sky, the organ swelled and hooded heads bent low; here in these silent cells, each solitary counted his beads and murmured an Ave; here, supping at a scanty board, sat a quiet group, listening to one who read aloud from his lonely station in a small nook overhead; here, through this shelf-like hole in the wall, the waiter monks received the food from the kitchen; here, into the courtyard, from the gloomy cloisters, stole ghost-like figures,



TINTERN ABBEY.

eighty-three, defended him for two months and a half, when he was forced to yield. Raglan was the last castle to surrender to Cromwell. With its fall, one of the finest libraries in Europe was destroyed.

Not far away is Tintern Abbey, "the most beautiful ruin in the world." When Henry VIII. destroyed the monasteries, and among them, laid waste this White Monks habitation, he did not dream that, down the centuries, millions of pilgrims to a shrine of beauty would

for one uncommunicative hour of recreation under the cheerful sky. It was the only bit of God's heaven many of them ever saw.

Tintern Abbey, like some rare human being, stands glorious in its destruction; out of its broken sides, spring dainty blooms that nod their fragrant heads at the sheltering green about them; within its walls, mankind may dream sweet dreams, or learn its serious lesson. It is well that it fell. No man has a right to shut himself off from his fellows. To the weaker, he must

give his strength, and from the stronger he must learn to mount. No good can be done within the monastery that cannot be done without. To bury ourselves from those

who love us is not self-sacrifice, but selfishness. To bring one noble soul into a world of love, is to do more good than fifty thousand prayers uttered by shut-in altars.

LOVE THAT AVAILS.

(Continued.)

Josephine Spencer.

II.

Elmer had fallen into the habit of taking Sunday dinner with the Mardens—his little acquaintance in the city, awakening from the first Ruth's compassionate hospitality. After the meal today, while the two younger girls were in the kitchen busy with the dishes, he took his seat beside Ruth on the sofa, and began to talk in the delightfully familiar, yet deferential way that brought a half recognized sense of pleasure to Ruth, with its implied sympathy and interest in the family concerns.

"We must try and make something of Minna's voice," he said, "Strelling thinks highly of its quality, and he is not a man to praise indiscriminately."

"Do you think we can do better than we are doing?" she asked, smilingly.

"I accept the flattery, but I am not going to fall into the trap," he laughed with her. "The best I can do has been done. I've put her on the right track, but it will need a higher culture than mine to carry her to the goal she should attain. My vocal training was only supplementary; the real thing with me at the conservatory was instrumental music. I told Minna at the outset I could teach her only the primer of vocal art. If I had had your tal-

ent now instead of Minnie's to deal with, I could have demonstrated my full musical capabilities, and I could have kept you with me longer, even if eventually you surpassed me."

The girl gave a sigh.

"Our talents are in no danger of being called into rivalry," she said, soberly.

"Why not?" he asked. "Your gifts and capacities are as precious as another's, and have the same call for development. It can never be right, logically, to build up one soul to its full stature at the cost of stunting another."

Ruth's face brightened. She had sensed something like this, dimly and secretly, hardly daring to give the thought full wing. It meant something inexpressibly dear and comforting to hear it voiced by Elmer.

"I have thought, sometimes, that perhaps after Minnie has had her chance, something might come to me—"

"You are going to let her go away, then?" he asked, somewhat eagerly and abruptly, she thought.

"I am going to send her up to Salt Lake for the best musical training she can get there."

"Salt Lake!" he repeated dubiously. "I'm afraid Miss Ruth, that won't do at all. Keep her here unfledged, forever, if you will, but if

you decide to push her at all, don't stop short of the best."

"Just what does that mean, please? Are there limits in such fields?" He read her meaning and answered compromisingly, "I don't mean Europe, of course, at least now. But let it be New York, Boston,—or nothing."

Ruth's quick gasp was accompanied by a little shudder. "I would keep her unfledged, forever, indeed, rather than let her out of my care," she exclaimed.

"But Salt Lake—"

"I have dear friends there who would make Minnie's welfare their personal interest; besides it is not so far away that I could not keep in close touch with her."

The entrance of Minna put a stop to further talk, and the rest of the evening was devoted to the entertainment of the "young company" who usually filled the parlor. Several times during the evening Ruth noted Elmer talking to Minnie in the frank, brotherly way that made his footing in the family so delightfully intimate, though reserved withal, and a fear came to her that he might put into Minnie's willing ear the idea she had resisted. Any scheme that might blend with Minnie's personal interests was apt to find a firm lodgement in her mind and will, and Ruth dreaded the inevitable struggle that would ensue. But she put aside her fear as unworthy the object, believing that Elmer's fine tact and feeling would keep him from antagonizing her known desire. He had been so mindful of less important things that she felt sure she might trust him. Her faith was deepened, when at parting that night he held her hand a moment at the door, and whispered, with the lingering look from his fine eyes that never failed to make her heart beat a little more rapidly,

"Remember, you must hold your own life as precious as another's. You are as worthy of the best earth has to give, as the next one, and no soul is privileged to cheat you of your birthright."

What did it matter that Minna kept her awake with joyful and excited chatter of tomorrow's event, and Elmer's praise and flattering predictions of her success. Even before sleep came, she wandered in a dreamland, where sordid and humble and heavy cares were routed by the waving of Love's wand.

All of Monday was given over to preparations for the evening's important event. The operetta had been widely advertised, and many people from the near settlements had bought tickets for the entertainment, besides those of the thriving, well populated town who might with certainty be counted upon to be present. This and the fact of Minna's having chief role, made the day at the Marden home an anxious and busy one. There were no spare moments for Ruth, and nightfall found her nerves at high tension. She was to help Minna dress, for the different acts of the play, and leaving her to come later with one of her admirers who was to drive her in his buggy, Ruth went on ahead to the school house.

Elmer was to lead the little orchestra, and there was a secret, and almost unconscious hope in Ruth's heart that he, too, might be there early. After a day like this spent amid a household indifferent to the thousand small sacrifices that made an inevitable part of her position in the family, it would be like manna in the wilderness to have given her the little tokens of appreciation and sympathy that made Elmer's acquaintance a comfort.

A rear door led from the outside of the school house to the stair-

case leading to the dressing rooms, and Ruth made her way up without seeing any one. Hearing voices in the auditorium, she went to the wings of the platform for a peep at the hall. The utterance of her name arrested her steps. It was Elmer's voice, and he was sitting with a stranger in the near space reserved for the orchestra, the two being the first to enter the hall.

"Miss Ruth? she is our little prima donna's sister," he was saying. "Yes, all that you have heard of her in that way is true. She is a brave little woman, with exceptionally fine instincts, too; intelligent, refined and strong. As to the soft impeachment of my serious intentions in regard to her, it is one which I must distinctly disclaim. I admire her immensely, and she has a flattering way of letting one see her own appreciation of adequate appreciation. To tell the truth, I am genuinely sorry for her; but between you and me, as old friends, Barnard, a man can't afford to go too far in a case where results mean inevitably the support and responsibility of a ready grown family. The man who weds one, marries five, in this case, and the problem is one which few men could face with equanimity. Our present relations are a delightful oasis in a desert; a nearer one, to a man of sensitive temperament and small means, would be like a veritable Egyptian plague. But to go from my own affairs to yours—what about the little brunette contralto you spooned on at the conservatory?"

Ruth walked unsteadily down the narrow stair into the dressing room; and the entrance of Minna, with other members of the operatic cast, laughing and full of the excitement of the coming event, dimmed the dead pall that had fallen upon her spirit. She went through

the evening with its weight at her heart, however, hearing as in a dream, the strains of music, and the applause, as they came to her muffled, through the wings, and the gay excited chat of the girls as they rushed back and forth from the powder-puffs and mirrors in the close little room to answer a cue—as if they were part of an unreal drama in which she posed as a stone image, unseeing and unresponsive to the acted life and emotions of the participants. When it was well-nigh over, she made the plea of a headache, and hurried home, glad to escape the meetings and unendurable empty chat that would follow the performance.

When Minna came an hour later, with Amy and her two brothers, she brought to Ruth's bedside, together with the animated and joy-thrilled account of her success, a message of condolence and regret from Elmer, the first for her physical ailment, and the second for his own disappointment in not having the pleasure of accompanying her home.

III.

The week was tragical in a way, to Ruth. It brought with it, besides the burden of her cruel disillusionment, the added one of Minna's awakened ambition for a term of vocal training at an eastern conservatory. Professor Strelling had applied the fatal spark that set fire to her tinderous imagination and vanity, and Elmer had fanned it with the electrical breath of his approval—couched in terms too politic to savor absolutely of opposition to Ruth's known will, yet making Minna's cause by subtle implication his own.

"Mr. Elmer says my voice deserves the best culture it can get, and to take any more lessons of him will be time wasted—he has taught

me all he knows," she told Ruth on the day following the operetta.

"Professor Strelling says I ought to go East this fall. It's not too late to get into the classes, and he can give me letters to prominent musicians that will get me the very best attention."

Ruth smiled bitterly at the news of Elmer's attitude. It brought no surprise since her discovery of Monday night. In its light a dozen little frailties, half noted, yet gilded over by her faith in his intrinsic nobility of soul, came to her now in open guise. The expose of that night, in fact, could mean nothing less than the disruption of her entire faith. That he should voluntarily make her the object of an attention well nigh immistakable in its professed intent as manifested in his own subtle way—with abject hypocritical reserves in his heart, was enough in itself; but to advertise her as a comparative plaything, and object of pity to other's eyes placed him beyond even the outermost pale of her regard.

He had fallen absolutely from the pedestal on which he had posed in her opinion; yet while no hint of sickly sentiment invested the broken image, she could not all at once ignore the gap made by her fallen idol. The fullness of the blow came in the loss of an ideal that had meant the chief nourishment in her starved life. She had never been lacking in attention from men, but none save this one had seemed fully to meet her standard, and to have this apotheosized being crumble, was enough to shake a stronger and more seasoned nature than her own.

What added to the blow was the sudden and sharp awakening to the gray realities of her situation. In her exuberance of youth, and faith in life's golden possibilities, she had never quite sensed the dark

projects that environed her position. Brought brutally before her in Elmer's exposure of his politic regard, there loomed darkly, as at the raising of a curtain, the seeming inevitable fate to which circumstances consigned her.

She blamed herself with morbid stubbornness for her stupidity. What man, indeed, possessed of common reasoning powers would bind upon himself the incubus of her burden? In her thought she frankly acquitted Elmer of blame on this count. His sole wrong consisted in his unblushing deceit. Few men, indeed, might take this fate with equanimity.

All through the hours of that unhappy night she worked on her hard problem, and her reasoning brought her to sore but stubborn conclusions. She would put away from her every thought or hope of personal ambition or happiness, as a thing not to be considered. To accept the situation, to hold in abeyance any thought that might hint of deliverance from the routine to which it pledged her—these were the burden of her resolves. There would be no crumbling of tinted air castles with her again. She would forever spare herself that.

She laughed to think of her conscientiousness in her past love affairs—of Will Crofton in particular, whose frank, manly young heart she had feared so much to pain. How he would laugh if he knew that she had permitted herself to dream that his friendly admiration might deepen into love. No man would permit his affection to grow too strong for her she told herself bitterly. She had cheated herself of pleasant associations with vain and ludicrous motives, that if known, would gain no reward save derision. Well, she would do so no longer. She would know how to ac-

cept these things in future without the scruples that had fretted past experiences. She saw her future life as an open book, and calmly, in her mental review, affixed her affirmative signature to its dull pages.

Her acquiescence to the sacrifice demanded by Minna was another thing. A hundred voices warned her against it—her conscience, her responsibility, the memory of her mother's wish that the family should keep together, the thought of Minna's volatile, pleasure-loving nature, which was even now her anxiety, all these things kept her firm against Minna's fretful seige.

The final and fatal onslaught came in her sister's threat to appeal to others for aid in carrying out her purpose. Finding her period of prayers and tears of no avail she came to Ruth one day with stubborn front, and the first actual attitude of independence and defiance she had shown since their mother's death.

"I'm old enough now to think for myself," she declared, "and I've made up my mind that I must not let this chance pass. If I can't go any other way I'll ask the ward to help me out. I've sung enough for them and it's no more than they ought to do. I'd rather humble myself a little now, than live my life through regretting opportunities that might have made it happier and more useful. "You have forced me to take this stand," she burst out, with the easy tears gushing forth, and shamed by the look on her sister's face. "I would never urge it if it were in anyway impossible. But there is my share of the stock we can sell at a day's notice—and I will never want it for anything as badly as I want this! Oh, Ruthie—make it easy for me—say I can go!" And Ruth, struck deep by this merciless bolt, quietly bade her carry out her will.

Preparations were at once commenced for her outfit for her winter's stay in New York. There was a little sum invested in live stock, the joint property of the family, and Minna's share of this was drawn from its profitable placing and devoted to her needs. The address of a private boarding house kept by one of their own church people was secured, and this lightened a little of Ruth's burden.

One minor comfort came to Ruth through Minna's prospective absence. It opened a logical way for the discontinuance of Elmer's visits. He had made his usual semi-weekly call at the house on the Thursday following the opera, and had been quick to note the change in Ruth's attitude—a change subtle, yet certain as the frosty tinge that pervades the early days of autumn. Her absolute advantage lay in the fact of her genuine indifference. Had it been studied or assumed, she would have been at the mercy of his critical amusement, his discernment, as is usual with such men, being keen enough to have rendered her attitude extremely awkward. As it was, he believed that Minna's indiscreet tongue perhaps had exaggerated his politic expression of approval of the plan first actually suggested by Sterling, and doubted not his own capacity to bring affairs to their former even tenor. His subtle efforts to restore himself to the old familiar footing increased the strain Ruth felt at his continued presence, and made her wait with impatience even, the time when she could appropriately rid herself of its burden.

One thing she had promised herself respect. It was that Elmer should not carry away with him the assumption that the retreat from the situation had been voluntarily his own. To this end circumstances

upon which she had not counted lent their aid.

At the joint meeting of the Mutual that week, Will Crofton, encouraged by Ruth's resumption of an old-time attitude of frank comradry, renewed an old habit of walking home with her. On the following Sunday night he called at the house, and Elmer, who was there as a matter of course, was both puzzled and chagrined to note the atmosphere of congenial intimacy that enveloped them. He made several ineffectual efforts to congeal this unpleasant humid air with counter-plays of an unusual interest in Minna; but after an uneasy hour spent with her at the piano, he withdrew from his awkward position and took his departure from the house.

On the following Wednesday he made his usual call, and though finding a promisingly open field in Will Crofton's absence, he made no further headway towards dissipating the leaden haze of Ruth's attitude. He would have grasped eagerly at something tangible in the new situation. Resentment, anger even of the direst kind, were preferable to this mystifying apathy. To question her—to take hold firmly upon a grievance and argue it to its foundation—he felt sure would bring him ultimate triumph. But there was nothing tangible to seize upon, and he could only ponder and watch in silence, hoping for some break in the exasperating calm of her pose.

Time passed with rapid pace. The dressmaking and hundred little things necessary in the preparations for Minna's journey were finished and on the night before her departure Ruth was having a last earnest talk with her sister. Lovingly, tenderly she warned her.

"Remember, dear, with everything else—you will have tempta-

tions to enter some frivolous career; but you must hold mother's wishes sacred, whatever comes. Yours is not the talent that could carry you to the top, and anything less is an empty and down-leading path."

"There you go, talking to me like a grandmother, and you just out of your teens! Goosie! You're afraid I'll go on the stage—as if I'd think of it after mother's teachings. Don't let that fear trouble you, dearie. I love you too much to do anything to make you worry. All I want is a thorough training, then I'm coming back to start a conservatory. You can easily sell out everything here and we'll all live in Salt Lake together. Think what that will mean for the boys! Fifty advantages to the half dozen they have now. I know it's hard for you, dear, just now, and it breaks my heart to leave you alone here with the children; but I'm doing it to make the family fortunes, and we'll all be glad yet that I made the move. Promise me you won't worry, Ruthie, it will spoil all my pleasure to think of you here, grieving and conjuring up evil at home."

The distress on Minna's countenance, though genuine for the moment, was only dew-deep, and melted away with the next glance at her trunks packed ready for the morning's departure.

A night of sleeplessness followed for both, each restless with widely varying emotions; then came the morning, the hurried trip to the depot, the farewells and Ruth was alone. (To be Continued.)



"No soul can ever truly see
Another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.
I see the feet that fain would climb;
You, but the steps that turn astray,
I see the soul, unharmed, sublime;
You, but the garment and the clay."

—Phoebe Cary, on "Friendship."

ONLY A STORY,

Rosemary.

The girl sat in the window of her room gazing tenderly at something which she held in her hand.

Suddenly the door opened and in danced a wee fairy with golden hair and blue eyes, and dressed in the daintiest of white dresses.

The mite almost flew into the arms of the girl and with a love pat said pleadingly,

"Aunt Flo?"

"Yes, dear."

"Tell me a story, will you please?"

What was in the girl's hand had been hastily put behind the curtain. "A story, sweetheart. Why I've told you so many I'm afraid I can't think of a new one."

"Oh! tell about a prince and a beautiful princess—all dressed in blue and with hair all sunshine like—like yours, Auntie."

The girl laughed just a little at the child's earnestness and then with a few "sawing the air" gestures and a shrill voice, said:

"Once there was a princess fair,
Eyes of blue and golden hair.
And a prince so big and brave,
Who once the princess sweet did save."

"Will that do, Flossie?"

"Oh, no, I want a long story," laughed the child, and she hopped around the room on one tiny foot.

Then she stopped still and came quietly to the girl, who, with a deep sigh and a quick glance out of the window said,

"Well then, dearie, I'll tell you a story about a girl, if you'll promise not to tell anyone."

"Once there was a young girl. She was not a beautiful princess, but she loved this glorious world

in which we live, and she loved all the beautiful things that God had put here to make the world brighter. The birds singing in the tree-tops made her sing, too, and the flowers so gay and happy made her heart glad. Everything seemed to *be* just to fill *her* life with music.

"One day she met a boy, so different from the other friends she knew. He was tall and fair, and he had such tender blue eyes as they looked into her's that her heart seemed to flutter. It was such a queer little feeling.

"'I wonder why it is?' she said.

"The days passed and she saw him often and every time it was the same, until she began to think of him when she didn't see him.

"'Can it be that I love him?' she said to herself, 'I don't know what love means, but surely if this is love I like it.'

"Everything seemed more beautiful than ever now—the sky, the fields, the little brook; and the girl wanted to dance and sing all the time. 'I am so happy, oh, I am so happy,' she sang in her heart.

"Then one day the boy went away, so far away, and for such a long time. She saw him just a minute before he left. He had some flowers in his hand and she took just one from the bunch.

"After the boy had gone and she was alone she cried and cried.

"'What shall I do now?' sobbed the girl. 'I was so happy in just seeing him and meeting his eyes sometimes. But now'—and the sky became dark, and the birds stopped singing and the sun was not so bright as it was in days before.

"For nearly three years the girl loved him while he was away. Loved him—oh, so much. Sometimes she would cry to herself; sometimes she would sit with longing heart and think of him; and always she would pray for him—that God would be with him and while he was in that far off land, take care of him and bring him safely back. She couldn't tell anyone but God about it, and her heart was very full.

"Once she wrote a little poem, just for herself you know, she couldn't send it to him,

'My heart is sad as sad can be,
While you're away,
I long and wait and sigh for thee,
While you're away.
The flowers bloom, but not so bright,
The birds sing not with heart so light,
The world, to me, does not seem right.
While you're away.

The little stream flows past my door,
While you're away;
It does not laugh as it did of yore,
While you're away;
It sings sweet songs, but they are sad,
My heart will break I feel so bad,
O Love come back and make me glad—
Stay not away.'

"Often she would say this little piece to herself, and sometimes it made her feel better. 'I wonder if

he will ever love me,' she thought.

"And then one day in early summer, when God's earth was dressed in its brightest colors and everything seemed gay, she heard that he was coming home. The girl's heart beat so loud that she was afraid someone would hear it. 'Home! home! home!' beat her heart gayly. But not to you,' her head reminded her.

"Yet she was happy for she would see him, he would speak to her, and maybe some day—oh! she dare not think of it, but—

"Why, Aunty, what are you crying for?"

"For the poor girl, dear."

"Was she a true girl, Aunty?"

"Yes, love."

"Is she alive?"

"Yes."

"Is she old now?"

"Twenty-four."

"And doesn't the boy love her?"

"No."

"Mamma's calling me. Thank you Aunty, for the pretty story and maybe the boy will love the girl some day."

"Maybe he will—some day—but"—as the child left and the girl drew a picture from behind the curtain—"how long must I wait?"

LOVE'S REDRESS.

Josephine Spencer.

There came one time across Love's
way
A swain whose heart
Still held the smart
Of the shy archer's wanton play,
Wrought aimless in a bygone day.

A sight to move the very skies
His abject mien.
Till through the green
Of hedges etched upon the rise
The archer's mocking glance he spies.

Ten, with fierce anger flaming wild,
His passions vent
With anguish blent—
(So vainly had the trick beguiled)
In fury on the god was piled.

Half-frighted as the tempest grew—
With conscience sore,
The archer swore
(With qualms of pity working, too,) His old-time mischief to undo.

"I carry here a potent balm,"
He quickly cried.

"No love may bide
This magic potion in my palm.
Drink then, and see thy passion's
calm!"

And pressed the philter to his lips.
Then cries the swain
In ireful pain—

(The phial shattered ere he sips)
"No! rather death than love's eclipse!"

HISTORIC CAMBRIDGE—THE HOME OF OUR POETS.

Alice Louise Reynolds.

Germany, the land where every mountain, tree, and rill, is said to suggest song or story, is often contrasted with the interminable forests of America, where all is vast and nothing is suggestive. The causes we think, one who seeks shall find. Nevertheless however true this may be of America as a whole, it certainly is not true of the lordly Hudson of Irving and Cooper, or of the Cambridge of Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes.

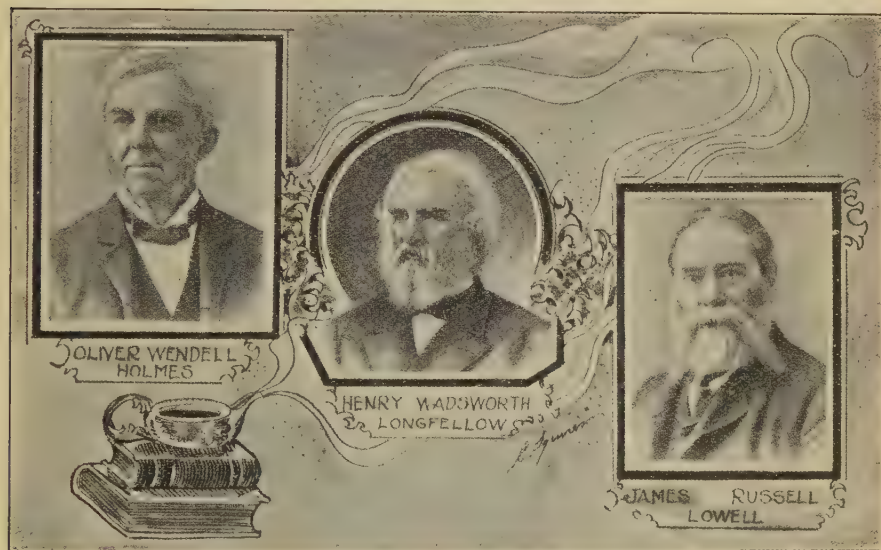
from that time on, there was matter enough to awaken thought, even in the least responsive head and heart.

We had gone a short distance only on our ride, when the conductor called, "Beacon street."

"Holmes lives on this street," said I.

"Yes," he responded, "farther down."

Another minute or two we were crossing the bridge that spans the



And now I want you to go with me, in imagination, over some of the ground, traversed by my companion and myself, on the 6th of August, of last year. The sky was clear; the air cool and delightful, nothing that nature could give, to make the trip thoroughly enjoyable was lacking.

Leaving the large postoffice building at Boston, we boarded a car, marked Harvard square, and

River Charles, between Boston and Cambridge, suggested as the original of Longfellow's poem "The Bridge."

Then we rode on, passing the Old Elm, that immortal Elm, under which Washington took command of the American army, the tree made doubly dear to us by the lines of both Lowell and Holmes. And how beautiful it is, even with the roll of centuries over its head.

I could but feel a thrill of joy that it was an elm, rather than an oak under which this sacred rite was performed; for shorn of much of its beauty, would Cambridge be, were it not for its far famed elms.

My companion and I had not yet eaten breakfast, so we sought a place for that purpose. It would have been quite enough, for all purposes of the imagination, and fancy, if the little restaurant chosen could have had no further claim upon us than that of being a students restaurant; but other claims, dearer far it made for it was located on Brattle street, the very street where stood the spreading chestnut tree, and the smithy with his fires aglow, and where now stands the home of the poet Longfellow.

However, we did not visit Longfellow's home at this time, as it lay quite a distance along a very crooked path from where we then were, so we retraced our steps a few yards to Harvard campus, or Harvard Field, as the students of that institution choose to call it. Here we saw much that was interesting, but must pass it by, as it would require a separate paper to bring you in touch with what there is there. Turning from Harvard, we walked down to Elmwood, the home of James Russell Lowell, so called from the beautiful elm trees that surrounded it on all sides. A stone slab at the southeast corner, revealed that the poet was born there. We looked wistfully through the gate, as we approached, and a good natured gardener, who was raking the lawn, invited us in.

"Is this where Mr. Lowell lives?" my friend asked.

"He lived her and died here," came the laconic reply, but the face grew radiant at the question and a voice not untouched with sympathy.

Then he went on to tell us that

the property is now taken charge of by Lowell's daughter, his son at present being at a medical college in Europe. A little crimson flower was given to each of us by the old gardener. We pressed them, and I treasure mine as much on account of Lowell's own little poem, "The Pressed Flower," as that it came from his garden.

The home is a frame house, painted yellow, a little over two stories in height, with three rows of windows painted white. Two rows of three windows each may be seen above the front door, while on each side of the door is a window of the same size as those above, making in all eight windows in the front of the house. The building is quite plain, without a suggestion of architectural design.

Turning back to Brattle street, we went to the home of Longfellow. It, too, is a frame house painted yellow, with windows of white. If the word pretentious could be used in reference to either home, we might possibly say that Longfellow's home is more pretentious than Lowell's. From the Longfellow yard we carried a few oak leaves, by permission of the gardener, a young man from whom we could learn little beyond the fact that we had come the wrong day to be admitted to the house. Our visit was made on Monday and much to our regret we were told that Wednesdays and Saturdays are the days the home is open to tourists. Nevertheless, we made the best of things, by viewing the premises on all sides very carefully. Putting our manners aside, for a few moments, we peeped through the partly drawn window shade, hoping to see some relic of value in the old study.

As we stood in the garden, it suddenly occurred to us that the poem, "To the River Charles" was written from the study. So for a

moment a new quest was ours, for we knew the river was near by. But our search was short lived. A few rods directly in front of the house, in a grassy plot shaded by elms, the most magnificent in their proportions I have ever seen, through a plot of ground called Longfellow's park, the Charles river runs.

"Oft in sadness and in illness,
He had watched its current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overcame him like a tide.
And in better hours and brighter,
When he saw its waters gleam,
He had felt his heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with its stream."

Then we went to Mt. Auburn, truly the most cherished cemetery in America. Think of it, within the space of seven blocks, in the little city of Cambridge, one may see Harvard Square; the little church where General and Lady Washington went to church; the Washington elm; the homes of Longfellow and Lowell; the River Charles, and Mount Auburn cemetery.

We went immediately to the grave of Longfellow, situated on a grassy ridge, shaded by one giant oak. If you have thought that the tombs of the poets could be distinguished by massive columns and costly monuments, then you are, indeed, mistaken, for nothing could be more simple than the stone slabs that mark these sacred burial spots. Truly Longfellow's grave, marked by a marble slab covering the whole is rather more elaborate than the graves of Holmes and Lowell, but even this admission means little enough.

Just below the grassy ridge, and a little to the right, we found Lowell's grave. A stone of slate color at the head, with a foot stone to correspond, marks the place where Lowell now rests. On one side of the point lies his beloved wife, Maria White, on the other side, a little

daughter, probably the inspiration of "The First Snow Fall."

I lingered long by Lowell's grave for he is a favorite of mine. I looked closely at the well kept lawn grass wishing to find the leaf of a dandelion on the grave of the poet who, passing the rose and the aster, discovered for us so much beauty in that common wayside flower, and so much difficulty had in finding even a leaf that I wondered whether he who wrote,

"Dear common flower that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,"

would have had it so.

Then we walked to the grave of Oliver Wendell Holmes, situated perhaps a block from Lowell's. There was a pretty green bush, unknown to me, at its side, and once again, casting its shadow over all, an oak tree. The head stone is of white marble and by his side lie his wife and several others near of kin.

As I looked at the loved ones near him, and thought of his brother singers gathered home before his time, I wondered if, indeed, as one of his poems intimate, he could be homesick in heaven.

There is no epitaph on any of these tombstones; nothing is there written save the name, and date of birth and death. Those who loved them best, had the good taste not to desecrate the grave with anything of that sort. They who have written so well their own epitaphs need no other.

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls the burial ground God's acre," Longfellow wrote. So thought we, as under a canopy of oak, elm, and birch, we gazed at the graves of Louis Agassiz, Charles Sumner, Edwin Booth, Phillips Brooks, Margaret Fuller, Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes. Truly God's Acre, and the ground on which we trod holy, indeed.

"BOFE SIDES."

Susa A. Talmage.

The boy with light hair was in trouble. He came to school that morning feeling out of sorts for some reason, and his temper did not in the least improve as the day's work went on.

He was naughty on the playground; he pushed the smaller boys in the line of march; his desk was not kept in order and his lessons were not recited properly.

I tried to look with forgiving eyes upon the boy with light hair. I tried to remember the many days when he had been all that the most exacting teacher could desire.

But during the afternoon my patience reached its limit.

He deliberately tripped a girl down as she passed his seat; he beat a tattoo with his pencil on the desk; he hummed snatches of songs, and was attacked very suddenly with a most distressing cough. Even then I did not speak to scold him.

But in passing his desk I stopped to look over his preparation work. It was carelessly done, the books were blotted with ink, and the writing merely scribble. "It's the best I can do," he said before I had spoken.

"Very well, but until you can do better you need take no part in our lessons," I said.

That was all, but during the whole afternoon he sat in awful silence. No one spoke to him, and he made no attempt to go on with his work. But I know how long those two hours were to my boy, who was usually so busy and active.

He left that night without his usual salutation, but as he passed me in the line I fancied his lip trem-

bled. Of course his eyes were cast down.

Next morning he came to school, and passed the day without settling the trouble. The next was the same, but on the third day when I asked Mark to water the flowers a quick little cough came from the boy with light hair. The flowers had been his special pride and care.

The children did not approach him. He spent his recess periods on the sunny side of the house flipping stones and pretending to enjoy himself immensely if a child passed him.

On Friday during the noon hour, as I sat at my desk some one touched my arm. All the children had gone, I knew, but as I looked up I saw the boy with light hair.

"Please Miss M—, may I tell you—a—a story? One morning my little sister Elsie got up real cross. And mamma said she must have got up on the wrong side of the bed, and she said she didn't. And then I said she must have got up on the right side, and she said she didn't either. And then I asked her which side she did get out on, and she cried and said, "Bofe sides." And Miss M—, I think I got up on "bofe sides," too, when I was so cross, and I've got all my lessons the best I can now, and I am sorry I was so ugly,—and—"

He did not finish his sentence. I saw all the pathos of the little story told in the rapid excited way. I saw the pain in the boy's eyes, and the tears, too, which he had tried so hard to keep back, and somehow the new note book with carefully prepared lessons in, fell to the floor, and before I knew it a little head

covered with light curls was in my lap, and all the trouble of the past week was being explained away.

Never mind what we said in that little talk all by ourselves. We understood each other much better when it was over, and when I said in my usual way that afternoon,

"Clifford, will you water the flowers, please," the children knew it was all right; but I wish I could tell you how happy a certain face looked, or describe to you the voice of the boy with light hair, as he answered—

"Yes, Ma'am, I will."

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN ILLNESS.

III.

WOUNDS AND HEALING.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

Kinds of Wounds.—There are four kinds of wounds: Incised, lacerated, contused and punctured wounds.

Incised wounds are those cut by a sharp instrument, in which the edges of the wound are clean, and the surface smooth. They bleed freely because the clean cut edges do not favor the clotting of the blood.

In lacerated and contused wounds the flesh is torn around the wound and the vessels somewhat mangled. They may be made in many ways, such as tearing the flesh upon a nail, or breaking through the flesh from a hammer stroke, or mashing the finger in a door. These wounds seldom bleed freely because the edges of the ruptured vessels are so rough and ragged that the blood clots easily.

Punctured Wounds.—These are wounds which are inflicted by pointed instruments, such as needles, splinters, nails, etc. While the instrument may penetrate to a greater or less depth, the surface wound is very small and therefore is thought by many to be but slight. This is probably the most dangerous kind of wound for that very reason. Let us suppose one has stepped on a nail. The nail itself may be rusty and dirty; it has penetrated the shoe and stocking before reaching the foot, and has carried into the tissues of the foot whatever dirt may be thereon. Now the average person will simply wash over the surface, and will be surprised at the long duration and often serious effects of a wound which appeared so small. We know that disease germs are ever present in the air and might often find their feeding

ground upon material which we call "dirt" and dust. All the impurities found on the rusty nail, or from the shoe or stocking, are taken into the wound and closed up therein. "It is thus evident how wound diseases, such as blood poisoning, can come about, for wherever dust falls on the open surface of wounds or on anything which comes in contact with them and the living bacteria lodge, they may, if not destroyed, commence to grow, and not only by the poisonous materials which they form as they grow, interfere with the healing of the wounds, but they may get into the blood and be carried to various parts of the body, there growing and producing sometimes fatal results."*

Such a wound should be treated as soon as possible by a good physician. He may probably insert a plug moistened with some solution which will kill the germs or treat it in some way by which the germs, if they have entered, may be killed.

Contusions are sometimes called **bruises**, and are wounds made by some blunt instrument in which the outer skin has not been broken. The flesh under the skin is lacerated to some extent and some of the blood vessels may be ruptured; but more or less blood remains under the skin, causing the black and blue appearance of such wounds.

How Wounds Heal.

Wounds heal in one of two ways. The first is called primary union, or

*The story of the Bacteria, by T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D., pp. 61 and 62.

first intention; the second is, secondary union, or second intention. The first manner of healing occurs in the incised wounds; if the edges are brought firmly together and kept there, they will, if all conditions are favorable, heal again much as though they had been glued together. This of course is the most favorable manner of healing as well as the most speedy. If the cut is long or deep it may be impossible to keep the edges together long enough for healing to take place. In that case, a physician will be required to keep them in place by sewing them together.

The second method of healing occurs in lacerated wounds and takes more time and care than the first method. In wounds of this class some of the tissues are destroyed or are so torn that it amounts to the same thing. How is that tissue to be replaced? Again do we marvel at Nature's attempts to help her children in time of need. If the wound is kept clean and healing progresses well, after three or four days a mass of small red particles or granules covered with a creamy matter will be noticed. These particles multiply until in time the wound is entirely filled with them; then a thin whitish skin begins to form from the outer edges of the wound toward the center and forms the familiar scar. These granules are in time re-arranged until they become like the original tissues. This method of healing is sometimes called **granulation**.

What is Meant by "Taking Cold" in a Wound.

Wounds heal thus simply and easily when Nature is left undisturbed to perform her work. Unfortunately other conditions often arise which interfere with natural processes and seriously retard healing. It is a very common thing to see a child, or even a grown person, with a very serious sore on some part of the body, and if asked what is the matter, the reply may be that they received a trivial scratch from some cause and "took cold" in it, and the large ugly sore is the result. Now just what do people mean when they say they "take cold" in a wound? It is certainly not simply allowing the part to become cold for we may see a street car conductor for instance, who has to face the biting winter's cold with a wound in face or hand that heals naturally and quickly.

To understand, precisely, what the term "taking cold" means to the physician, one must understand something about the science of bacteriology. The readers of the Journal, who have followed carefully the lessons therein published, have received much light on this subject. For our purpose here we must review some of the simpler truths of this science. It is known today that there are countless minute organisms which live in the air, but chiefly on the surface of objects, such as clothing, hair, nails, furniture, etc. These organisms are so tiny that they can be seen only by the aid of the most powerful microscope. Still even though they are so tiny, their life work is just as important and their identity is just as distinct as is that of the higher forms of life. These tiny organisms are called **germs** or **bacteria**. The function of some of them is very helpful to human life, while others again have the power to produce diseases of various kinds, if once permitted to enter the human body in such a manner as to feed upon it. Those germs which concern us now are those which enter a wound or open sore upon the body and there feed and multiply and perform their deadly work. The tissues of the body form their food, and as a result of their life processes a poison is formed which poison being absorbed into the blood causes the inflamed and painful condition of a wound so infected. Germs of all kinds, as well as their spores or seeds, float in the atmosphere and are ever present with us so we are never sure when our own bodies will be the chosen homes of these tiny beings. How are we to protect ourselves?

After years of careful experimentation scientists have discovered that certain substances have the power of rendering these germs inert and harmless, or of killing them outright. Those substances which benuem the germs are called **antiseptics**; those which kill them are called **germicides** or **disinfectants**. These names and their deepest meaning should be familiar to every housewife and mother.

The most powerful anti-germicide used by physicians is a solution of corrosive sublimate, one part to two thousand parts of water. The corrosive sublimate is a powerful poison if taken internally, therefore it must be kept strictly out of the reach of children. In the hospitals a physician before performing an operation, will

have all his tools, cloths, table and everything he uses thoroughly washed in this solution, and he will then cover himself in a long linen cloak washed in the solution, after which he will bathe his hands, face and hair in the same, so that no living germ can enter the patient's body through the wounds made.

A very good disinfectant, which can easily be obtained in most places, is carbolic acid to be used in the proportion of three teaspoonfuls to one pint of water. This is also strong poison if taken internally, and must be kept out of the reach of children.

In case of an emergency and neither of the above mentioned substances are on hand, a substitute may be used in salt or vinegar. Neither one is very strongly antiseptic, but they are safer to use than ordinary water. Use the salt in the proportion of one tablespoonful to one pint of water; the vinegar—one tablespoonful to four tablespoonfuls of water.

There are one or two antiseptic solutions which are powerful enough to destroy the germs, and at the same time are not poisonous, if by mistake some should be taken internally. It would be a wise policy if all mothers should make a special effort to keep these substances always in the house. It is very likely that the country drug store or town co-op. will not have them in stock at present; but demand always precedes supply. It will be as easy for the stores to order these substances through their supply houses as to order anything else. And if it could only be thoroughly understood what a benefactor their presence is in the household, no means would be spared until they were secured. These substances are **boric acid**, which comes in the form of white powder; and a still stronger antiseptic known as **hydrogen peroxide**. The latter is a liquid and comes in a dark brown bottle; it must be kept in a cool dark place. Besides these two, a powder called boracetanil should be used to dust over the wound after washing. This powder is healing as well as being antiseptic and is still not poison. With these three substances the mother can dispense with the medicine chest for they are sufficient for all external purposes; and if used from the first there will be absolutely no danger of "taking cold" in the wound. As a wash for sores and wounds they are used in the following proportions: One teaspoonful of boric acid to one

cupful of water; (it will dissolve best in boiling water); the peroxide is diluted with about one-third or one-half its bulk of water; that is, one teaspoonful of the peroxide to one tablespoonful of water. All wounds should be thoroughly washed in either or both of these solutions and then covered with the boracetanil powder before being bandaged. They should never be wrapped up without being washed, even though the powder be antiseptic; they are not thoroughly clean until washed. If a wound is treated thus from the first, infection is impossible.

At first thought this may seem all unnecessary work. The unthinking mother may exclaim that she has lived fifty years or so and has reared ten or twelve children and never known the need of any such new fangled stuff in her house. Germs never hurt her nor her children, but she doesn't know that they are so much worse now than they used to be. She doesn't think of the hundreds of lives that are sacrificed every year through lock-jaw and blood-poisoning; and of course she doesn't know that the first cause of blood-poisoning is an open wound either large or small, which has not been kept clean and sterile, and as a result germs have entered and have accomplished the rest of the sad story. It is not an uncommon thing to hear of death having taken away a strong vigorous person as a result of blood poisoning coming from a mere scratch on the toe or hand or some other part of the body. Any open wound, no matter how small, is liable to be infected. The wise mother is she who says, "I am going to accept all the light and knowledge God has permitted His children to obtain on this as on other subjects, and use that same knowledge to protect in every possible way my family from danger. We may never need it—I hope we never shall, but I am going to err on the safe side."

Note. There is a little book called "The Story of the Bacteria," by Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, that gives much valuable information on the subject of bacteria. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The subject is treated in a popular manner and we heartily recommend it to all those who may be interested in this subject. Any book store can procure it for you or you may write to the publishers direct.

THE COOK'S CORNER.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

There are many hundreds of different recipes for cakes, but they may all be divided into two main classes—sponge cake and butter cake. Sponge cakes are made without butter and depend for lightness and richness upon eggs. The eggs are beaten very light and the air thus entangled in the egg is sufficient to make the batter light and spongy—hence its name. Butter cakes depend for lightness upon the addition of baking powder.

Baking of Cakes.

For successful cake making much depends upon the baking. The fire should not be too hot, but there should be enough fuel to last all through the baking. The oven must be under perfect control and for that reason do not attempt to make cakes unless you have the oven at your disposal. Thin cakes used in layers, require from fifteen to twenty minutes; those of average thickness from thirty to forty minutes, and a thick loaf requires about an hour to cook. Fruit cakes should be baked from two to three hours.

Divide the time into quarters. During the first quarter, the cake should rise but not change color perceptibly; during the second, it continues to rise and begins to brown slightly; in the third, it should become a rich brown all over; and in the last quarter it should settle a little and shrink from the pan. When the cake has shrunk from the pan and a straw inserted in the middle comes out clean, it is done. Remove from the pan as soon as possible after it is done, so that the air can reach it. Do not move a cake while baking, until it has become set and brown.

Cake is best when mixed in an earthen bowl with a wooden spoon.

Recipe for Sponge Cake.

5 eggs.

1 cup powdered or fine granulated sugar.

Pinch of salt.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lemon (juice and grated rind) or 2 teaspoonfuls lemon extract and 1 1-2 tablespoonsful water.

1 cup fine white flour.

Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs. Beat the yolks until light

colored and of a creamy consistency. Add the sugar gradually, beating thoroughly all the time. Next add the lemon juice or lemon extract and water if that is to be used. Beat the whites until stiff and dry, then cut and fold them into the yolks and sugar mixture. Be careful to avoid stirring the mixture as that will break down the air cells you have been beating into it. Use a knife to mix the whites into the yolks and also to mix in the flour. Cut through the mass with the knife then fold the under part over on top until it is all well mixed. After adding the yolks, sift in the flour. Don't beat or stir after the flour is added. Pour into a deep bread pan and bake nearly an hour. If a shallow cake is preferred bake in a shallow pan forty minutes. Take from the pan as soon as it is done. Take a sharp knife and cut the crust, then break apart; it will not be so soggy as when cut right through with the knife.

Angel Cake.

Angel cake is a sponge cake made with the whites of eggs only. Hence the same care must be taken in putting it together.

11 egg whites.

1 1-2 cup fine granulated sugar.

1 teaspoonful of vanilla or almond extract.

1 cup white flour, measured after once sifting.

1 teaspoonful cream of tartar.

Mix the flour and cream of tartar and sift four times. The cream of tartar toughens the dough a little and makes it more sure to keep the air bubbles in the mixture. While good angel cake can be made without it, it is rather safer for a beginner to use it if possible. If you haven't it, sift the flour four times anyway.

Beat the egg whites until stiff and dry all the way through; add the sugar gradually beating all the time; then the flavoring extract, then cut and fold in the flour, using a knife and being careful not to stir it. When well mixed, pour into a pan which has first been lined with ungreased paper, and bake about forty minutes, depending on the thickness of the

cake. A thick loaf requires a slower oven and a longer time than a shallow one, of course.

Some people mix the sugar with the flour and cream of tartar and put all at once into the beaten egg, but the other way is rather more sure of good results for a beginner.

Butter Cakes.

These cakes are sometimes called cup or pound cakes, and many different recipes could be given, each one varying from the others only in the different proportions of the same ingredients.

The recipe given below makes a good foundation cake, and by the addition of other materials any number of different varieties may be made.

Foundation Cake.

- 1 cup butter.
- 2 cups sugar.
- 1 cup milk.
- 3 cups flour.
- 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.
- 4 eggs beaten separately.

Heat an earthen bowl so that it is warm, not hot. Place the butter in it and with a wooden spoon rub the butter until it is light and the consistency of cream. Add the sugar gradually, so that the two will be well blended. Beat the yolks until light in color and thick then beat them well into the butter and sugar; add the flavoring. Sift the baking powder and flour together three times. To the butter and sugar add a little milk and then a little flour until all is used. Beat the whites until stiff and dry.

Chocolate Cake.

Bake the above foundation cake in layers or in a long shallow loaf, spreading the chocolate icing between the layers or over the top of the loaf, as preferred.

Chocolate Filling.—Put a cup of milk in the double boiler, or in a small sauce pan, which can be placed into a large one containing boiling water. When the milk reaches the boiling point, stir in three tablespoonfuls grated chocolate and two teaspoonfuls cornstarch, wet with two tablespoonfuls cold milk. Cook, stirring steadily until smooth. Remove from the fire and pour a little at a time upon the yolk of one egg that has been beaten light, with one-half cup sugar. Return to the saucepan and cook, stirring constantly for five or

ten minutes, or until the mixture is thick and smooth. When cold spread upon the layers.

Caramel Cake.

Make a foundation cake according to the above recipe baking in a loaf or layers as preferred. Use the following fule for

Caramel Icing.

- 3 cups brown sugar.
- 1 tablespoonful butter.
- 1 cup thick cream.
- 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Mix the sugar, cream and butter and stir until melted. Then place on a part of the stove where it may be undisturbed and boil slowly until done. It is done when a little dropped into cold water forms a soft ball. Do not stir while cooking. Remove from the fire when done, and when cooled a little, add the flavoring and beat until of the right consistency to spread. This is sufficient for the filling and top of four layers.

Sour cream may be used instead of sweet; but in that case add one-half teaspoonful vinegar.

Caramel Chocolate Icing.

- 1 cup powdered sugar. (Granulated sugar will do.)
- 1-2 cup cream.
- 1 tablespoonful butter.
- 3 tablespoonfuls grated chocolate.

Cook as for caramel filling. Put the grated chocolate in a little dish over steam or hot water until melted. When the filling is taken off the stove, add the melted chocolate and beat until ready to spread.

Nut Cake.

Nut cake may be made by adding 1 cup of chopped walnuts to the ordinary foundation cake, but a better recipe is the following:

- 1 cup sugar.
- 1-2 cup butter.
- 3-4 cup milk.
- 2 cups flour.
- 1 teaspoonful baking powder.
- 1 cup chopped walnuts.
- 4 egg whites.

Cream the butter and sugar; add the milk; then the flour, which has been sifted three times with the baking powder; then the nuts, and lastly, the whites which have been beaten until stiff and dry. Use one teaspoonful vanilla or almond extract as flavoring. Bake in a loaf, nearly one hour.

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Last summer I started on a pleasure trip through our mountains. The train swung easily along and I watched the landscape, now enraptured by the beauty, again awed into silence by the sublimity of the scenes. Presently I realized that where I moved with ease, other feet had bled. The journey for them was long and toilsome and steep. The cliffs loomed on either hand, and the boulders in the way were ragged and rough. Some had grown faint and weak, but they rested by the wayside and then pushed on. The heat of day came, the sun beat upon their unprotected heads, the dust stifled them, but a clear sparkling stream flowed by the road, and it quenched their thirst and cooled their throbbing brows.

My heart ached at the memory of their sufferings, and I wondered why they who had so loved their God should find their way so rough.

On and on we passed, and the shadows lengthened. Toward day's close my journey ended in a beautiful valley. It was surrounded by pine-clad hills, not the rough and rugged ones encountered earlier in the day, but rolling and gentle. Afar I saw well-tilled farms lying in the peaceful sunlight. Cattle browsed on the green slopes and only the distant tinkle of their bells broke nature's silence.

Left to myself I wandered toward the stream, still pondering. The murmur of the water blended with the music of the pines. Squirrels

frisked from stump to tree. Unconsciously I quaffed of nature's peace and was soothed to rest. Down I sank on the bank of the stream, gazing at the dark hills and above them the distant sunset—red and purple and gold. The brook sang on its way and slowly through my consciousness there crept these words set to the refrain of the stream—

"Is thy path so rough, O pil-grim,
Pass-ing on thy way through life,
Deep the sor-rows that be-set thee,
Great the bur-den, wild the strife?
Though the hill of life be wea-ry,
Though the goal of rest be far;
Set thy whole heart to en-deav-or,
Turn thy soul to yon bright star.
From the toiling, from the striv-ing,
There at last shall come re-lease;
One shall bring thee, past the hill-
crest,
Home un-to His Plains of Peace."



At day-break I arose to enjoy once more the peace the people there had earned. Life seemed so full of goodness and joy that I longed to linger in that happy vale. The dew hung thick on flower and tree, the place rang with nature's melody from a thousand liquid throats. And through it all the old refrain sang in my heart—

"Beyond the hill-crest,—beyond the
hill-crest,
Lie the plain of Peace for Thee."

Just as the sun flooded the land the stage came for me. With a lingering look I mounted, for my journey was not ended.

The stage driver interested me. He seemed a type of Peaceful Valley. His six and seventy years sat lightly on him, even though his form was bent with work. He seemed kindly and pleasant, but after the first greeting he talked only when spoken to. I determined to know him better, and so drew him gently on, suggesting thoughts which he would want to answer. He loved the birds, the flowers, the rocks, the trees, even the sage-brush in its humble bed. And as we journeyed on, his gaze fell lovingly on the familiar scene. A sweet smile lit up the aged face, and gradually, as he saw my interest growing, he told me of his life. He had been in Nauvoo in the early days, had traveled forth with a hand-cart to these valleys of the mountains. He failed to mention that he was mobbed and persecuted. In the early days he lived in Salt Lake City, but had long since taken his family to the mountains. He was the first settler there in that place. Others had come, and been heartily welcomed. His sons and daughters had grown up around him and married happily. Prosperity smiled upon them and their hearts were content. Fifteen years he had traveled that road every day except Sunday. Broken down by hard work, he had been set aside to end his days in ease, but he had insisted on driving the mail. To please him his sons had consented, and it had filled his life with health and happiness.

He had said nothing of his faith, and the story was not complete, I suggested,

"And you knew Joseph Smith, the Prophet?"

"Bless you, yes," as the face grew radiant, "and the whole Smith family—a finer one never lived."

Then followed anecdote and story of his boyhood, and it all closed with a glowing, burning testimony as to

the divinity of the mission of that Latter-day Prophet. Pen of mine fails. I shall not attempt to repeat it, but none who ever listened to such words could doubt his sincerity or forget his testimony. And I wished all the youth of our people might hear some such witness for truth. Many there are. When you meet them question them, and you will hear words of living truth that will kindle the flame in your own breast, filling your life with faith and trust to help you over the rough places on the road.



Oh, bleeding feet and brier-torn hands! there is a balm ahead for thee. Oh, aching heart and listening ears! God's angels whisper low. He leads His own by rugged ways to vales of peace and joy. He tries their souls to temper them, but He brings them peace the while. The light of faith glows in their hearts, it streams from their clear eyes, it lights the way for other feet though they may not know its power. Wealth cannot purchase this priceless gift nor sorrow dim its gleam, but it comes to those who trust their God through sunshine or clouds or rain.



ART EXHIBIT.

The fifth annual exhibition of the Utah Art Institute will be given at the old Social Hall, 41 State street, from March 9th to April 9th, inclusive, 1903.

As the exhibit will thus be open at Conference time, many of our girls will have an opportunity of visiting it. We would advise them to go as many times as possible, as the best art bears long acquaintance. Admission for at least three days each week will be free; let it not be said, that we do not appreciate this privilege. And let it be remem-

bered, girls, that it is no disgrace to go on the days when no admission fee is charged. It is false pride would make anyone think that.

PREST. TAYLOR'S ARM BROKEN.

Our girls will regret to hear that President Elmina S. Taylor has broken her left arm. She is progressing surprisingly well, however, for which we are very thankful.

On Friday evening, February 13th, as Sr. Taylor was about to retire, she went into the kitchen for

some hot water. Finding that the electric light bulb had been removed, she procured one, and in her usual independent way, mounted a chair to insert it. She lost her balance and fell, naturally throwing out her arm to protect herself, with the result above stated.

The break is just above the wrist.

Of one thing Sr. Taylor may be assured,—she will have the faith and prayers of her girls that she may be relieved of all unnecessary suffering, and that she will be speedily restored to perfect health.

OFFICERS' NOTES.

Q. Should minutes be recorded before they are accepted?"

A. No. But they should be accepted and then recorded immediately, so they may not be lost.

Q. "Should the Stake Treasurer keep any of the Dime Fund?"

A. When the Dime Fund was first established one-fourth of it was retained for Stake expenses. At a meeting of Stake and General officers held at the home of Counsellor Dougall, on April 5th, 1897, the matter was discussed at length and it was unanimously voted that after that year the entire amount of the fund should be devoted to the General work, the Stake retaining none of it.

Q. When was the first edition of the Doctrine and Covenants published?

A. A "Book of Commandments" containing some of the revelations was published in Independence, Missouri, in 1833.

The first edition of the Doctrine and Covenants was published at Kirtland early in the fall of 1835. It consisted of 3,000 volumes.

This information can be found in Vol. 15, Millennial Star.

The following Conjoint, M. I. A. Conferences for 1903, have been visited on behalf of the General Boards by the brethren and sisters named:

Sunday, January 18th, San Luis Stake,—Sister Agnes Campbell and Brothers Matthias F. Cowley and Louis C. Kelch.

Sunday, January 18th., North Sanpete.—Sister Emma Goddard and Brother W. B. Dougall.

Sunday, January 25th., Benson Stake.—Sister Minnie J. Snow.

Sunday, January 25th., Pocatello Stake.—Sr. Adella W. Eardley and Brother Douglas M. Todd.

Sunday, February 1st., Wayne Stake.—Brother Abraham O. Woodruff.

Sunday, February 8th., Beaver Stake.—Sr. Emma Goddard.

Sunday, February 8th., Utah Stake.—Sr. Ruth M. Fox and Brother Willard Done.

Sunday, February 8th., Sevier Stake.—Sr. Agnes Campbell and Brothers Abraham O. Woodruff and Seymour B. Young.

GUIDE DEPARTMENT

BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

LESSON VII.

THE PRIESTHOOD: GOD'S AGENTS ON EARTH.

In the great Plan of Salvation as formulated in the council in heaven, mentioned in the last lesson, it was decided that certain men should act as God's agents on earth, in carrying out the provisions of the Plan. The authority given these men is usually known as the Priesthood.

The Book of Doctrine and Covenants deals more fully with the subject of Priesthood, than does any other book known to man. It must not, then, be supposed, that the one lesson here given on the subject, covers, even superficially, all the things said of it in this book.

It is made very clear, in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, that those holding the Priesthood are really possessed of a part of God's authority, which may be used under certain restrictions. (a) It is made equally emphatic that the Priesthood is eternal (b) and that the Church of God cannot exist without it. (c).

Only those who have obeyed the principles of the Gospel can receive the Priesthood; and, even after their selection by those having authority, they must ordinarily be voted upon by the members of the organized branch of the church to which they belong. (d) After the church has voted that a person may receive the Priesthood, he must be ordained by one who holds the Priesthood to be conferred, and the authority to con-

fer it. (e) This method, which has been followed in all ages, to continue the Priesthood, is beautifully illustrated in the historical account given in section 84:6-17, and 107:40-57. (Which read in class.)

The holiness of the Priesthood and the authority of those holding it, should be well understood and remembered. The authority of the Priesthood is the authority of God; whatsoever the Priesthood binds on earth, shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever it looses on earth, shall be loosed in heaven. (f) It is, therefore, the one thing in the Church to which the utmost respect should be given. However, the powers of the Priesthood are to be exercised only upon the principles of righteousness, and without compulsory means, so that no man may fear the great power given to man by God through the Priesthood. A sublime exposition of the correct manner of exercising the powers of the Priesthood is given in section 121:36-46. (Read in class.)

God requires that the Priesthood meet at regular stated intervals in conferences at which all necessary Church business may be done. (g).

There are two great divisions of the Priesthood, the Melchisedek and the Aaronic, each of which is subdivided into quorums. (h)

The Melchisedek Priesthood is the

(a) 50:26-29; 84:33-40; 113:8; 128:11.

(b) 84:17; 132:28.

(c) 128:21; 112:32-30.

(d) 20:65-67.

(e) 20:60; 42:11.

(f) 128:8.

(g) 20:61, 62.

(h) For what follows read 20:38-69, 84:6-42; 107:1-20, and the remainder of the section, 124:123-144.

higher. Its original name was the Holy Priesthood, after the Order of the Son of God, but to avoid the too frequent repetition of the name of God, it was called the Priesthood after Melchisedek, a great High Priest in ancient days. This Priesthood holds the right of presidency over all the offices in the Church; and it holds also the keys of the spiritual blessings of the Church. There are four distinct classes of officers in this Priesthood: namely, elders, seventies, high priests and apostles. The special work of the elders and the high priests is to look after the affairs of the Church at home; while the seventies should carry the Gospel to the nations of the world. The presiding quorums, the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles also belong to this Priesthood, as do also the Patriarchs, High Councils and Stake Presidencies.

The Aaronic is the lesser Priesthood. It is an appendage to the Melchisedek Priesthood. There are three classes of members in this Priesthood: deacons, teachers and priests. The presidency of this Priesthood is a bishop, who is a lineal descendant of Aaron, otherwise a high priest who is ordained as a bishop, with two counsellors.

A man holding any office in the Priesthood may officiate in all the lower offices; but never in a higher office than that held by himself. Thus it is that the President of the Church, who holds the highest office, can officiate in all the offices of the Church.

On May 15th, 1829, Joseph Smith, Jr., and Oliver Cowdery were ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood by John the Baptist.⁽ⁱ⁾ In the same year, probably in the month of June, (j) Joseph Smith,

Jr., and Oliver Cowdery were ordained to the Melchisedek Priesthood by the ancient apostles, Peter, James and John.^(k) John the Baptist held the Aaronic Priesthood while he was upon the earth, and Peter, James and John received the Melchisedek Priesthood from Jesus Christ. There can be no doubt, then, as to the validity of the Priesthood held by the Prophet Joseph Smith and his associate, Oliver Cowdery, and which has been conferred upon thousands of the members of this Church.

REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

1. What is priesthood?
2. Who are entitled to receive the Priesthood? What are the necessary formalities before it can be bestowed?
3. To what extent are the acts of the priesthood sanctioned by Heaven?
4. On what principle, only, can the powers of the priesthood be exercised?
5. What is the central idea of verses 36 to 40 of section 121?
6. How was the priesthood handed down in early days? (84:6-17; 107:40-57).
7. What are the great divisions of the priesthood? (Section 107:1-20.) What is the special work of each?
8. Enumerate the quorums of the Melchisedek Priesthood. (124:123-140; 107:89-98.)
9. Enumerate the quorums of Aaronic Priesthood. (124:141-143; 107:63, 85-88.)
10. When, where and from whom did the Prophet Joseph Smith receive the Aaronic Priesthood? The Melchisedek Priesthood?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

1. Give an account of the organization of the first quorum of Twelve Apostles. (Section 18:37. Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith, Chap. XXX.)
2. Explain how the various sects of the world claim to have received their divine authority. (What the World Believes; Roberts' Ecclesiastical History.)

(i) 13:1.

(j) Hist. of the Church, Vol. 1, pp. 40 and 41.

(k) 128:20.

LESSON VIII.

GOD'S CHURCH AND CHOSEN PEOPLE.

To understand the Book of Doctrine and Covenants best, it is always necessary to keep in mind the purpose for which the revelations it contains were given. This, in turn, is best done when lesson 4, relating to the great council in heaven, is recalled. At this council a Plan was accepted, by which the spirits might gain the experience and bodies which would enable them to take part in the eternal progression of all righteous beings. This Plan includes a set of laws and an organization or a Church which must be accepted if eternal life in the presence of God is desired. True, we have our free agency, and can accept or reject the Plan at will; herein lies our power of controlling our destinies. Of one fact we may be certain, that eternal salvation cannot be gained by any means, outside of God's church. The purpose of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants is to make clear the laws and ordinances of the organization known as the Church of Jesus Christ.

God declares repeatedly that he is the rock upon which the Church is built; (a) and that he guides it by prophecy and revelation; (b) "therefore," he says, "fear not; let earth and hell combine against you, for if ye are built upon my rock, they cannot prevail." (c) God's agents on earth, those holding the Holy Priesthood, act only through the Church, and, conversely, the Church cannot exist without the Priesthood.

The laws which have been given of God, govern the Church; (d) yet, within the Church, in all matters not especially provided for, the government shall be by common

consent, by much prayer and faith, for all things shall be received by faith. (e)

Thus, then, we are to understand that God will reveal all that may be necessary if the people are united, and full of faith. This, also, requires that every individual in the Church exert himself to be in harmony with his brethren, so that the unity may be perfect. However, no one shall receive revelation and commandments for the Church except the President of the Church, but even these are accepted by the Church before they become doctrines of the Church. (f)

This Church was established upon earth in the days of Adam, but has been taken away at various times because of the iniquity of the people. It was established for the last time on the 6th day of April, 1830; (g) and received the name of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. (h) God has commanded his Church to preach the Gospel, and build up the Church everywhere. (i) Eventually it will cover the whole earth.

In the great council, before this world was, it seems that many spirits were selected to perform special missions upon earth, and it is very probable that we who belong to the Church were chosen to receive this blessing in the life before this. (k) It is true that the Lord frequently says that he has chosen us. (l)

In this, as in all other matters that enter into our lives, our own power to choose between good and evil comes into play, and, even

(a) 50:44.

(b) 11:24, 25.

(c) 6:34.

(d) 58:23.

(e) 26:2; 41:2, 3; 43:8.

(f) 28:2.

(g) 20:1; 21:3.

(h) 115:3.

(i) 42:8; 45:64.

(k) 121:32; 76:13; 3:9.

(l) 29:4.

though we may have been chosen to accomplish some mighty work, we may forfeit our right by improper lives.

Hence, the chosen of God are those who, by their obedience to God's laws, have shown themselves worthy of blessings. (m)

Those who have thus been chosen, because of their righteous lives, will constitute the pure people (o) which God desires in order to carry out his latter-day purposes. To this people will be entrusted the great work of bearing the Gospel to all nations; (p) and at the end of the world, Christ will come to this people to be their king, (q) and they shall judge the world, (r) To this pure people will belong only those whose lives have been pure. Men who have held membership in the Church and perhaps, have had high offices in it, prophets, apostles and bishops, but whose lives have been unrighteous, will be thrown out at the last great day, when the chosen shall dwell with Christ forever. (s)

The great purpose that permeates the Book of Doctrine and Covenants

(m) 10:67; 95:6; 105:35-37; 84:33, 34.

(o) 100:16; 43:14.

(p) 14:8.

(q) 43:29; 84:2.

(r) 64:37-43.

(s) 64:39-40.

is the teaching of such truths, giving of such admonitions, as will lead the members of the Church into the pure thoughts and honest acts that characterize those whom the Lord designates, His Chosen People. Some details of these teachings will appear in the following lesson.

QUESTIONS AND REVIEWS.

1. What is God's Church?
2. What is the foundation of this Church?
3. Where, in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, is the name, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints given to the Church? Read the passage.
4. When and where was the Church organized?
5. How is the Church governed?
6. Show that the Church has been upon earth before this age. (22:3.)
7. What is understood by God's Chosen People?
8. What is the grand destiny of those who remain faithful in the Church?
9. What is the purpose of the teachings of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

1. Give an account of the proceedings immediately connected with the organization of the Church on April 6th, 1830. (Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith, Chapter XII and XIII. History of Church, Vol. 1, Chap. VII, VIII, and IX.)
2. What led to the downfall of the Church established by Jesus Christ, while He was upon the earth? (Roberts' Ecclesiastical History.)

USAGES AND PROPRIETIES OF GOOD SOCIETY.

LESSON VIII.

PROPER STREET DEPORTMENT.

It is the constant boast of missionaries and other travelers from this people that there are no girls so bright, so beautiful and so superior in many ways as are the daughters of the Latter-day Saints. But there is one defect we must guard against, for it spoils the most beautiful face or mars the finest character; it is the

lack of good breeding, or the failure to observe the small, delicate points of behavior which mark the lady.

Gentle, lady-like manners are easily acquired, and it was a favorite saying with Sister Eliza R. Snow, quoted, we believe, from the Prophet Joseph Smith, that any man or woman who had the Spirit of

the Lord and the power of the Holy Ghost upon them, would necessarily be a lady or a gentleman of the finest quality, for the Spirit of the Lord is refining and beautifying to the extent that we will permit it to operate upon ourselves.

Let us inquire somewhat into the proper conduct of our young girls upon the street, premising our lesson by saying that there is no intention to rob our vivacious girls of their frank spontaneity nor of their girlish innocence and charm of manner; but the place for fun and frolic, noisy chatter and gay behavior is certainly not upon the street. At home the girl may be as frolicsome as she pleases; but in the street reasonable people require that she shall be modest and quiet, and especially must she talk in the low tone of voice which good breeding demands of women in public places. Observe, if you will, a lady who has attracted your attention as possessing elegant manners, and you will see that her behavior on the street is decorous and modest in the extreme.

No matter what fashion may dictate, it is considered bad taste to wear any article of clothing specially conspicuous on the street. At theatres and in carriages more elaborate costumes may be worn without comment.

Dark dresses, escaping the ground, with neatly fastened shoes, well blacked, if they are not new, a dark cloth jacket or wrap, and a modest little walking hat, are the proper items for a lady's business and morning street costume. Gloves are worn by all fashionable ladies; but the economical woman suits them to her costume, and does not wear new, glossy kid gloves with a shabby dress, nor old gloves with a new and dainty costume.

It should be unnecessary to say that gloves in which the fingers have

all come unsewn should not be worn on any occasion until they have been mended. Many eastern travellers as well as European ladies, wear strong, well made lisle thread gloves for ordinary street use.

Shoes with high French heels have no place on the street; certainly they are not to be worn by any girl who cares for her health or her future well being.

And now, when a girl is properly dressed, making sure that there are no gaps in the back of her skirt nor between her waist and belt line, that her collar is properly adjusted at the back, and that her appearance behind is as attractive as the front of her costume, let her go forth upon the street, not putting on her gloves as she walks, but having adjusted them in her own room before starting out. Would it were possible to persuade our girls to think much and often about the carriage of their bodies. Head erect, chest forward, well over the toes, and hips back, is the proper standing position for any girl to take. A slouching ungainly gait not only annoys and disgusts the onlooker, but it also has a very deleterious effect upon the girl herself. The pace should never be too rapid nor too slow. The ball of the foot, and not the heel, should strike the ground first. As a rule the lady takes the inside of the sidewalk.

If there is a crowd upon the street, follow the line of march taken by those who are going in the same direction as yourself. Above all things do not ogle, or stare, or wink at men you may meet or pass upon the street; a rapid glance will convince you at once whether you know a gentleman who is approaching or not, and if you do not know him, turn your head resolutely away and do not exchange glances in any way with strange men. If girls could hear the remarks made by

strange men, many of them drummers for business houses east and west, they would shrink with horror from giving an opportunity for such men to speak lightly of the daughters of Zion, and their behavior.

Desirable acquaintances are never made upon the street, in chance ways or in some forsaken walk; novels and romances to the contrary notwithstanding.

The girl who has been properly trained to seek the Lord for her future companion in life, will not be found walking upon the street winking at strange men nor trying to attract their attention in any way.

Another bad practice among young girls is to gather in little groups laughing and talking loudly and boisterously, nodding and glancing at every one who may pass their way. In a small country town, where there are few strangers, or none, no especial harm might come of girls gathering in innocent groups and standing temporarily upon the street, though it is not to be recommended even there.

Avoid loud talking and laughing upon the street under every condition and circumstance. Certainly no young lady would be guilty of shouting across the street, snapping her fingers, helloing or making any other noise to attract the attention of some one over the way or at some distance from her.

Introductions are sometimes made on the street, but they are not good form as a rule. If your companion stops to speak to an acquaintance, walk slowly on till she joins you or stop at some shop-window while she is talking to her friend. Should it be necessary to make an introduction on the street, the same rule would hold good as in any other introduction—the gentleman is always introduced to the

lady, and the younger person to the elder. A simple formula is, "Mrs. Smith, let me introduce my friend, Miss Jones," or "Miss Brown, may I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Harvey." It is still allowable to shake hands on an introduction, although the offer to do so should come from the elder lady to the younger or from the lady to the gentleman, never vice versa.

The necessity of being quiet and good-natured is intensified greatly when in a crowd. It is better to sacrifice a seat or a good place in a public gathering than to rudely crowd and jostle people in trying to secure your coveted seat. Better be a lady than to be comfortable, would be a proper maxim here. If you are a lady you are nearly sure to get a seat. It is the rude, boisterous, crowding woman to whom men dislike to relinquish their seats or places. By the way—do not expect everything on earth simply because you are a woman.

If you have made an undesirable acquaintance, in a ball room or at any other promiscuous gathering, you are at perfect liberty to cut such acquaintance, *for cause*, by quietly refusing to acknowledge the person when next you meet on the street. To look a person straight in the eye without a bow or formal sign of recognition is spoken of as the "cut direct," and this is almost the only weapon a woman has to rid herself of undesirable acquaintances. It is always a woman's place to speak first to a gentleman, and if he is a gentleman he will certainly wait for her to do so. Speaking about this, though, reminds one of the busy, absent-minded people whose minds are working out some problem or fashioning some story mentally while they are walking upon the street. Such students are often forgetful, and sometimes near sighted, and pass their friends by without a

sign of recognition. Be charitable to such, for no offense is intended. Do not be offended, either, if a notable or a prominent person, who may have been introduced to you, forgets to recognize you. Or if Brethren and Sisters, who travel all over the State, meeting many hundreds of people, should fail to recognize you after they have met you; remember that it would be impossible for them to recollect all the people they meet. If you wish to retain the acquaintance of such persons, go up and speak to them, telling them where they met you and who you are. Even a young girl may do this with an older woman or with some man of prominence and age.

Some women who have very good manners in other places, forget them when they enter a street car. No man on a car is *obliged* to get up and give a lady a seat—he has paid for his seat and he is perfectly justified in retaining it; therefore, if he should show you the courtesy of resigning his seat to you, the least you can do is to say “Thank you,” and in a sufficiently audible tone of voice for him to hear you. The curt form of “Thanks” is not only bad English, but bad form: “I thank you,” is the correct and suitable form in which to express your gratitude. It is unlady-like to talk loud upon street-cars, or to make much of an effort to attract the attention of a chance friend who may be across the way. It is exceedingly rude to enter into conversation with the conductor, or anybody else, as to your own business affairs. Even if a conductor be an acquaintance, it is against the rules of the company for him to talk with the passengers, excepting such conversation as is necessary to give them information, which he is always bound to do. It is not only rude, it is dishonest, to try to pass out-lawed transfers, or in any way defraud the company out

of your fare. If the conductor should happen to forget to put you off at the place where you ask to be set down, do not get angry and scold—he is only mortal, and cannot always remember everybody’s direction. Likewise, if you should happen to be carried past your destination inadvertently, keep your temper and be a lady. The friction of getting angry will cost you more in effort than would the extra block’s walk.

In riding in carriages and buggies upon the street, if you are driving yourself, you will know, of course, that you are always to turn to the right, that is in this country—in England, the rule is “Keep to the left.” You will also know that foot passengers have the right-of-way, always, everywhere. If a foot passenger saunters slowly across the road while you are waiting to get across with your restive horse, remember that he is at perfect liberty to do so, and you only show bad manners if you exhibit resentment for it. If you want to drive fast horses or run races, go out onto the race-track, where such exhibitions belong. It is optional with a lady, when she is driving, whether she will speak to foot-passengers or not, as it is also with a gentleman. No offense is taken if you fail to recognize your friends when you are out driving, for your attention is necessarily diverted in other ways.

Above all things, remember to be quiet, modest and civil, while you are out upon the street, whether walking or driving.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the boast of missionaries and travelers from the Latter-Day Saints?
2. Why is this boast not an idle one? But what detracts from its full force?
3. What do you think of a young lady who is rude and boisterous on the street?

4. What is the difference between vivacity and boisterousness?

5. How should street and walking costumes be characterized?

6. What do you think about wearing new gloves with a shabby costume; or a dainty dress with soiled and ragged gloves?

7. What can you say about high-heeled shoes?

8. What should be the carriage of the body while walking?

9. How should you conduct yourself when on a crowded street? At other times? Is there any difference; if so, what is it?

10. What can you say about flirtation? What objection is there, or what danger?

11. What can you say about girls congregating in groups on street corners, laughing and talking boisterously?

12. It is ever admissable for a

well-bred young lady to talk and laugh loudly on the street?

13. What can you say about street introductions?

14. What should be your conduct in a public place? What about trying to secure a good seat or a good place then?

15. How should you act on a street-car? What do you think about gentlemen resigning their seats to ladies on a car?

16. How would you act towards a gentleman whom you had met, but did not wish to know further?

17. What is the "cut direct?" Why is it so powerful a weapon in the hands of a woman?

18. What about busy, absent-minded people? When may a young girl properly speak to a gentleman who has not recognized her?

19. What about riding on cars without paying?

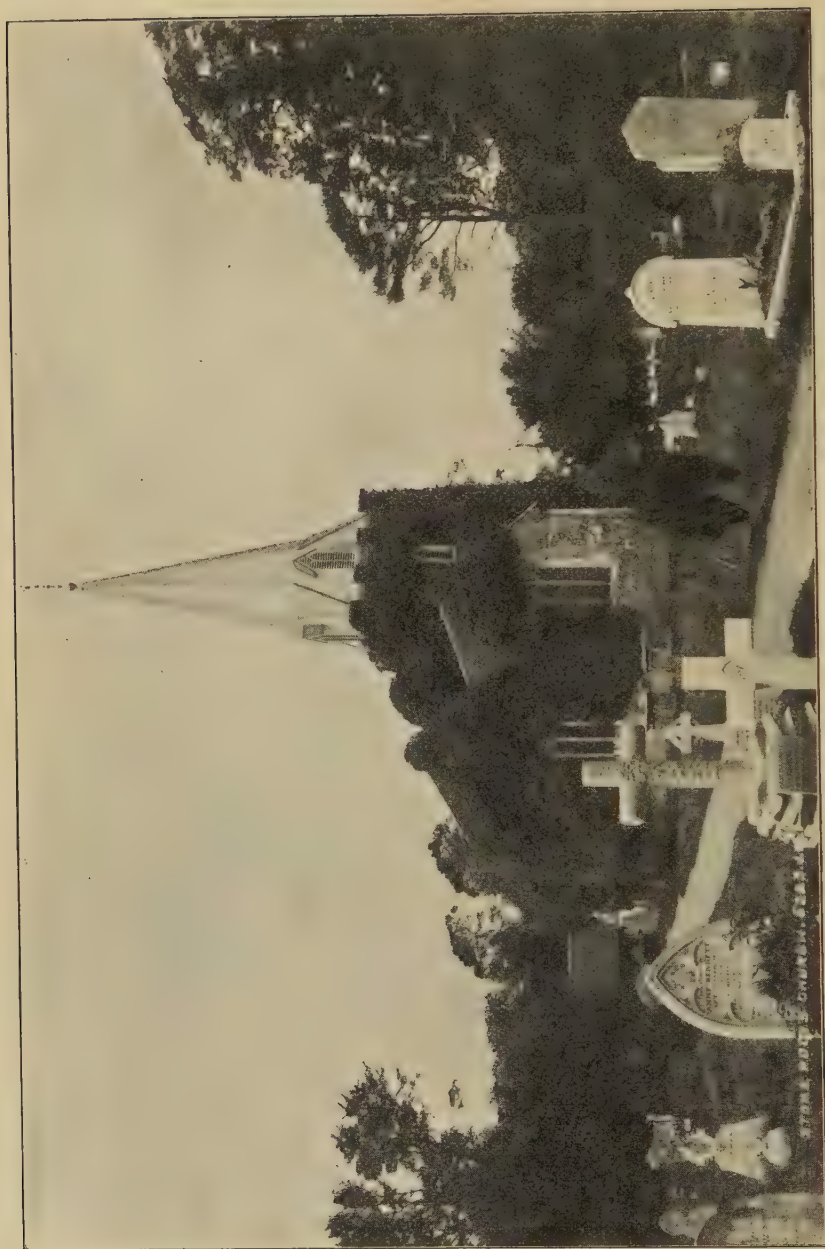
20. What of driving?

HOW SHALL WE ENTERTAIN OUR GUESTS?

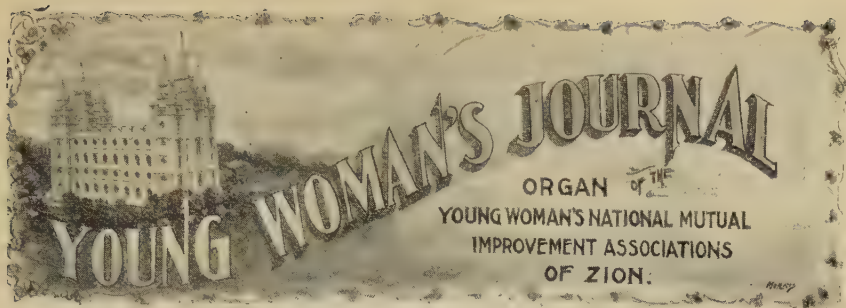
FOR LITTLE FOLKS INDOORS.

Parlor Nine Pins.—This game may be played with a large ball of yarn, or a base-ball, and twenty-one small sticks about an inch in diameter and six inches long, cut square at their ends so they will stand upright on the carpet. Arrange the sticks or "pins" at one end of the room, in the form of a triangle, the apex towards the "bowler," who is stationed at the other end of the room. The players take turns at "bowling," and the one who knocks down the largest number

of "pins" makes so many points, a point for each "pin" overturned. If a player knocks all the "pins" down at one bowl, he has another trial. If a bowler misses the "pins" altogether he suffers a penalty. The whole company may divide into two sides, one player from each side bowling alternately until all have had three bowls; then points are counted, and the members of the victorious side each receive a credit mark, while each of the losing side pays a penalty.



WHERE GRAY'S "ELEGY" WAS WRITTEN.



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WHERE GRAY'S "ELEGY" WAS WRITTEN.

K. T.

Two miles from Windsor, and not far from Eton college, is the pretty little Stoke Poges churchyard where the poet Gray is buried. Should you, who know that beautiful "Elegy" almost by heart, care to look at his grave? It is that box-like structure nearest the ivy-bor-

dered window that shows behind the large cross in the foreground. He and his mother are in the same grave. That highest tree to your left as you go toward the church is the one under which he sat when he composed the "Elegy."

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf o'er many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from hir straw built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

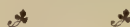
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield;
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;

Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.



Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.



Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

A TALK WITH APOSTLE BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Ann M. Cannon.

About the middle of February I was directed by President Elmina S. Taylor to go to Elder Brigham Young, President of the Quorum of the Twelve, and obtain from him a message for our girls. Most of our readers are aware that President Young has been very sick, nigh unto death. For several months he has been unable to leave his home. Knowing his precarious condition, I approached the house with considerable hesitation. The door was opened by the nurse, who answered that Sister Young had just gone up town. I gave my name and stated my errand. It was a relief to hear her say that if Brother Young was awake he would be pleased to talk with me; that he enjoyed seeing friends, and that he was now well enough to receive them. Brother Charles Wilcken and Brother Samuel R. Bateman were his constant companions, she said, and I thought of the many illustrious dead whom it had been their privilege to attend in their last moments. Truly they shall be blest for their devotion.

I was shown into the room almost immediately. The bright firelight was in strong contrast to the bitter cold of the day outside. The great arm chair, in which Brother Young passes most of his time, stood near, but at present he lay on the bed. This of itself showed an improvement, as, for some time past, his breathing had been so difficult that he seldom lay down.

He greeted me pleasantly, calling me by my given name (I had told the nurse only my surname), so I saw that he was perfectly conscious.

Brother Young commenced talking of the *Journal* at once, and gave many kind words for it, words which its editor will appreciate and treasure through a life-time. Continuing, he said:

"Oh, dear, I can't tell how often it comes to me to write for these young people. I am an awkward writer, but I wish often I could make some things known to them. But for the last year and a half I've just been unable to do anything.

"Sometimes I don't know which



PHOTO BY FOX & SYMONS.

APOSTLE BRIGHAM YOUNG.

way it 'll go. I have had indications at times that I shall live, but I am passing through the mill of suffering. On the whole, I believe I am a little better, but I have sinking days of depression.

"I have prayed the Lord to let me round out my life in the next fifteen or twenty years, so that when I meet Father I can do so as one understanding his position as President of the Twelve. Whether He will grant it or not, I can't say, but if He does, I'll try to do His work more faithfully than ever before."

The deep, sympathetic voice was silent for a moment, then he continued:

"I wonder why, when in my prime, my life was sought—why it wasn't taken! Men whose business it was to kill sought my life many

times. One ball slid along my temple, another just missed me, but I don't care to particularize. I have borne a charmed life. I've been spared not of my own efforts; Providence interposed a barrier. Now I say to myself, 'Why shouldn't I live?' But the Lord knows best.

"I'm not so particular about living as I am to do the work before me. Such opportunities for good come to few men as come to me now, and it cuts me to the quick to miss this greatest opportunity of my life. But the Lord order it. I can't. I only pray.

"The Saints remember me. I can feel their prayers lift me up. I asked one of the brethren:

"'Who prayed for me today?'

"He answered,

"'President Smith.'

"I felt lifted up beyond myself. It seemed to bring me back to all my gifts and blessings, and give me new life. And it was President Smith!" His voice thrilled, and his eyes shone with an unusual light, as if the power of that prayer still sustained and strengthened him.

Presently he spoke again,

"When the brethren came from California with President George Q. Cannon's body, I asked his son Hugh,

"Did your Pa give up?"

"He said,

"Sunday morning before his death."

"I answered, 'That Sunday morning I had a curious message from him.'

"I know I slept, for I wakened afterward. I was in the Southeast room," indicating it with his hand. "I looked right through the house, through the northwest corner. I saw a horseman riding toward me. I won't say he was a stranger, for he came to me once before, when I was in very peculiar and distressing circumstances, in 1856.

"He appeared about thirty years of age. He wore a brown beard; was well built, but rather slight. He was well dressed; his clothes set well. He had a good countenance, kind, yet thoughtful,—full of sorrow at his duty. He was mounted on a bay horse.

"The fence seemed no obstruction to him. He rode straight through it. He said,

"Hello!"

"What's the trouble?" I asked. "What's wanted?"

"I am a messenger. I've just left President Cannon, who is alive, but death is there."

"I awoke, but as I did so, I made answer,

"Well, unless he dies pretty quick, I'll go before him." I felt like my heart would break, for his news

made it swell near to bursting. He passed on toward the east.

"The next Friday President Cannon died."

President Young's whole attitude was that of a man who "loves life, but does not fear death." Those who have known him love him for his genial, happy disposition, and the sunshine it has always brought, for the kind words and loving sympathy always ready to cheer them. Now as he waits near the portal of death, thousands of prayers are wafted upward, that if it is the Lord's will he may be spared to "round out his life;" if not, that his earthly joy may be complete, ere he goes to join the illustrious father who has been a guiding star to so many lives.

"Father, not our will, but Thine be done." We leave this beloved Apostle in Thy hands, knowing that Thou "doest all things well."



Is the way so dark, O wand'rer,
Is the hill-crest wild and steep,
Far, so far, the vale beyond thee,
Where the home-lights vi-gil keep?
Still the goal lies far before thee,
Soon will fall on thee the night;
Breast the path that takes thee onward,
Fight the storm with all thy might!
Though thy heart be faint and wea-ry,
Though thy foot-steps fain would cease,

Journey onward, past the hill-crest
Lie for thee the Plains of Peace!

—Clifton Bingham.



"The great moral combat between human life
And each human soul must be single.
The strife
None can share, though by all its results may be known.
When the soul arms for battle, she goes forth alone."

—Lucile, Canto V, v. XIII.



It argues a deficiency in taste to turn over an elaborate preface unread, for it is the attar of the author's roses.
—D'Israeli.

FOR EASTER.

Kate Thomas.

The church bells ring. The chancel boasts a wealth
Of incense-breathing flowers, cold and white.
And in the windows, red and purple saints
Wade knee-deep in a mass of palest bloom.
The organ swells and sweet-voiced chorists chant.
Yet in it all there is no place for me.
I turn me to my quiet little church
Where is no show or seeming. There I find
A deeper meaning in the "He is risen!"
And faith born of a certainty breathes low
That I may rise in Him and be with Him—
The fullness of His glory taste for aye.

*The fullness of His glory! O! my soul,
Strive on, and do not doubt or be afraid!
Earth is so brief a space, nor how or why
Can matter much with such a vast Beyond.
I will be patient. The dear God who gives,
Best knoweth why He sends us sun or shower.
Our Lord is risen! Ring, ye deep-toned bells,
From yonder flower-scented holy place!
And ring, oh, ring, ye joy-bells of my heart!
Let fragrant fancies waft their faint perfume
Adown the transepts. So for one quick breath,
E'er any thought of earth steals in to mar,
I dedicate my inner house of prayer;
For one quick breath it is His trysting place
Where He comes being risen.*

A PEACE OFFERING.

Julia A. Farnsworth-Lund.

In a quiet little home in San Francisco George Hamilton and his mother sat together. A suppressed emotion, a gentle sadness was manifest in both, though each made a great effort at cheerfulness for the other's sake.

When war with Spain was declared, and President McKniley made the call for volunteers, George had been among the first in his state to respond. His mother was not at all surprised, for she knew her boy's inclinations, and she had ever felt that some time the army would claim him.

That afternoon, Mrs. Hamilton had gone to the "Presidio" to see the California boys in their final drill before they sailed for Manila. After his duties were over, George had obtained permission to spend this last evening with his mother. They had always lived very near to each other, and now that the time for parting had come, it was hard indeed!

"Mother, of course I have some knowledge of your past, and it is a subject that is painful to you, I know; for that reason I have ever been delicate about broaching it to you. This may be the last opportunity we shall have of talking together, for a long time, at least. I do really want to know something of my father, and the reason for your separation. Forgive me, mother dear, if this pains you, but don't you think it is right for you to tell me?"

Mrs. Hamilton turned very white, and her voice was tremulous as she replied:

"George, my son, I am greatly relieved that you have made this re-

quest. I have long felt that I ought to talk to you about this, but have not had the courage to begin.

"As you know, I was born in Colorado. My father died when I was a babe, so I received all my mother's love and attention. She gave me good advantages, but she spoiled me! I grew up vain and selfish, and always considered my wishes of paramount importance.

"Our home was not far from the United States military post. I suppose I was pretty, for I received marked attention from several young officers, but mother ever watched over me with jealous care. At seventeen, however, I thought myself old enough to judge of what I wanted.

"About this time I met your father, who was the first and only love of my life. He was then a second lieutenant. After six months' delightful acquaintance, we were married. Mother did not wish me to marry so young, but I had my own way in this, as in all else.

"Your father was young, affectionate, handsome and intelligent; he was in every sense a good man, except that he had a fiery temper, over which he did not have the best control.

"We had not been married long when clouds began to gather. I could not leave my mother, for she had no one else in the world, and while I know she would have given her life for my sake, she was the cause of my greatest sorrow. Your father and I were both unwise, but I think that if we had been alone, our little difficulties might easily have been adjusted. But mother always took sides with me, whether I

was right or wrong. This made my husband very angry, and hot words were exchanged between them. Things finally reached a crisis. I had to decide between my mother and my husband! My heart cried out for him, but what I considered duty said, 'Stay with your mother! She has devoted her whole life to you, and you are all she has!'

"For the first time I considered another's happiness before my own, and I remained with mother.

"Whether my course was right or wrong, I have never been able to decide. If wrong, my justification is that I thought mother needed me most, and I was angry at my husband for forcing me to choose between them.

"About this time your father's regiment was ordered to another post. I refused to accompany him. I have never seen nor heard from him since.

"I need not tell you how I suffered! The great barren mountains reflected the loneliness of my heart. I never knew until your father left me, how much I loved him. I had started a new course of life, however, and was determined to follow it to the end. I never reproached mother for her share in my trouble, and I tried not to let her see how unhappy I was.

"Mother's health was not good in Colorado, I was eager for a change of scene, so two months after your father left we sold our home and moved to this city, where we have lived ever since.

"Your grandmother died when you were five years old. I do not know if your father is still in the army or whether he is yet living or not. He may have tried to find me, and if he had done so I should have gone back to him. I know you could have made the peace between us. My pride forbade me to seek him—for you know he left me—and I was

not sure that he would still love me.

"It has been very hard to live alone, but I have done the best I could for you, and you will never know how dear you are to your mother. I have not persuaded you to abandon your chosen profession, for it is your inheritance; but remember, my son, your mother trusts you to be a good man, and to honor your father's name, even if he does not know you."

The next day George sailed out of the "Golden Gate" on one of the large United States transports. A soldier by birth, he was prepared for the inconveniences and trials of that life. The vessels were very crowded, and the food was not always the best; this was taken as a matter of course.

After a voyage of a little more than a month, the transports were escorted into the harbor of Manila by the United States cruiser "Boston." In the difficult task of landing the guns, George displayed great skill for one so young in the art of war. In fact, he attracted the attention of an officer of the regular army who had been detailed to superintend this work. Calling an aide to him, he said,

"See that young fellow over there? He'll make a soldier. We'll hear of him in the future! Find out who he is. I want to know."

In the stirring days that followed, however, all attention was centered in the great struggle that proved so brief, yet so decisive. When alone for a few moments the colonel's thoughts always returned to the volunteer and the guns.

"It is strange how the sight of that boy affected me! I wonder who he was? I must find out!"

The light battery to which George belonged had done excellent work. Through his skill in handling the guns in the trenches he had quickly

risen from the ranks to second lieutenant.

The victory at Luzon had caused the heart of America to swell with pride, and now both sides were preparing for the final engagement which took place at Malate.

Dewey's fleet poured a fire on the fort, from the one side, while on the other, the land forces succeeded in driving the Spanish from their last stronghold. The work of the western volunteers in this engagement is a bright page in the country's history.

The colonel who had seen the guns landed, was in command of the regiment that attacked the enemy's left. The struggle was nearing a most satisfactory end, when the colonel saw something that caused a fierce tide of indignation to surge over him. Just beyond the range of the American field pieces was a low hill covered with a dense growth of underbrush; on its summit was a high pole, from which the Spanish ensign floated. Several feet below this, the American flag was hung upside down, and at intervals, it was torn by a volley of bullets. For any American to attempt the rescue of his beloved banner, meant certain death. It was evident that a cowardly foe was concealed in the bushes and would unhesitatingly shoot anyone down if he came within the range of their weapons.

The colonel grasped the situation at a glance. It was a fearful chance to take, but for the honor of his country, he hoped an attempt would be made to stop such a sacrilege. He dared not leave his post, there was too much at stake, or he would have gone himself.

Yes! There was a boy in blue going toward those flags! What was it that made the colonel's cheek flush, then pale, and his heart beat almost to suffocation? Was it the

splendid patriotism, the daring bravery of the act? Yes, and more. He had seen that form before. Distant as the boy was, he knew that. Where had it been? He remembered! The day the guns were landed in the harbor of Manila! He would stake his life on it! "Heavens! will he reach the flags before he is shot down? He has been wounded! See his left arm drop! God! what a craven soul it must be, who can shoot at such a hero! Will he turn back? Poor boy! that last ball must have struck him in the shoulder! But see, by heaven, he is still going on! His hat has been shot off. Splendid! Glorious! He has almost reached the pole! Will he do it? Another shot! Did it strike him? Why doesn't some one see him and go to help him? He has reached the rope—and—yes, he has cut it! There falls the Spanish flag! Now, if he can only save the 'stars and stripes!' God cannot let such magnificent courage fail! Another volley! He must be shot almost to pieces! But see how he tugs at the rope, with his one arm—and—yes! —With superhuman strength he pulls his own flag down! It shall no longer be so insulted. Nothing else on earth except that flag is worth such precious blood."

The colonel stood up in his stirrups, waved his arms wildly and shouted aloud in his excitement. Just as the boy fell, however, a party of horse passed before the colonel, and when he could again command a view of the hill, the boy was no longer there.

The colonel swore that he would find him. As soon as the battle was over and he was relieved from duty, he began the search. He told the story to every one he met. In the intense excitement of the fight, few had seen the chivalrous rescue of the flag, though many had seen the insult to it.

The day after the battle of Malate, the colonel sat in his quarters, very much disheartened. He had sought unceasingly for some trace of the young hero, but had found none. He was tortured by the thought that perhaps the desperadoes had captured him.

"Surely God is too merciful to permit such a thing as that! I can't understand why the sight, or even the thought of that boy has so strange, so powerful an effect on me!"

Just then an orderly entered and saluted.

"Colonel, a messenger is waiting outside. He is from the hospital corps and has been here several times before in search of you. He says there is a young man who wishes very much to see you. He is terribly wounded, and the nurse said if you delayed coming it would be too late."

The colonel went out at once and accompanied the messenger to a kind of hut where some of the sick and wounded soldiers were. The nurse was waiting for him.

"Colonel, I am so glad you have come. This boy was brought in after Malate, and is so frightfully wounded that he cannot possibly recover. His suffering is awful, but he bears it with the most remarkable patience and fortitude that I have ever seen. He clings to a tattered and blood-stained flag as if it were the dearest thing in life, and his only anxiety seems to be that he may die before he sees you."

She led him to the rude cot where George Hamilton lay. There was something inexpressibly pathetic in the scene. George was scarcely twenty years of age, and he looked much younger now. His face was white and drawn. His heavy brown hair fell over his damp forehead. His eyes were closed, and

he appeared to be resting. It seemed a pity to disturb him.

The colonel's heart beat fast, and he regarded him closely. But as George opened his large dark eyes so full of suffering, and fixed them on the colonel, the officer gave a great start and turned pale as death.

"In God's name who are you, boy? No, no—it can't be! It is impossible! You look so much like one I knew years ago that it quite upset me! But forgive me; you are very ill, and I must not excite you. You wished to see me, I believe. What can I do for you, my boy?"

Such a scene was not new to the colonel, for he had seen much active service. He was a sympathetic man and suffering always distressed him, but never had he experienced such emotion before. "Who could the boy be?" He was positive he had seen him twice before. Yet how he knew it he could not tell.

George's voice was very weak. It was with evident effort that he spoke. "Yes—I—wished to see you. I shall—not go—home—to—my—mother here. Please—nurse—give—me—a—little—stimulant—I—only—wish—to—live—to—say—a—few—words—to—the—colonel. Thank—you. When—you—go—back—to—San Francisco—please—go—to—my mother. Nurse—has—her—address. Tell—her—that—her—son—never—betrayed the—trust she had in—him,—and—give—her—this—flag. Those—dark—stains—on—it—are—my—blood. Say that I—died—to—save—the 'stars and stripes!'"

The colonel's face worked convulsively and he was shaken by the emotion he sought to control.

"So you are the boy who tore down the ensign of Spain and saved your country's flag! Now

God be praised, I have found you!"

A look of great joy came into the boy's sweet brown eyes.

"You—saw—it? Then—you—can tell—mother! I can die—content!"

"Yes, I saw it! In my life I have seen splendid achievements, glorious deeds, but never anything that equaled yours! It was worth living a life time to see! It will be the pride and pleasure of my life to do anything you may ask of me! You speak of your mother! Have you not a father also, who can claim the honor of such a son?"

A faint smile, sweet as an angel's, lighted the boy's face for an instant.

"Yes, I—have—a—father—whom—I am—proud to—call—by—that name. But—he—does—not know—me,—nor—did—I—know—him—until—I—came—here. Now I—have—found—him—to—be all—that—is—good—and—true—so I am sending—him—as—the—messenger—to—my—mother!"

"I knew it! I knew it! No—no! You don't mean!—It can't be! It can't be! I never had a son!"

"Not—that—you—knew—of! You—are—Colonel—George Hamilton—are—you—not?"

"Yes."

"That was—my—father's name—and—mine—also—; my mother—was Florence Howarth. I was—born—seven—months—after my parents—separated.—The—first—time—I—saw—you—I was drawn to—you—by something—I—could not understand.—I watched you—and—found—out—all—I—could—about—you. The moment—I—heard—your—name—I knew you were—my—father.—Mother once said—that—as—I—had—been the sole—comfort—of—her—life—I would—be—her—peace—offering to you—if you—ever—found—us. Perhaps that was—my—mission—

in—life—and—if—you—will take me—as—such—I—am—reconciled to—die. The—wish of my—life is—gratified—that—I—can—call you—father—for—once. My—mother—will—be—all—alone—in the—world—except—for—you—whom—she—still—loves—with all her heart. If I—have—done—a—little—service—for—my—country—and—reunited—my—parents—that—is—all—I—wish—for—!"

His voice was but a faint whisper, and his father listened with intense eagerness for each precious word.

"Oh, Florence, and I did not know of this priceless gift from heaven. I have loved your mother, my boy, and I have wanted her, every hour since we parted. I went back to the old home as soon as I could leave my post. It was never my intention to leave her except for a very short time. But I could find no trace of her. My search was in vain for so long that at last I came to the conclusion she wished to conceal her whereabouts from me. But I will go back to her and devote my whole life to her! Every wish of yours shall be sacredly respected. Thank God, I was not too late! Oh, my darling boy—must you go?" Deep sobs shook the frame of this powerful man.

For a time George lay quiet—with his father's hand in his. Suddenly he opened his eyes wide, and in a clear, strong voice, he said: "Father, my pain is all gone! I can see mother! Kiss me once for her—and now—good-by!"

Even as his father caught him in his arms, his soul passed into the great eternity. The grief-stricken father pressed the cold form to his heart with passionate tenderness, and pressed kiss after kiss on the sweet white face, which was wet with his tears.

All the love and longing of the lonely man's lifetime seemed to burst forth now and demand expression. Then, with more than woman's gentleness, he laid the dear form back on the rude bed, and brushed back the soft brown hair, from the noble brow.

"Yes, Florence, this is our boy! I see you in every line of his dear face! It would have been cruel to prolong his agony—but he was so young to die! And what glorious possibilities there were in life for such a soul as his! Oh! if I could have had him with me for just a little while!"

Then he picked up the tattered flag and placed it over the dear form. "Oh, my God! it was too much! The sacrifice was too great!

Nothing in all the world is worth such precious blood as this!"

When at last the storm of grief subsided it was evening, and as the colonel walked forth into the soft moonlight, a gentle peace stole over him.

"My soul claimed him the first time I saw him! He is not lost—for his sweet memory will be the glory of my life! Florence, Florence, the love of my youth, the mother of my son! I will come back to you, and together we will share the sorrow and the splendor of our boy hero! This will be our pleasure, this will be our punishment, 'A peace offering!' Ah, heaven, yes! It is always so! The blood of earth's purest and best must atone for the follies of others! Must ever, ever be—'A peace offering!'"

A PICTURE OF WINTRY KCLICKITAT.

Maud Baggarley.

Heavily covered with forests
And crowned with winter snow,
The mountains look distant, gloomy
and grand
From the wind-swept valley below.

Drear are the fields, with stubble,
Bereft of their golden grain,
And the gray clouds above mountain
and valley
Foretell the coming rain.

On the mountains—in the valley—
Grow the pine trees dark and tall,
And their wildly tossing branches
Mock the winds, which thro' them call.

O'er mountain, valley and pine tree
Are falling the shadows of night,
And there comes to you then
A vision—'tis the valley flooded with
light.

IN THE HEART OF A BOY.

Susa A. Talmage.

"And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here: for He is risen."

It was the Friday before Easter. The boys and girls came to school that morning with white envelopes, and pasteboard boxes done up in paper.

These things were smuggled into desks and books, when owners were not looking, and when opened proved to contain dainty cards with the season's greetings thereon, and fresh flowers packed in tissue paper.

We had talked a great deal about the time of Easter; all during the week; we had even brought our little Testament to school and read with lowered voices the first sad part of the story, and had taken to ourselves the gladness of His Rising.

Our Easter lily was in bloom in the south window, too, and so the children had brought to school their little tokens for one another.

But all day long I watched for even the tiniest card or one little blossom to find its way into the last desk in the room. This was the seat of Martha Jemima. Martha Jemima was a new girl in our department, and the children had softened the harsh name down to "Mattie." She did not get along very well with the other pupils, and in truth she was not an attractive child.

But I knew that she was almost hoping against hope that some girl would remember her, but when noon came and nothing had gone to her, I decided upon a plan.

Several times that morning the boy with light hair had come to me and started to say something, but every time had stopped short, and marched back to his seat. It was my purpose to send him on the errand to the book store. So, when I said,

"Clifford, will you go down town for me?" he answered,

"Yes, ma'am, only—only, I wish you would do something for me first."

"Certainly," I answered. Then the boy with light hair trudged to his desk and came back, bringing a square box.

Inside was a pretty card, and a bunch of violets wrapped in oiled paper.

"It's, it's for Martha Je—, Mattie," he said, hanging his head. "You see, I didn't suppose she'd get anything, being as she's new here, so I got her this. But I want you to put her name on it, 'cause maybe she'd know my writin'."

The name was written and when she was out of the room for a moment the box was put into her desk.

She did not know from whom it came, but I knew, and so did a boy with light hair. And when the happiness came into her eyes as she undid the parcel, a certain boy in the room tried not to show how glad he was about it, too, but became all of a sudden most unusually interested in the geography preparation.



MUSIC AND "THE MASTERS."

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

Edyth Ellerbeck.

Posterity does not measure a man's genius by his physical stature; but the public that decides upon an artist's credentials to fame during his lifetime, often does. Big, self-confident Handel, whose broad shoulders seemed to match a giant intellect, impressed at first sight and compelled recognition. Reverses he could meet fairly, "from the shoulder" as it were. No meek waiting for royal patronage as a prop for him,—“Recognize and support my talent here or I will go elsewhere for appreciation,” was his dictum, and his public was glad to accord him honor. Not so with his countryman and brother-artist, Wolfgang Mozart. Mozart was a pigmy beside the giant Handel, and to his lack of a commanding personality

may be laid his failure to succeed—that is, to succeed in a worldly sense. Artistically his own times accounted him a wonder, but that was a meager consolation when the same public left him in need of the common necessities of life. Even the woman he loved laughed at the “grande passion” in such a funny little man!

Wolfgang Mozart was one of the most highly gifted, versatile and richly endowed geniuses who ever adorned the art of music. He was the greatest “Infant Prodigy” the world has ever known. By the time he was four his father, a musician, began to give him lessons, and when he was less than five years old the boy wrote an intelligible and correctly written composition for

the piano. When he was six his proud father began to travel with him. All over Europe the child was greeted as a marvel. The Austrian emperor called him the "little magician," and the ladies of the aristocracy went wild over him. If his talent in later years had brought equal recognition, Mozart would not have lived next door to starvation in his last days. This first tour was brought to a sudden close by a very natural, infantile, but none the less importunate complaint—scarlet fever.

The next tour, when the little fellow was less than nine years old, included England, where George III manifested great interest in the wonderful young master. At sixteen his works numbered one hundred and sixty-five, including three operas and several symphonies.

From the time he was fourteen he had been assistant conductor at Salzburg in the service of the prince archbishop, who was a small-souled man, wholly unworthy of the service that Mozart rendered him. It was owing to the selfish, narrow despotism of this shabby prelate that Mozart owed many of the misfortunes of his own and his father's life. Talent in those days was almost wholly dependent upon the patronage of the aristocracy, and when such aid was withheld it was a sorry day for the genius. Mozart chafed under the inappreciation of those in power, but had not the vigor or practical independence to command success elsewhere.

In 1782 he was married to Constance Weber, younger sister of her who had first enchanted him. The marriage was another calamity in a life never too prosperous. His young wife was neither his equal in intellect or superior in prudence, and the pair soon found themselves in a sea of difficulties from which

the struggling artist was nevermore free.

In 1786 there came the greatest triumph of his life. "The Marriage of Figaro" was produced at Vienna, and a crowded house applauded every number to the echo, the emperor himself leading the applause. Some one writes of it afterwards, "Nothing is talked of here but Figaro. The people attend no opera but Figaro. It is nothing but Figaro!"

Today the Figaro is the most popular of all Mozart's operatic works. The opera has two equally prominent soprano roles, and last year in San Francisco these were filled by Emma Eames and Madam Sembrich, and the city went wild over the magic beauty of the music interpreted by the two world-famed artists. In the California city as in Vienna, over a hundred years ago, "Nothing was talked of but Figaro."

Incredible as it may seem in these days of fortunes made in a single night, this great success did not improve his position in money affairs very greatly. Mozart composed incessantly, played at numerous concerts, grew into favor with the court and nobility, yet to the last day of his life his purse remained empty. Imprudence and lack of business ability are certainly to blame in some measure for this, but not less so were the lukewarm friends who permitted shrewd managers and Mozart's many enemies to rob him of the just fruits of his labor.

A curious incident connected with the close of Mozart's life has surrounded his death with mystery. One day a messenger came to him with an order for a "Requiem" which was to be unsigned, and for which he was to receive a large sum of money. It has since been ascertained that the unknown patron was Count Walsegg, an amateur

desirous of being considered a great composer. It was his intention to have the work performed as his own. Mozart was worn by hard work and financial worry and needed the money. He set to work on the Requiem, but it preyed upon his mind so curiously that one day he exclaimed, "I am sure this will be my own 'Requiem.'" Without having quite completed the work he died, and his premonition proved correct. The "Requiem" was given at his own funeral.

That funeral was a disgrace to the court, the emperor, the public, society itself. One of the greatest composers of all time, went to his final resting place unattended by a single friend, and his body was lowered into a pauper's grave.

But the world that accorded him

so few earthly joys had not been able to rob him of the sunshine of his art. The man who can write such works as his has higher joys than the world can give. Emerson wrote, "Every sentence must have a man back of it," and equally true is the saying of a certain original spirit of our day, "The song that sings itself right into our lives must be backed up by soul." The tender grace and sweetness of Mozart, like the conceptions of a Raphael in painting, show the quality of his soul.

A sentiment from his own lips shows us better than any word of a biographer his worth as a man, and stamps him as a member of the world's real aristocracy:

"The heart is man's title to nobility."

There is never a grief
 But some good too is given
 Though the joy may be brief,
 There is never a grief
 That does not find relief
 In a blessing from heaven.
 There is never a grief
 But some good too is given.

—K.

ENTER NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Alice K. Smith.

The summer season is drawing near. Our places of amusement and our pleasure resorts, the beautiful Saltair, Lagoon, the Salt Palace and many gardens and parks will be thrown open for the entertainment of our boys and girls and the general public. Many of our girls may be given their freedom to go and come as they please, without a chaperon; They too often go unguarded and as free as the birds of the air. And I believe that many times, in their free, impulsive manner, they do and say foolish things that condemn them in the judgment of others, while their hearts may be pure and innocent before God. But it is this familiarity that exists among many of our young people, their unguarded and silly conduct, commenced, perhaps, in thoughtlessness and folly, that is very likely to lead to transgression and sin. Therefore we plead with the girls, with all the strength and fervency that we possess, be guarded in your manner, be reserved, modest and dignified. Avoid even the appearance of sin, lest you be wrongfully accused, or be led on step by step, until, in an evil moment, you fall, blasting and ruining the prospects of your future life, bringing shame and sorrow to your parents.

A few weeks ago a poor heart-broken mother came to me with the sad story that her eldest daughter, once the pride of her heart, the joy of her widowed home, had fallen in sin. She had married her betrayer to help cover her shame. After a few short weeks a baby came. The baby that might have been received with joy now came in the midst of sorrow and humiliation. The young mother gazed

through bitter tears of regret at her beautiful child; under proper conditions it would have been through tears of joy and gratitude.

The affectionate grandmother, still a young woman, if all had been right, would have rejoiced over her beautiful grandbaby. She said,

"The light has gone out of my life. My heart is broken. I am bowed down in sorrow and shame. My daughter has made for herself a bed of thorns. She will never recover what she has lost, nor ever be what she might have been." And she moaned and cried like her heart would break.

She was poor and obliged to leave her home many times to earn food for herself and children. And the daughter whom she loved and trusted had, in her absence, allowed freedom and familiarity on the part of her lover that led to this pitiable condition. Had her conduct been modest and reserved in the absence of her mother, and at all times, how much brighter would her life and prospects have been.

Do we blame the girl, the woman entirely? No, indeed! But it is she who suffers most. And we do know that when she is adorned with that most beautiful crown that woman can wear—modesty, virtue and chastity, that she has great power and influence for good over mankind. Then she has the reins in her hands. Then she can command the respect of all men; even the libertine is awed in her presence. But when she loses that crown, God pity her! Even he who was her companion in sin in nine cases out of ten, will cease to love her. And where he does continue to cherish her, is it the same pure, holy and

confiding love that would have existed had they been modest and reserved, and she in a dignified manner repulsed any liberty he might have taken?

Oh, girls, how much sorrow, remorse and shame could be avoided if you would conduct yourselves at home and abroad, night and day, as if the eyes of your parents were upon you! No man truly loves you who will seek to bring disgrace upon your name. If his intentions are pure and holy, then he looks upon you as the future wife of his bosom, the mother of his children. He would rather pluck out his own eyes than bring shame upon you. Your purity, modesty and reserved manner will win and preserve the confidence and love of a good man.

However, it is possible that those possessed of the purest and most honorable intentions may be overcome and yield to temptations, thoughtlessly or wantonly thrown in their way. I knew of a case where a fine, promising young man with bright prospects before him, with great hopes and ambitions for the future, fell in love with a beautiful girl. His intentions were good and pure. He would have shuddered at the thought of committing sin. But through the unseen power of the adversary, the conditions and temptations that surrounded them, and above all the familiarity and freedom that existed between them, they transgressed. And he, in his humiliation and remorse, his disappointment over his blighted hopes and ruined prospects, cried in his anguish:

"The woman tempted me. Had she repulsed me, had she been modest and dignified, all would have been well."

And he hardened his heart against her, and the home that might have been an ideal one, was

a wreck, and ended at last in the divorce courts.

I believe many pure spirits have been born into this world who, surrounded by temptation and evil, have fallen in sin and become wicked and corrupt, when, if they could have been warned and guarded until they grew a little older and stronger, their lives might have been so different.

In my girlhood days I became acquainted with one of the purest, sweetest girls I ever knew. She had such high and holy thoughts and aspirations, such beautiful ideas, I considered her an exemplary young lady, a fit companion for any one. She was thrown into temptation and in an unguarded moment fell. She did not continue in her sin. She repented with all her heart and soul, and I believe, from the confidence that she has placed in me, that her whole life has been spent in sorrow and repentance. I believe that God has forgiven her, that He looks in mercy and compassion upon her. But though He has forgiven, though He loves her, He has not wiped away the remembrance; He has not removed the scar. And there are times when that scar burns and scorches like flame, and she would give her life over and over again to undo that wrong act of her life. I believe that scar will burn, at times, as long as life and being exist. This is the penalty. When we break the laws of God, we must pay the penalty.

Should our children fall by the wayside, but repent with all their hearts, and we knew that it was a true repentance, we would forgive them, we would receive them with open arms, we would do all we could to help them, so long as they kept in the path of duty. But we could not wipe away the remembrance, we could not make them

just what they would have been, any more than we could restore a beautiful vase or ornament we prized and held dearly, that was thrown down and shattered. We could gather up the pieces and paste them carefully together and place a bow of ribbon over the marred and broken place. We could still put it on our shelf. Our friends might admire it, but their words of praise and admiration would sting us to the heart, for we would know that it was not what it appeared to be. It was scarred and broken. This would be our feeling in regard to our children, only intensified.

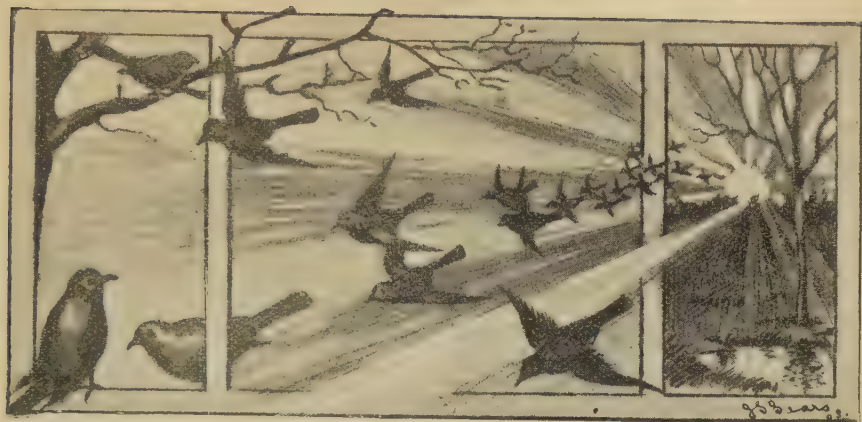
I firmly believe that in ninety-nine cases in every one hundred, where women have fallen, it has not been on account of their low and lustful nature, but on account of their impulsive, confiding and loving hearts. Satan and his legions of evil spirits are abroad upon the face of the land, and they laugh at the fall of a beautiful daughter of Zion. They know that when she loses her virtue, she loses her glory, and many times becomes a tool in their hands.

The first time I saw "Faust" played it was a sermon to me. I shall never forget the horror I felt when the demon, Mephisto, laughed in glee at the fall of the beautiful Marguerite. How many beautiful Marguerites have lived and died, not on the stage, but in real life! Satan has rejoiced at the fall of each one, and his influence has helped to bring it about.

What a sorrowful sight to see our girls, beautiful, bright and intelligent, just budding into womanhood, stricken down in death. This is no uncommon sight. Many parents are called upon to lay their daughters away in the silent tomb, knowing they will never see them again in this life. Their home is

empty and desolate. Yet this is nothing to compare with having our daughters lose their virtue. What a calamity! How void must be that soul from which chastity has fled! How bitter the remorse when the realization of its loss first bursts upon the terrified victim! No matter what the circumstances that led to it, no matter who the persons may be, if they have ever been taught the value of virtue, when the loss is first realized the sensation must be agonizing. Remorse overwhelms the conscience, self-respect has received a shattering blow.

Webster has said: "The loss of chastity is a permanent loss to the person." Calvin said, "It is true my hand is defiled by theft and murder, my tongue by perjury, my whole body with drunkenness, but fornication leaves a stain that is not left by any other sin." There are no people in the world who know better than we, who claim to be Latter-day Saints, the value of virtue and the importance of its preservation. The revelations of ancient times, as well as those God has given to us teach that if we wish to be redeemed in His kingdom, that if we wish to gain a crown and be able to associate with the sanctified in the eternal worlds, we must observe and keep the law of chastity. There must be no trifling with this law, no unholy association with the wicked. We must shun such as we would contact with contagious disease. As with the people, so with the nation. One of the great causes of the downfall of empires, which in ages past held dominion in the world, and now have passed away, leaving only a heap of ruins to mark where once they stood in grandeur, was a disregard of the law of chastity. Nations and races who kept this law have grown in power and prosperity. So may it be with Zion.



THE ROBIN IS HERE!

Annie Pike.

O the robin is here! the robin is here!
With his red, red breast;
From the blue-bent West
To the sun-sent east
Is the joy increased,
For the robin is here! here! here!

O the robin is here! the robin is here!
With his low, low call
Where the sun-beams fall,
And his breast gleams bright
Like a red lamp's light,
For the robin is here! here! here!

O the robin is here! the robin is here!
And the brown, brown leas
Of the unclad trees,
With a voice glad, sing
Of the heart-heard spring,
For the robin is here! here! here!

LOVE THAT AVAILS.

(Continued.)

Josephine Spencer.

IV.

The reaction that came after the period of unusual excitement, with its under chords of heartache, brought Ruth to a state of both mental and physical prostration. Its climax came that night, when Elmer, fretting in selfish discomfort, under the unaccustomed grievance of neglect, brought the affair to its conclusion. The continued visits of Will Crofton had brought to him the first acute realization of what the severance of his association with Ruth would mean; and though acknowledging the fact that there must be an inevitable end to their relations, yet, like a man self-consigned to the fatal eddies of a whirlpool, he fought selfishly to prolong his hold upon his dearly-sold treasure.

It was the evening following Minna's departure, and that also of his usual call, and he entered with the privileged air of an old-timer, but with a feeling of foreboding under the thin layer of affected ease.

"I am missing my pupil," he said lightly, "and I believed we might comfort each other by exchanging condolences."

For a moment Ruth swayed in the mental posture to which she had been keyed. The old ring of tender sympathy in his voice was dangerous in her present collapsed mood. How much that sense of kindredship and solace would have meant to her in this time of sore struggle and need, had its source been the pure spring of genuine emotion!

Ruth felt that she was letting go from her life every prop to which she had held with feminine, clinging instinct, in the stress of her undue responsibility and loneliness. There was a sense of spiritual giddiness within her as Elmer spoke, yet no hint of the struggle nor sacrifice was on the surface.

"The intent is a kind one, if genuine," she said. "But I fear no adequate condolences are possible in either case. I expect to gain my sole comfort from the quiet following this past whirl of excitement, and the only appropriate one for you to seek, as I see it, is a new pupil."

She was standing by the fireplace, as she had been when he entered, and he took a quick step towards her.

"What is all this, Ruth—there is something secret here, and I must know it. You surely do not mean that Minna's absence must break up these ideal relations of the past year."

"I am my only chaperon now," she answered, "and the decree of that austere personage is that I must not permit associations that might be misconstrued to mine and other's mutual embarrassment. Neither you nor I wish to pose as people of serious intention, and the easiest way is for us to spare ourselves the misapprehension of our friends by being politic in time."

He was white under her calm indifference.

"If there is nothing of genuine feeling to counterbalance this cold-blooded, worldly view," he said, "I

suppose the mandates of this newly fledged duenna must stand."

Her clear gray eyes held his steadily.

"You agree, do you not, however, that from all points of view, Minna's absence leaves you no logical foothold here?"

The scarlet rushed into his face and his wavering glance fell.

For a space there was silence. In it love and selfishness measured finally their claims. The combat ended abruptly. His voice was low with repressed feeling, yet under all was the dominant instinct to pose, equably, between two definite positions.

"The world will always win against sentiment with women, I fear," he said, with self-immolation in his tone. "And since you have chosen this autocrat for your mentor, I suppose I can only yield to your will. I surmise," he went on with pale lips, "that this really means farewell?"

"In one sense," she answered. "But there is, of course, a non-committal intermediate position"—

"I decline to occupy it," he cried angrily, and left her with no other word.

The next morning the reaction which had been winning steadily came to a head. When Ruth awoke from her few hours' sleep and looked out at the gray skies and newly fallen snow, it seemed so like the fitting obsequies for her life's prospects, that it was a struggle to rise and meet the new day's demands.

The boys had forgotten to chop kindling-wood, and she stood in the shed door wielding the axe with numb fingers, her dazed mind corresponding with them in feeling. Suddenly a block flew up under her awkward blow. There was a stinging sensation in her temple, then all was absolute and blissful oblivion.

When she roused she was in the house, with the frightened children crying around her, and a face, unfamiliar, yet dimly recognized, bending near her, while strong hands chafed her own. She noted dimly the high brow and finely shaped head, and then, as the blood began to surge warmly under the firm touch, she realized all. She struggled to rise, but could not, and was reluctantly conscious of a sense of confidence in the quiet masterfulness of tone in which he admonished her, and quelled the clamors of the excited children.

"Go and bring my mother," he said to Dolph," and then, as the quiet, sober-faced little woman appeared, he put the situation in a few forceful words, and left them together. The quick sense of seriousness and responsibility effected something like a transformation in the doubtful and reluctant attitude of the woman. She quickly bandaged Ruth's temple, and then, finding her restored from actual danger, directed her attention to the tasks which Ruth's accident had brought to a standstill.

There had been no intimacy between the two women. Ruth's friendliness had not gone beyond the casual recognition of her neighbor, in the inevitable meetings brought about through their close quarters, and the other's quiet acceptance of the situation and gentle ministrations, brought a pang of shamed compunction to her heart. There was neither servility, propitiation nor resentment in her air—only that of prompt and ungrudging ministration in the face of urgent need, and it brought a soothing sense to Ruth, even with the accompanying one of reluctant submission to its unobtrusive claims.

The children had grown quiet, and, having eaten the breakfast prepared by deft fingers, at Ruth's

insistence went to school, Ruth asserting that an hour's rest would restore her to her wonted equilibrium.

But the hour passed with no change in her helpless condition. The mental strain, coupled with the recent shock, had done its work, and her body lay for the time being, the helpless victim of her inert will. And around her couch flitted like a gray-winged angel the little woman whom she had almost openly slighted for the past six months! With too little will remaining to be assertive, Ruth relinquished herself to the gently arbitrary arrangement, surprised to note, as the moments sped, with what little repulsion she accepted them. There was something in the near presence of the tabooed neighbors, that had the effect of the falling of a dark mask from gentle features. Her imagination had conjured up false personalities from the fabric of current rumors and tales, and she accepted this pouring of coals as the severest punishment her fault could have suffered.

For two weeks she bided a dependent upon the kind services of her neighbor. None of the children were competent to take up the manifold duties of the house, and her friends outside, though sympathetic and willing, had all their own individual claims that would have made this extra task well nigh impossible. As for a professional nurse—the thought of the gap made in their little income by Minna's expenses made her shudder at the idea.

"I guess it's all come about for my discipline," she told herself, as she pondered the troublesome problem. "I only hope the lesson will be well enough grounded to make me some sort of a Christian after this."

The son she had not seen since the first morning; he had kept

strictly aloof from the house, but through the children she heard of evidences of his thoughtfulness in the handling of necessary tasks that meant much for their comfort.

Then, finally, when Ruth was around again, and was trying to atone for her past transgressions by showing her ministering angel the sweet neighborliness of genuine good will, she learned the story of the family, little by little, in involuntary words or snatches of conversation which gave the gist of their history simply and without premeditation, but with convincing effect.

They had lived originally in Cincinnati, the husband being employed as designer in a large leather factory, where were manufactured fancy leather articles in chased and other elaborate designs. During the financial crisis of the early '90s the factories closed, and for three years James Leonard looked vainly for work, the struggle finding him finally facing abject poverty. To furnish food, shelter and clothing for a family of five was difficult, even with his competent salary. To do it without, was a problem which his ingenuity could not work out, and then, desperate and heartsick, he had gradually grown to seek respite from his anxieties in the way that leads still deeper downward.

It was the old, old story, and ended in one of those heartrending tragedies that make up the dark records of drunken crime. Coming home one day besotted with liquor, he struck their child, a little girl of five years—a blow from which it never recovered.

The terrible shock of realization when all was over, wrought its effective transformation in the man, and the year's imprisonment meted for his deed ended in steadying and completing the better influences at work in him. The sentence was light; but the dark event had

brought out the story of the man's former respectability and his long struggle with helpless poverty, and its moral had its adequate effect upon both the public and the judge.

The family were cared for, and then, when the man was free, there were friendly hands to take him up.

"If some one had only done for Jim at first what was done then, life would not have been turned into a nightmare for us. All Jim wanted was work—and he could only get it as a charity after all our lives had been spoiled. The incentive to live and progress had been taken away, and Jim's life was a purgatory—remembering.

"When Mormonism came to us, it seemed like the beginning of a new world to Jim. He felt that having that if he could go to Utah, away from the scenes of his past life he could forget, and win a new start. But some way, when we came, we found his story had traveled before us, and with Jim's own heartache, it was too much. He died the year after we went to Salt Lake. Then Jasper found work here and we came."

Ruth winked back the tears.

"Some one told me he is an excellent workman," she ventured, striving doubtfully to throw some little cheer into the hopelessly sad tale.

The other's face brightened.

"He is called one of the best out west here," she said. "The Salt Lake firms buy lots of his work, and a good many of his designs have been engraved in the trade journals all over the country. His employers let him do just about as he wants, so as to keep him. He's had several good positions offered, lately, away from here, but in this one he makes his own hours, so that it gives him time for his writing."

Ruth's face spoke for her instantly aroused interest.

"Does he—is he an author, then?" she asked.

"Not in a true sense, I suppose. He is trying to help waken the world to a realization of the burdens that a portion of humanity stagger under in their unequal struggle for existence. He believes that it is a wrong system that prevails that make these things possible, and it is the duty of the race to see them remedied. His father's fate is so terrible a memory that his devoted aim is to help root out the causes which made it possible.

"His articles have attracted a great deal of attention and he has had several offers to go on lecturing tours. The temperance people are especially anxious to have him go, but Jasper thinks he can reach more people with his pen than his tongue. And that's what he wants—to do the most good he can along these two lines."

A tinge of red crept into Ruth's cheeks. These were the people whom she and her household had politely ignored, and even shunned—holding and working for deeper purposes of good than she herself had ever conceived.

The talk gave Ruth more than a passing impulse of interest in the reserved and taciturn son. She watched him often from the window as he went on his way to and from his work, his firm, straight and open glance verifying the first favorable impression made by his fine, clear-cut brow and features. It was almost a month, however, after the morning's accident that she spoke to him again. He called one evening to hand in a parcel his mother had sent—a little slip of Amy's that she had insisted on making.

Will Crofton, who was in the little sitting room chatting with Ruth,

Amy and the boys, accosted the newcomer. Both were members of the same political debating club, and were well acquainted.

Leonard came inside at Ruth's rather stressful invitation, and the two young men talked about their winter program and work, while Ruth encouraged them with her open interest. The discussion brought up a question of principle, and Leonard was led into explaining his deeper affiliations, with the result of a lengthy argument between the two men that opened new vistas to Ruth's mental vision. The technical and broad view of these subjects had never before been brought into her life, and it was like a glimpse into a new, far-reaching country to hear these first expositions of the theme.

Two or three days later Leonard called to bring a book mentioned in the talk which Ruth had expressed a desire to read. Ruth had to call upon him frequently to explain some difficult problem awakened in her mind by the new political economy advocated in the book, her education in that particular line having been limited to her one school volume. He happened in on several evenings when Will also happened to be there, and explained the book to both, awakening a mutual interest in them with the glow of his own faith.

These all gave Ruth a new outlook on life. What were her own small troubles compared to the large universal woes whose effectual settlement meant a new life and hope for humanity and the human race.

She read her book with the avidity that inveterate romance readers devote to a novel, and was sorry to finish it. But there were other books, and other long talks, with Leonard and Crofton, arguing their

favorite themes through the long winter evenings, while Ruth and Mrs. Leonard plied their needles in some light task, and listened. The weeks passed more rapidly than Ruth had thought possible, with this congenial companionship provided against her expected loneliness, and with the solace of Minna's chatty and happy letters added to it all.

Amy and Nellie Leonard were inseparable companions, and Ruth's household burden was lightened by the knowledge of her sister's safe and suitable companionship when out of sight. The two boys had developed an interest in wood-chipping and kindred chores since Ruth's accident, that had kept her little worries in this way gratefully abated, so that her once dark sky was fretted widely through with blue.

Then, towards spring, the fair horizon lowered. Will Crofton, in whom she had placed the reliance of an implicit faith, in regard to the genuine and innocent comradeship existing between them, to her consternation and distress, made her a formal offer of marriage. Ruth's conscience, lulled by the narcotics of bitter thought that had been roused by her unhappy experience, stretched itself with sore pains. There was but one thing to do—to unveil the pictures that had built up her beliefs and resolves, and let them do their own work. He had not, of course, fully realized; and when he came for his answer he should have the future unrolled as a panorama before his view, leaving him free to make his choice.

(Concluded in May Journal.)



I like not only to be loved, but to be told that I am loved; the realm of silence is large enough beyond the grave.—George Elliot.

OUR LETTER FROM PERU.

Lima, Peru, Jan. 31, 1903.

Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor, Pres. of Y.
L. N. M. I. A., Salt Lake City,
Utah:

Dear Sister Taylor—I wrote you a letter when I first came to Lima, and have often wondered if you ever received it. Many of our letters go astray, owing to so many boats being quarantined for yellow fever. I often wish I could drop into one of your Board meetings, and see all your happy faces, and second one or two motions, if Sister Woodruff didn't happen to be there.

I have been a poor correspondent, on account of my eyes, but I am pleased to say I am all right now.

In case you did not receive my first letter, I will tell you a little about Peru and the people here.

I, with my two youngest children, Marcus and Bessie, left our home in Salt Lake, on the morning of Aug. 3d, met Mr. McCune in New York, remained there a few days, shopping and preparing for our long journey to South America. On the morning of Aug. 12th we bade adieu to our friends and country, boarded the steamer Alliance, and set sail for Peru. After sailing one week, the first land we saw was that Columbus first discovered, Watling's island. We then passed a point of Cuba. The Caribbean is usually rough, but fortunately for us, it was very smooth. We reached Colon, remained three days. Here we saw the palm trees and cocoanuts, pine apples, bananas, and other tropical fruit growing. This place could be made one of the garden spots of the world, but oh! the filth!

We saw the two palaces built by Lessep, and the million of dollars worth of machinery strung along

from this point to Panama, rusted and spoiled, having lain there since the attempted building of the Panama Canal. We then went by rail across the Isthmus to the city of Panama, passing through one of the grandest jungles I could imagine. I had read about them, but never expected to see one. It was really grand.

Panama, this famous old city, never fails to interest the traveller, but on account of yellow fever being



La Senora Elizabeth de McCune.

so prevalent, we decided not to remain long. We obtained a carriage and drove through the principal part of the city. Oh! the filthy city, the filthy people, no wonder they have yellow fever!

At this place we boarded the steamer Peru for the other half of our journey. On this side, where the waters are generally smooth, they proved to be very rough, so of course I wilted, and was sick most of the way. We stopped at many small ports, Mr. McCune and the children visiting most of them. We reached Callao all safe and sound. Callao is a fine old sea-port town, after the Spanish order. We go down from Callao to Lima by rail, only half an hour's run. At last we reached the great city of Lima, the pride of Peru.

Well, it is an interesting old place, with its low houses and mud roofs. The climate, the language, the peculiar customs of the people, the dirt and fleas—Oh! the fleas!—all have a tendency the first week to make the sojourner homesick. There are but few historical places to visit. The park, Mt. Christabel, the cemetery, the market, the old Spanish Cathedral, one or two picture galleries, and hundreds of churches. After paying your respects to the bones of Pizarro, which are seen in a glass case in the famous old Spanish Cathedral, you are ready to go home; but don't go; it isn't so bad as you first think. I must confess there isn't much to commend, but much to deplore, but for all that I want to remain a while and have a better knowledge of this people.

Shopping is a very disagreeable business for foreigners who do not understand the language. They think it perfectly legitimate here to take every advantage of the foreigners, but you have to learn how to "jew them down" in everything you

buy, or be laughed at for being taken in.

You would have been amused the other morning to have seen the cook, children and myself trying to buy some chickens from a man.

"Well, what do you want for your chickens?"

"Three dollars a pair, Senora."

(Everything goes by pairs here. If you want a couple of boiled eggs, you ask for a pair of eggs.)

"No, that's too much; I'll give you two dollars a pair, no more."

"No; I won't take it." He shouldered his chickens and started off, expecting to be called back. When he found we did not call him back, he came and offered the chickens at our price. We selected six pairs (you have to buy a few ahead and feed them a while before using them, they are all so poor), returned in the house to get the money. When I came back, found he had changed most of them, and given us all his scrubs. Another half hour spent in getting it straightened out, and so it goes. It takes nearly half our time to do the buying, still, this has a redeeming feature; it has given us a chance to practice our Spanish, which is not very fluent yet.

I thought I understood quite a bit of Spanish before I reached here, having studied a little at home, and on the boat; but, Oh, dear! they didn't seem to understand my Spanish at all, and they speak so fast I couldn't understand a word they said.

I needed a pair of shoes; went into a shop to get them. I know all about how to ask for shoes, I thought, and practiced it over half an hour before I started. Well, I sprung my Spanish in my most dignified manner, and asked for a pair of number three shoes. I really thought I had spoken it so well that they might take me for a master. I

noticed all the clerks smiling, and one had the impudence to laugh right out.

"I should like to know what that young man is laughing at," I said.

"Why, madam, you asked for a pair of half-past three shoes."

Well, I laughed, too, but I learned a good Spanish lesson that day, and if you think for a moment that I cannot ask for a pair of shoes now, you are mistaken.

They have some very beautiful

beautiful, with their jet black eyes and hair. They are very fond of dress and jewelry. When the *senoritas* (young ladies) go out on the street, they generally have a woman servant following up behind. Most of the women are stout after they reach the age of twenty-five or thirty.

The Peruvians are a very quiet people. You never hear them sing, whistle or speak very loudly. Still they hug you, and kiss you on both



NATIVE HUT, PERU.

things here in the shops, but oh! how far behind they are in their way of selling. They act as if are doing you a great favor. They close promptly at 6. On Christmas eve every shop was closed at 6, for fear some one might want something later.

Money and dress is their God here. Most of the ladies wear the long black mantilla, especially in the winters. In the summer they wear very showy colors. Some are very

cheeks and shake hands with you forty times a day.

They go to church nearly every day. On Sunday they all attend church in the morning, and go to the bull fights in the afternoon. I have never attended one of the bull fights yet. I cannot make up my mind to so far forget the Sabbath as to go to such a horrible thing as a bull fight, and up to date they have never had one on any other day.

We have a great many holidays

here; they call them feast days. They have life-sized saints in their churches, and on one of these holidays they take them out for an airing. The last I saw was Saint Mercia. They put this saint on a large platform. She was dressed in white satin with many spangles, had long yellow curls hanging to her waist, and a crown of jewels on her head. More than a dozen men get under the platform with a curtain at the bottom so you cannot see them, and it looks as though she were moving along of herself. The priests follow next, burning incense. Then comes the crowd, thousands and thousands of people, men, women and children; the streets are packed, buggies and street cars all have to stop for hours. Most of the people carry torches of incense and mumble a sort of a chant. This saint spoken of was taken to call on another saint in one of the other churches. She left her card and returned. Sometimes they remain all night to visit with the other saints. Isn't it an intelligent religion which plays with blocks of wood and clay in that fashion.

The old pawn shops here, and there are many of them, are always visited by the traveller in hope of picking up a few ancient Spanish curios, but they are becoming very scarce. The old Spanish shawls of a hundred years ago are very much sought after. They are made of different colored silk, embroidered with flowers of varied colors. They are very beautiful for draperies for the house.

Breakfast is the favorite meal for entertaining friends. I have been invited to many breakfasts here, and a few dinners. The breakfast commences at 12 sharp. They have five or six different courses, always cook eggs in some way for one

Mr. McCune and the children have been invited twice to break-

fast with the President, Senor Romonia, at the Palace. His wife was absent, so I was not included. Too bad, wasn't it. Why couldn't she have stayed at home?

The people are very indolent. Nobody works much; everything is put off until tomorrow. Virtue is held very lightly; they do not consider it very bad to do all kinds of wickedness if they have money enough to buy indulgence from the priest.

I must tell you a little about Cerro de Pasco, the place where the great copper mines are, in which my husband is interested. The great mining region of Peru is a mountainous belt of country, running the whole length of the republic, and comprising the two grand ranges of the Andes, with the elevated table lands between. We were all very anxious to visit this wonderful place, and try our luck to cross the Andes mountains on the most famous road ever built. The road is built at the greatest altitude of any known railroad (15,665 feet above sea level), and its scenery is grand indeed. It also affords the traveller a most unpleasant experience if he is affected by high altitudes. It begins by a feeling of great oppression, accompanied by pains in the head, nose bleeding, fainting; and it sometimes proves fatal. We left Lima in the morning, in company with several friends. The beautiful scenery, and quaint Spanish towns, interested us much.

We saw the Llama, which is still used in the mountains as a beast of burden. The train moved slowly, as it is a steady climb.

We were getting pretty high, night came on, we went to bed early, in the hope that we might feel all right. I suffered all night, but kept it to myself, but by morning I could stand it no longer. We reached the terminus of the railroad. The next

two days we would go by wagon, but I could not go on. I had what they call pure, unadulterated Seroche, headache, nose bleeding, and slight convulsions. They obtained a special engine and sent me back as quickly as possible. So some one else can tell you about Cerro de Pasco. Suffice it to say, this American company is making quite a mark in Peru. It is building a railroad from the terminus, Oroyo, to Cerro de

church, so I feel very much gratified. And I believe that some of the seeds I have scattered in my weak way, the Lord will nourish, and in some future time will bring forth fruit.

We have now taken a little cottage by the seaside, called La Punta. It is a pretty, secluded little spot. We go in bathing every day, and enjoy the quietness here. We now have a few moments to study our Spanish, we understand the customs of



THE LLAMA.

Pasco, building smelters and giving much employment to the poor natives.

We have now been here four months today. I have become acquainted with many people, mostly English. There are thousands of English people here, very few Americans. Everybody has treated me perfectly lovely. I have had the pleasure of explaining the principles of our gospel to many people here, who knew nothing about our

the people better, and can shop without the least trouble. I am afraid when we return home our Spanish will "crop out." You might put the Journal up to \$1.25, for I shall be sure to want it for 90 cents.

We expect to sail for home some time the last of March, and while I have enjoyed my stay in South America, and consider it another chapter in my life, I shall be pleased to return home, put my house in order, and invite you all to breakfast.

Elizabeth Claridge McCune.

"THE GHOSTS OF THE ARCTIC."

Cal Cragan.

When the word Norway is mentioned there immediately arises before the minds of many, a land in the cold Arctic regions where the knights of the north revel and spectres dance upon the sparkling snow which glitters under the rays of the midnight sun; a land of perpetual snow and ice, where light and darkness follow alternately, not from day to night, as in our Utah homes, but from summer to winter; a land where winter is one long night and summer one long day; where the reindeer and dog are the means of transportation; where the polar bear roams and the eider duck finds rest.

This idea is partially correct, yet not wholly, for while Norway reaches far up into the Arctic zone and is rightly titled the "Land of the Midnight Sun," yet the greater part of this beautiful country lies south of the Arctic circle and in summer presents a scene of most exquisite beauty. The mountains of ice and snow are transformed into green dales and vales, from which springs a luxuriant growth of flowers; running streams and brooklets, which feed the innumerable inland seas, so characteristic of this land; and broad green fields which yield so abundantly under the energetic and industrious land of the farmer. Indeed, Norway in summer is well known by tourists as a land whose beauty cannot be surpassed.

While we have a delightful summer, we also have a long, cold winter, during which time darkness reigns supreme for about seventeen or eighteen hours, while light is permitted to feebly show her force for the other six or seven of the twenty-four. The apparently long winter,

with its long cold nights, does not pass too slowly for the boy and girl, as nature provides many recreations from which they can draw pleasure.

The possessions of a boy or girl are by no means complete without skates, snow shoes and a sleigh. From the time the child gains full control over its limbs it indulges in all sports. Skating is indeed one of the chief pleasures. Norway's many lakes and inland seas form ideal spots for the lovers of this pleasure. As soon as the land is clothed in her winter attire, these beautiful lakes, nestling among the pine covered hills, entirely freeze over, the ice becoming so thick that horses and wagons can safely cross. Many of these lakes stretch for miles, winding in and out about the hills. As the large ball of fire known as "Sun" slowly rolls over the firmament, remaining close to the horizon, the youth of Norway can be seen skimming over the smooth ice in untold merriment. Now and then, far in the distance, can be seen a party of skaters, stroking in unison, laughing merrily, returning from a pleasant trip from far up the lake, where they had received a most cordial reception at the home of an acquaintance and friend. And it isn't seldom that a single couple, who are very attentive to each other, may be seen skating hand in hand, in and out of the nooks and corners, so enwrapped in thought, and with feelings so divine, that they apparently forget they are inhabitants of a worldly kingdom much less of an ice pond. Being unconscious of the presence of others they are very earnest in the bestowal of their af-

fections and are oblivious of the attentions paid them by the crowds. But we mustn't forget the small boy who, with a yell and a whoop, dashes through the bunch of skaters as if bidding defiance to the most brave. But then the small boy, you know, always plays a principal part in the world's history, on account of his daring. Of course on the ice pond many games are played wherein the skill of the skaters may be shown, and the braggards have opportunities to fulfill their boasts.

Whatever part we play in life, we sometimes like a change, and so it is with the lovers of pleasure. Therefore, while some of the young parade the ice pond, others make use of the surrounding hills. Norway is one long stretch of rolling hills, and they need go but a step or two to find excellent coasting. Indeed, most every road, hill and path are taken advantage of, and he who walks must ever be on the alert and heed the shrill, sharp whistle which rings out on the cold, cutting air, signaling the approach of a coaster. The young are very apt and able in the steering of their sleighs, having complete control over them, so that very few accidents occur, although dozens of sleighs may descend a hill at the same time. The smaller ones steer with their feet, while the larger ones use long limbs or sticks which they switch scientifically back of them, guiding the sleigh at will. In the coast towns many of the hills run down into the Fjord or ocean, but the dauntless, daring Norwegian pays but little attention to these. These hills are alive with youth, and it sometimes makes one shudder to watch their daring feats. A boy is seen descending the hill at lightning speed. On, on, he goes, nearer and nearer the ocean he comes, and it seems that there can be but one fate awaiting him. He must inevitably be cast into the

surging, roaring waves which beat against the rockbound coast. He is now within a few yards of the water; the waves reach forth their arms as if grasping madly for their victim, the water foams and clouds of spray are sent high into the air to proclaim their victory, but—it is not one. When within a few feet of the watery grave he stops as if by magic, so complete is his control over his sleigh, and the waves roll back upon the ocean and are lost in the mighty deep.

One coaster follows another in an unbroken chain. The forests over the Fjord are made to ring with the re-echoing of their yells and signals.

I once had occasion to indulge in this sport, being persuaded by a young Norwegian friend, who proffered his services as guide, and to guarantee his proficiency in this art related his many past experiences on the snowy white. Of course I did not doubt his ability, so willingly accepted his offer. We secured a small sleigh, with seating capacity for two, provided us with a steering stick and ascended a long, steep hill. The road wound and twisted through the timber, turned sharp curves around solid formations of rock, and shot by cliffs and steep embankments. The top reached, we seated ourselves comfortably on our sleigh, my companion taking the rear, so as to guide. The signal given, we were off, going slowly at first, but gradually increasing in speed as the hill became steeper, until we were flying through the air at lightning rate. Being my first experience, it almost took my breath, but I held on, trusting the rest to my Norwegian friend. On we flew, bouncing and springing, rounding curves, striking elevations which sent us bounding through the air for twenty feet or more, only to light going faster than ever. It was like

riding over an earthquake. Our hats flew off, our hair stood on end, and it was with difficulty we balanced ourselves. The sharpest curve was yet to be turned, after which we must shoot down through a large, rock fence; nearer and nearer we came, the point was reached, my partner threw the steering stick around to make the curve, the sleigh whirled, my guide twirled and we sailed—through the air over the embankment into the top of a tree. Although converted so quickly into a bird, I did not stop to chirp, but, extricating myself, collected my senses, shook off the fright and proceeded to diagnose my trouble. I found my pants were the only things that suffered, and, looking skyward, I saw my partner seated on a large rock at the edge of the road, whither he had been thrown.

It is not only the young that delight in coasting, but many times, when darkness creeps over the land, when the children are all to bed and papa is out to sea, when the roads are all clear save for an occasional passerby who is returning from town or a party, the hard working housewife softly steals out into the still night, goes to the woodshed, quietly takes Johnnie's sleigh from its place, hurries to a friendly neighbor who is probably waiting, and the two ascend the hill and once more delight in their youthful pleasures, being very careful that nobody sees them. They ascend and descend time after time, until, feeling satisfied, they bid each other good night and stealthily make their way home, where all are soon in dreamland, nobody the wiser for their adventures.

Probably the most scientific winter sport is snow shoeing. Great international meets are held, at which men from all parts of northern Europe take part, while competi-

tions of less importance and widespread interest often occur. At these meets the competition is usually in jumping. A steep hill is chosen at the foot of which is a cliff or precipice. The contestant mounts the hill, shoots downward, must jump to the snow several feet below; he jumping farthest and remaining on his feet winning the honors. Some of these contests are very exciting and would be dangerous for the unexperienced, but the Norwegians love bravery, courage, daring and adventure. They have always been known for their bravery and undaunted courage, and retain to this day that trait.

Snow-shoeing is a sport but little known in Utah and vicinity. There are probably thousands who never saw a snow-shoe. It is a simple contrivance, consisting of a long, flat piece of hard wood about four inches wide, six feet long and less than an inch thick, turning up at the end. In the middle is the foothold, consisting of a leather band, which fits over the toe fastened to two long bamboo sticks, inside of which the foot is placed, which holds the foot in position. One who is accustomed to going on snow shoes can go over level ground much faster than one without them, and of course where there is the least slope or descent they go very rapidly. Where snow is several feet deep and almost impossible for man on foot or horse, one can skim over the snow on snow-shoes unhindered. Besides being of much value in a domestic and commercial way, they also afford much pleasure, and the young find equally as much enjoyment with them as with skates or sleigh.

While skating, sleighing and snow-shoeing form the principal winter sports, yet there is the evening party, the concert, the social,

and, in the larger cities, the theatre which are all well patronized.

In the far north the dog and reindeer prove very useful in the long hunting expeditions after seal, walrus and bear. A ride with Santa Claus in his sleigh, drawn by rein-

deer, is a phantasm for many, but if they will come to Norway and accompany me to the north, they can be participants in a real ride with reindeer and can undoubtedly get "Old Santa" to accompany us.

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN ILLNESS.

IV.

WOUNDS—(CONTINUED.)

Leah D. Widtsoe.

Let us review briefly how to proceed from first if called upon to treat a wound from which there is bleeding.

If very severe, send for a physician, of course. If you must act at once, then supply one by one the measures mentioned in article II. Cut away the clothing so that you may have no interference from that source. Raise the part, if a limb, as high as possible, and, drawing the wound together, make finger pressure; if ineffectual, have some one prepare a compress or wad of folded cloth, having it first wet in some of the antiseptic solutions mentioned in last article. Place on the wound and bind on tightly. If bleeding still continues, try and locate the artery above the wound, and apply finger pressure, if still ineffectual, apply the improvised **tourniquet** as described in lesson II.

After a clot has formed at a wound, be very careful not to disturb it in dressing the wound afterward. You must keep the wound thoroughly clean by washing in an antiseptic solution and then dust on the boracetanil powder. **Keep the part perfectly at rest.** No wound can heal properly, if disturbed and moved about during the process.

Treatment of Lacerated and Contused Wounds.

The main treatment must be to keep them thoroughly clean—so clean that there can be no danger of infection. If pus begins to form you must bathe the wound freely in an antiseptic solution

at least twice a day, and for a while probably oftener. Do not use salves or patent liniments, no matter how highly recommended by some well meaning neighbor. They only coat the wound, making it greasy and impervious to the actions of the antiseptic which must be used. If people would only spend half the money on germicides and antiseptics that they do on patent medicines, there would be much less pain and suffering in the world.

Bruises or Contusions.

As this form of wound is under the skin, there is no danger of infection, for the most powerful germs have not the power to penetrate the skin if it is intact. The chief effort will be to adopt means to take away the soreness from the part and to remove the dark color due to the blood which has been dispersed among the tissues.

The simplest means is to apply moist heat. Have some old soft linen towels or pieces of flannel; wring them out of very hot water and apply to the part affected. Change frequently so that they are kept hot. If it is inconvenient to obtain heat, a cooling application may be used. Either of the following mixtures produces more cooling effect than cold water merely: First—Equal parts of alcohol and water; second—alcohol, vinegar and water, equal parts; third—Pond's Extract or Witch Hazel; Fourth—one teaspoonful of laudanum to one cup of water. Dip soft rags in either of the mixtures and bind on the affected part; keep them moist, however.

Wounds Inflicted by Venomous or Rabid Animals.

Poisoned wounds are those inflicted by some venomous animal such as a snake or some rabid animal, a mad dog or cat. Stings of insects are poisoned wounds on a small scale. In the bite from a venomous or rabid animal, the poison is injected into the flesh, where it can be taken up at once by the blood, and introduced into the general circulation. Therefore, action must be very prompt.

Just the moment the bite is received, tie a string or handkerchief twisted into a cord lightly above the wound, tight enough to prevent the poison getting into the circulation of the blood. This can only be done, of course, if the wound is on a limb, toe or finger. Next apply suction from the mouth, trying to draw the poison from the wound. This is not dangerous, for the poison of snakes is harmless if taken into the mouth, provided, of course, there is no scratch or sore on the lips or mouth. Bathe the part freely in some antiseptic solution, carbolic acid if you can procure it; if not, use hot water.

If you are sure that the bite is of a poisonous nature, in addition to the above mentioned, take a sharp pocket knife and cut a cross through the bite so that the blood will flow freely; this will tend to wash the wound of the poison by causing the blood to flow in another than the dreaded direction. The next step is to procure some strong nitric acid or pure carbolic acid if possible, and with a splinter of wood cover the wound with the strong acid. If these substances cannot be obtained, get a piece of wire or a knitting needle or a knife blade even, and heat hot enough to thoroughly sear the wound. This last step is called cauterization and will be very painful. You will be tempted to refrain from doing it—it appears so brutal; but you must remember that a human life is at stake and you had much better cause some moments of intense suffering than to run the risk of permitting a horrible death. Next give stimulants freely, but not enough to produce intoxication. The patient must be guarded from excitement as much as possible, hence the advisability of using stimulants.

If the bite is from a mad animal, do not allow it to be killed. This is contrary to all natural feelings on the subject, but it is the safest thing to do. It

may be discovered that the animal is not rabid at all, and has bitten only in momentary anger. In that case there is no cause to fear the dreaded hydrophobia and much anxiety may be spared. Cases are on record where criminals have been allowed to be bitten by an angry animal, and then made to believe that it was suffering from rabies. So great is the influence of mind over body that the very dread of the disease has brought it on at the usual time in such violence as to take the life of the victim.

The Sting of Insects.

The stings produced by insects are poisoned wounds on a small scale. They are very painful, but not very dangerous. Bathe the wound freely in a solution of carbolic acid or preferably of household ammonia. Be careful that it is not as strong as to affect the tissue, or the skin around the wound will come off and leave a large painful wound.

• Internal Bleeding.

Sometimes a blood vessel may be so weakened by disease that it becomes ruptured, thus allowing the blood to flow internally the same as in an accident. Most cases will require the aid of a physician, but you should be familiar with some preliminary treatment.

Bleeding From the Nose.

Usually this need not cause much anxiety. It will often stop of itself after a short time, but there are cases which require some special means of treatment. The cause of this kind of bleeding is usually a rupture of some of the small capillaries in the lining membrane of the nose. It may be due to violent exercise causing a rapid flow of blood to the head, or to a sudden expulsion of air through the nostril in the act of blowing the nose. It occurs often in certain diseases such as typhoid fever, and it may be caused by a diseased condition of the blood in which the walls of the vessel are made much thinner than is natural.

Treatment. In cases which seem persistent and unnatural, have the patient sit upright—not lean backward or forward. Raise the arm of the same side as is the nostril from which the blood comes. Wring two towels out of ice water; place one around the neck, and the other over the forehead and upper part of the nose. The reason

for this is obvious. Cold causes the vessels to contract and thus lessens the flow of blood. If bleeding continues, place some cracked ice in the folds of the towels. The next step is to sniff ice water up the nose or inject it with a syringe. If this is not sufficient, dissolve one teaspoonful of alum in one cupful of water and inject this solution. If bleeding still continues, make a plug of cotton wool so large that the nostril will be entirely plugged; tie a string around the middle of the plug, soak it in alum water or cover it with sweet oil or vaseline and with a twisting screwing motion inject it into the nostril. After the bleeding has stopped, the plug can be removed by the string.

Bleeding From the Gums.

Oftentimes after having a tooth pulled, the gums will continue to bleed for some time. It can nearly always be stopped by rinsing the mouth freely with alum and ice water.

Bleeding From the Stomach.

In certain diseased conditions, especially ulcer of the stomach, some of the blood vessels may be broken and the blood thus admitted into the stomach. The patient feels an unusual fullness, the face becomes pallid, the eyesight dim, and finally the feeling of nausea takes possession and vomiting occurs. If the blood is ejected from the stomach suddenly, it will be bright red; if it has lain there some time it will be partly digested by the gastric juice and will appear like coffee grounds. This may cause an attendant great alarm,

but you must calm the patient and tell him everything is all right. Excitement causes greater heart action and consequently a greater flow of blood. You desire the very opposite action. Admit fresh air and give him bits of ice to swallow. Mix one teaspoonful vinegar and four of ice water and give one teaspoonful of this every ten minutes. Give nothing else, and above all no stimulants; this treatment will usually prove effectual.

Bleeding From the Lungs.

This is usually a result of consumption, and as a people we are very free from that disease. Still, it is well to know how to act if we are ever called upon to do so.

In the case of bleeding of the lungs the blood is coughed up, while if it is from the stomach, it is vomited. That which comes from the lungs is frothy, while that from the stomach is never so.

The patient need have no cause to worry because this symptom is seldom fatal, so your first act must be to assure him that nothing is serious, and he must avoid excitement. You will send for a physician; but meantime order him to sit back, **not lie down flat**. Admit cool air, and apply cloths wrung out of ice water to the chest and neck, bits of ice may be swallowed, and in addition, one teaspoonful of salt should be eaten or washed down with water.

These are simple remedies, but they are all that the inexperienced person dare attempt. Your watchword must always be: Better do too little than too much.

THE COOK'S CORNER.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

Stale Bread and Its Uses.

One of the tests of a good cook, as well as of an economical housewife, is that nothing in the way of good food should be wasted. A good cook must know how to take "left-overs," keep them fresh and sweet and out of them make other nourishing preparations. If there is one kind of food that seems more precious than others, it is bread.

Let our sisters read about the trials of the early settlers of these valleys, when a loaf of bread was the most precious thing to be obtained, and when one loaf was made to last a family for days, and I am sure each one would decide that never again would she waste one crust of the "staff of life."

The following recipes are given in

the hope that they may assist our younger housewives, that henceforth they will never be guilty of wasting one piece of bread. No matter how poor the bread is, unless it is positively sour, it can be used in some of the following ways. And, as no one need have sour bread, except through wilful neglect or carelessness, there need not be much wasted on that account.

Steamed Bread.

If good bread becomes so stale that it is no longer palatable, it can be made so by being steamed. Have a steamer in which there are holes all over the bottom. Place a cloth in it, and a small cup in the middle. Just a few minutes before the meal is ready, pile the slices of bread around the cup so that the steam can reach all parts of the slice. When ready, remove the lid so quickly that the condensed steam is not allowed to drip on the bread. Serve immediately.

Milk or Cream Toast.

- 6 slices of bread toasted.
- 1 pint of milk or thin cream.
- 1 tablespoonful cornstarch or flour.
- 1 large tablespoonful of butter.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt.

Toast the bread until of a rich brown all over. Butter each slice, if you are using milk, if cream is used, butter is not needed. To make the sauce, melt the butter, rub in the flour or starch until smooth, and pour on this the hot milk or cream gradually, stirring all the time. Add the salt and cook for five minutes. Place the toast in a hot dish, pour the thickened milk over each slice, and then over the whole. Set the dish in hot water until ready to serve.

Crumbs.

Most preparations that are to be fried are better if they are first dipped in crumbs, then beaten eggs and then crumbs again. There are many other preparations for which crumbs can be used, and the good cook always keeps a plentiful supply on hand.

Place all bits of crust or broken bread where they will be kept perfectly dry, a clean jar is good for the purpose, but no moisture must be allowed to be present or the bread will mould. If the crusts are not dry, place in a pan in the warming oven until

perfectly dry. Then put through an ordinary meat chopper; if you have not one of these, rub the bread with a rolling pin until fine; run through a sieve and put in clean glass bottles in a dry place.

Egg Toast.

- 1 cup milk.
- 1 egg.
- Pinch salt.
- Several slices of stale bread.

Beat the egg, but not too light; add the milk and salt. Dip the bread in this mixture, being careful not to break the slices. Place in a frying pan in which is some hot butter, and fry until a rich brown on both sides. It can be eaten with butter as ordinary toast; or sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar; or served as a pudding with a rich liquid sauce.

Bread Brewis.

- 1 quart browned bread-dice.
- 3 cups milk.
- 9 slices onion.
- 1 egg, well beaten.
- 1 heaping tablespoonful flour, dissolved in a little cold milk.
- Salt and pepper to taste.

Prepare the bread-dice as follows: cut the slices about one-half inch thick, spread with butter; then cut into half-inch strips and the strips into half-inch dice. Place in a baking pan, and bake in a moderate oven until all are of an even light brown; stir them frequently while browning, and if some brown more than others, remove them. Heat the milk with the onion, and when it boils, stir in the moistened flour, the well-beaten egg, and the seasoning. When this has boiled up once, remove the onion, and stir in the bread dice. Serve as soon as they are beginning to get soft, but not "mushy."

Brown Bread Brewis.

(Mrs. Lincoln's Recipe.)

Break one pint of dry brown bread and half a cup of stale white bread into inch pieces. Put one tablespoonful butter in a large frying pan, and when it is melted, but not brown, add the bread and cover with one pint or more of milk. Let it simmer, stirring occasionally to keep it from sticking until the bread is soft and the milk absorbed. Salt to taste.

Bread Pudding.

Butter thin slices of dry bread, place in a pudding dish and cover with rich new milk. When the bread is softened, prepare the custard as follows: Beat two eggs until creamy and thick; add gradually four tablespoonfuls of sugar; pour over this all the milk in which the bread has been soaking and enough more to make one quart; add a scant teaspoonful salt and a pinch of nutmeg or cinnamon. Pour this over the bread and set the pan in hot water in the oven. Bake until the custard is set and the top slightly browned.

Dry bread crumbs may be used in place of the slices, but they must soak in the milk an hour or so. Then add one tablespoonful of softened butter to the custard.

Bread Pudding With Fruit.

Make the pudding according to the preceding rule. Slice three or four bananas or apples and mix with the pudding before baking. Serve it with a fruit or any preferred liquid sauce.

Cheese Toast.

Toast the bread; dip quickly into scalding milk; lay the slices on a plat-

ter and sprinkle with grated cheese. Place in the oven just long enough for the cheese to become melted. Serve immediately. This makes a good luncheon dish for a change.

Bread Soup.

Two recipes for making bread soup out of any and all bits of stale bread will be given with the German recipes in a later lesson.

"Queen Esther."

(Boston Cooking School Magazine for October.)

"Soak six large slices of bread in a pint of milk mixed with two well beaten yolks of eggs and a pinch of salt. Fry in butter to a handsome brown. Lay two slices close together on a small platter, and spread with currant or crabapple jelly or some fine jam. Lay two more slices over these and spread them with jam and do the same with the last two slices. Beat the whites of two eggs very stiff, stir in one tablespoonful of granulated sugar and spread this evenly over the top and sides of the pudding, then brown slightly. It may be served warm or cold."

Trust me, dear good humor can prevail,
When airs, and flights and screams and scoldings fail,
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight but merit wins the soul.

—Pope.

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Did you ever hear the story of the parrot?

She was in the habit of teasing the dog. Often when he lay asleep she imitated the master's voice and called,

"Carlo, here, here!"

Then when he crept back shame-faced and disappointed, she would perch herself out of reach and laugh at his discomfiture.

One day she fooled him in some such fashion, but he came back sooner than she expected. She was too late to get away, and in consequence received unmerciful treatment. The feathers flew and distressed cries rent the air. When she finally escaped and perched herself high above him, she was heard to remark, as she straightened her ruffled and scanty plumage,

"I know what's the matter with you, Poll. You talk too much.



And how many of us do not? It is such a temptation to tell all we know and a little more, when we hear a subject discussed. It is so hard to refrain from saying, "Yes, I know," and adding something more to prove our superior knowledge, whether we really do know it or not.

Some few people are able to receive all that is told them and never add that they already know more about the subject than the person who is talking. These are the ones

to whom a great work will be entrusted, for they hold power within their grasp, and are able to guide the tide of humanity that surges round them. Others come to them for strength and counsel, though not recognizing the reason. And the great soul receives the confidence and hushes up the troubled heart in the greater and deeper strength which silence gives it. Oh, the power of silence! On the majestic brow of one who holds that mighty key, the eternal sunlight lingers and his hands reach forth to soothe and calm the throbbing pulse and still the clamoring throng.



Oh, girls, girls! if you could see the havoc that gossip works, would you learn to guard your tongues?

I have seen life hanging by a thread because of idle tales, started thoughtlessly, picked up by friends and sent on to do their deadly work. And the slender, innocent girl struggled a while in the meshes woven by those she deemed her friends, and at last lay close to the river where the silent Boatman waited to carry her over.

Did she go? Not yet. For some who were true nursed her back to life. But the pale, sweet face for years mutely showed its history of suffering, and the heedless, thoughtless crowd surged on, to do again for another what it had tried to do for her.

Oftentimes tales are woven of less than the "fabric of a dream." Why not let them go, and concern ourselves with that which elevates us? Surely there is enough in this beautiful earth to engage our thoughts without delving into the secrets of our friends, and dragging them forth. Each man's life, so long as it does not trespass upon another's, is between him and his Maker. He has to account for it. Thank God, we have only our own sins to answer for.

And if I saw one on the verge of a precipice, would I let him go on blindly? No. But my duty would be to warn him, not to call the neighbors that their shouts might startle him into falling over. He treads a dangerous path, but 'twill not be rendered less so by the hue and cry of multitudes. Rather give him the help of faith and love, and lure him back to the firm earth from which he has strayed.

"A conscience void of offense toward God and man!" Oh, the joy of such a possession! Not one which we merely assume to have, but one which the Master knows to be so. And it can be obtained only through a continual striving. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak!" And we go struggling on, rising again and again after failure, and praying charity no less for ourselves than for others. Thus we may all emerge into the pure light of that happy state, helping and being helped, forgiving and craving forgiveness, struggling to overcome our own frailties and to build up earth's children wherever they are found.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR'S CONDITION.

We are much pleased at the improvement in the condition of Pres.

Elmina S. Taylor. The broken bone has united, the bandages have been removed, and she is progressing even better than we might have expected.

Today (March 16th) she is able to use the fingers and arm well enough to dress her own hair.

She says she has been astounded at the rapid improvement of the last few days until she remembered that her girls were praying for her. She sends love and greetings, and prays the Father's blessings upon them.



NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF U. S.

The executive session of the National Council of Women of the U. S. will be held in New Orleans on March 26, 27 and 28, 1903. Among other important business will be the election of a new president, Mrs. Fannie I. Helmuth, who was elected to that position one year ago, having resigned after the death of her husband.



AN INCIDENT.

I was suddenly aroused from a few moments of mental aberration by a sweet voice saying,

"And the beautiful aigrette is torn from the living body of the mother bird; she is thrown on the ground to die within hearing of the hungry cries of her young, and so both mother and brood perish to gratify women's vanity.

"Yes, many mothers and their little ones die to supply the ornaments for one woman's hat."

My gaze rested upon a beautiful example of millinery art lying before me on a table. The aigrette moved gracefully above the rich, velvety mass. I raised my eyes to meet those of the owner. They

were dilated with a sudden impulse. She leaned toward me and whispered, "Give it me!"

I held it for an instant, saying,

"They are dead now."

The slightest hesitation stayed her, then she again bent forward to receive it.

"Yes, but the example is here."

The beautiful feathery spray was twisted around white fingers and came loose after two or three determined jerks.

A grateful smile lit up the beautiful brown eyes and transformed the aged face of Dr. Amanda Hale, the first speaker, as she continued, tell-

ing of the hundreds of thousands of birds killed each year to supply this trade, and how the insect pests increase in consequence, and the glorious songs are hushed.*

At least one other woman left the room that day, resolved never to again wear for folly anything which it had taken life to give. And Mrs. Weaver wore her stripped hat during the remainder of the National Council sessions a silent example of moral courage.

* Ostrich plumes are plucked from the body of the living bird, without giving him any serious inconvenience, so there is not the same reason for abandoning their use.

OFFICERS' NOTES.

At the meeting of the General Boards of Y. M. & Y. L. M. I. A., held March 11th, 1903, at the home of Counsellor Maria Y. Dougall, it was decided to hold a conjoint officers' meeting during the conjoint M. I. conference this spring.

It was also given out that the Boards favor a conjoint officers' meeting at each of the M. I. conventions to be held next fall.



Since we last went to press, the following Conjoint M. I. Conferences have been visited on behalf of the General Board:

Sunday, February 15th, Emery Stake, by Sr. Ruth M. Fox.

Sunday, February 15th, Morgan Stake, by Sr. Aggie Campbell and Brother Moses W. Taylor.

Sunday, February 22d, Juab Stake, by Sr. Julia M. Brixen and Brother Douglas M. Todd.

Sunday, February 22d, Fremont Stake, by Sr. Emma Goddard and Brother J. G. Kimball.

Sunday, March 2d, Panguitch Stake, by Sr. Julia M. Brixen and Brothers M. F. Cowley and L. C. Kelch.

Sunday, March 8th, Kanab, by Sr.

Julia M. Brixen and Brothers M. F. Cowley and L. C. Kelch.

Sunday, March 8th, Box Elder Stake, Sr. Minnie J. Snow and Brother B. S. Hinckley.

Sunday, March 15th, Millard Stake, Sr. Emma Goddard.

Sunday, March 15th, Bannock Stake, Sr. Minnie J. Snow and Brother Douglas M. Todd.

Sunday, March 15th, Jordan Stake, Sr. Lillie T. Freeze and Brother B. F. Grant.

Sunday, March 15th, Woodruff Stake, Sr. Sarah Eddington and Brother Frank Y. Taylor.

Sunday, March 15th, St. George stake, Sr. Julia M. Brixen and Brothers M. F. Cowley and L. C. Kelch.



Several enquiries have reached us in connection with this year's study respecting Doctrine and Covenants. Considering the large number of our members now engaged in studying this volume we have made arrangements for a special edition in cloth binding which is now offered to our association at half the regular price, namely, fifty cents. They are for sale by the Deseret News Co.

GUIDE DEPARTMENT

BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

LESSON IX.

FAITH.

The first principle to be accepted, before entering God's church, is that of Faith. This principle is explained exhaustively in seven lectures, called the Lectures on Faith, which constitute the first part of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. The subject of Faith is also frequently mentioned in the revelations of the Book. For the purpose of this lesson all, or parts, of Lectures 1, 2, 6 and 7 should be studied.

The principle of faith is defined as follows: "Faith is the assurance which men have of the existence of things which they have not seen, and the principle of action in all intelligent beings." (a) Unless men had faith that certain results will follow certain actions, no efforts of any kind would be made, and life would be a state of inactivity. (b) God Himself employs the principle of faith, for earth and man were formed on this principle. (c) In its unlimited form, faith may be defined as "the first great governing principle, which has power, dominion and authority over all things." (d) (Illustrate by readings from the First Lecture on Faith.)

The highest form of faith is faith in God, who is the great organizer and controller of the universe. In God, therefore, the faiths of all men must center and find a foundation. God showed himself to Adam, who

testified to his descendants of the existence of God. (e) Many other men, since the day of Adam, have testified that they have seen God. Men in general, therefore, may be informed of the existence of God by tradition, as well as obtain a knowledge of Him by revelation.

An excellent chronological table, showing how the knowledge of God was handed from father to son, is given in the Second Lecture on Faith. The extent of man's faith in God will depend on the diligence and faithfulness with which it is sought after. (Illustrate this paragraph by reading from the Second Lecture on Faith.)

To the person who has abundant faith in God, there comes also a faith in the words of God, and a desire to obey the laws which the Creator has given mankind. This results in a correct life; and great spiritual power. The effects that flow from an abiding faith in God and His law, are the most sublime that can enter the thoughts of men. On the other hand, without faith it is impossible to please God. (f)

Salvation can be obtained only through faith and works; and this illustrates the great power of faith; for, to attain a fullness of salvation means that a person becomes a partaker with the Savior, in all things, not excepting His glory. (g) Then, to him who has living faith, nothing is impossible; to him all things shall

(a) Lecture on Faith, 1:9.

(b) Lecture on Faith, 1:10-13.

(c) Lecture on Faith, 1:14-17.

(d) Lecture on Faith, page 8.

(e) Lecture on Faith, 2:30-36.

(f) Lecture on Faith, 63:11.

(g) Lecture on Faith, 7:9-17.

be given. Of all principles in revealed theology, the principle of faith stands out as the first and the greatest. (Read with the preceding paragraphs, the seventh lecture on faith.)

REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

- 1—What is faith?
- 2—Why is faith the first principle in theology? L. O. F., pp. 5 and 6.)
- 3—Enumerate some things which you have not seen, but in the existence of which you have faith.
- 4—Does God use faith in his work? Prove.
- 5—How did men first come to the knowledge of the existence of a God? (L. O. F., pp. 24, 25 and 29.) How do you know that God lives?

6—How may faith become knowledge? (L. O. F., pp. 63 and 64.)

7—What is "working by faith"? (L. O. F., pp. 65 and 66.)

8—What effects flow from faith? (Seventh Lecture on Faith.)

9—What is salvation? (L. O. F., 7:9-14.) What is its relation to faith? (L. O. F., 7:17.)

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

1—Relate the incidents connected with the grasshopper plague in Utah in early days, and how the people were saved through faith.

2—Tell the story of faith rewarded, as narrated on pp. 41 and 42 of the Autobiography and Poems of Hannah Cornaby, or a similar story from your own life or that of a friend.

LESSON X.

REPENTANCE AND BAPTISM.

Repentance.

When a person has accepted the principle of Faith in God and the Gospel, repentance naturally follows. To repent is to come unto God(a); to confess and forsake our sins,(b) and to repair as far as we can the wrongs we have done to others.(c) Since all men are under sin,(d) all have need of repentance, and God has commanded the whole world, in the most solemn manner, to repent and come unto Him.(e)

To those who do not repent of their sins, terrible punishments will be given. "A desolating scourge shall go forth among the inhabitants of the earth, and shall continue to be poured out from time to time, if they repent not, until the earth is empty, and the inhabitants thereof are consumed away and utterly destroyed by the brightness of my

coming."(f) The unrepentant will be punished not only in this world, but their punishment will extend into the life after this. Without repentance it is impossible to be saved.(g) The law of the Church is, further, that if a person sins, but neither confesses his sins nor repents, he shall be brought before the members of the Church, to be punished according to the laws of God and man.(h) It is most dangerous to possess an unrepentant spirit, for it leads continually into sin, until the light which God has given to the sinner is taken from him.(i)

On the other hand, those who sin but later sincerely repent, are forgiven, and they shall be given eternal life.(k) The righteous rejoice when a sinner repents; the Lord has told us that even the angels rejoice.(l) If a person continues to

(a) 10:67.

(b) 58:43.

(c) 98:44.

(d) 49:8.

(e) 133:16.

(f) 5:19.

(g) 63:63.

(h) 64:12-13.

(i) 1:33.

(k) 1:32; 133:62; 58:42.

(l) 90:34.

trifle with God, with insincere or short repentances, he and his children after him who sin, will be punished.(m)

The doctrine of repentance is one of the most beautiful in the Gospel; and brings great joy to those who obey it. Without repentance it is impossible to obtain a remission of sins.

Baptism.

To believe and repent does not entitle a person to membership in the Church. He must first accept certain ordinances prescribed by the Lord for all who wish the blessings and privileges belonging to God's people. These ordinances are(mm) faith, repentance, baptism and the laying on of hands for the bestowal of the Holy Ghost.

"Baptism is to be administered in the following manner to all who repent:—The person who is called of God, and has authority from Jesus Christ to baptize, shall go down into the water with the person who has presented himself or herself for baptism, and shall say, calling him or her by name—'Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'—Then shall he immerse him or her in the water, and come forth again out of the water."(n)

All those who have shown humility and faith in the Gospel, and have repented of their sins, may be received by baptism into the Church, if they so desire.(o) Children who are born in the Church should be baptized when they are eight years old.(p)

(m) 98:39-48.

(mm) 18:42.

(n) 20:72-74.

(o) 20:37.

(p) 68:25-27.

In the Aaronic Priesthood, only the priests have the right to baptize; but all the members of the Melchisedek Priesthood have this right. However, in an organized part of the church, all baptisms should be sanctioned by the Bishop or some higher authority.(q)

Baptism itself would have no value were it not commanded by God. By accepting this doctrine, man shows his willingness to obey the will of God. Baptism is symbolic of the death, burial and resurrection of our Savior Jesus Christ. (Read 128:12 and 76:51.)

When a person has been baptized he is then entitled to be confirmed a member of the Church and to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.(r)

REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

- 1—What is repentance?
- 2—How may repentance be known? (58:43.)
- 3—What will happen to those who do not repent?
- 4—What is the reward of repentance?
- 5—Why is baptism necessary?
- 6—Should an unrepentant person receive baptism?
- 7—How should the ordinance of baptism be performed? Repeat the words of the ceremony.
- 8—At what age should children be baptized?
- 9—Who have authority to baptize?
- 10—In what likeness is the manner of baptism?
- 11—Where were you baptized? Who baptized you? (Ask several members of the class.)

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

1—Show from the history of Sidney Rigdon, how an unrepentant spirit leads to downfall.

2—Give an account of the baptism of the Lord Jesus Christ.

(q) 20:46-58.

(r) 84:64; 39:23.

USAGES AND PROPRIETIES OF GOOD SOCIETY.

LESSON IX.

SHOPPING,

The women do the shopping of the world. Men buy and sell in great quantities and conduct the wholesale business and traffic of every country, but it is the women who do practically all the buying of food, of clothing and of house furnishings. Women regulate prices in necessary commodities, by their whims and fashions, and indirectly control the market, and in the same indirect way, women regulate the customs and habits of shop-keepers and shop employes, while their own characters are more or less moulded and modified by the reacting influences. It is, therefore, not unprofitable to observe somewhat closely the ethics of shopping, as they are governed and controlled by as immutable laws as any other social force.

Every lesson in ethics or good manners must necessarily begin and end with the counsel of patience and good nature, sympathy and proper dignity of womanly reserve.

To begin with, the most important duty and obligation of shopping, which should be performed at home before setting out on your quest, is to decide what you want. One of the most unsatisfactory, and certainly one of the most extravagant, methods of shopping, is to start out without any definite idea of what is wanted, how much of it will be needed, or how much it will cost. To buy a thing because it is cheap, at a time when you do not particularly want it, is the most questionable economy in the world. Take a bit of paper and a pencil and set down exactly the things that you require; and it is a good plan to set opposite each item the amount you can afford to pay for it. This

enables you to determine whether you have money enough to make your purchases, and what price, proportionately, you can pay for each.

O, that all the American women would adopt the sensible, economical, nerve-saving plan which governs their English cousin's expenditures! The English women would scorn to live in the haphazard, unhappy-go-lucky way in which many American women manage or mismanage affairs. The English woman's income is apportioned out exactly like the funds are in a large business institution,—so much is allowed for coal, so much for rent, or taxes, so much for groceries, so much for clothing, and after every necessity is provided for, then the margin is carefully divided up for luxuries and investment, while many American women spend just as their fancy moves them, and oftentimes indulge in a piece of luxury at the expense of a necessity. The law of ethics is so closely related to the law of economics, that no woman who has not all her resources under her perfect command, her mind free from the care of debt or extravagance, and unburdened by that Sinbad weight which rests upon the conscientious woman when she knows that she has spent money which should have gone in other directions: only that woman, I repeat, who stands safe and clear on the pedestal of her own womanhood, in perfect control of her resources and faculties, can be an ideal shopper. We will suppose, then, that our ideal lady has made out a list of all the things which she requires and their probable prices. She is neatly and very

plainly clad, and modestly enters the door of the store or shop where she is to begin her day's work.

In all large department stores in cities, there is a floor-walker whose duty it is to give shoppers all information about the store that they may require, and to answer all their questions. Let the shopper ask her questions, if she have any, of this official and no one else. Clerks are not supposed to answer questions, much less are they hired to visit with you, no matter how old your friendship or intimate your acquaintance; they are there for business, and it is presumed that business is the object for which you entered the store.

When you have found the counter where you wish to purchase your goods, wait patiently for your turn, and do not push rudely before another waiting customer, no matter how great your hurry. Speak always in a low tone of voice, and do not take the clerk and the nearby customers into your confidence on any and every subject that may or may not pertain to your present business. Some women have so little regard for the rights and feelings of others that they will take up a clerk's time for hours, looking at everything he may have in his department, and then walk coolly away without purchasing a thing. Clerks are always anxious to show you their goods; but it is certainly expected that you will not be unreasonable. In no way can a woman show her selfish, disagreeable nature more than in the temporary intimacy of shopping. Civility, kindness and sympathy are as necessary, and make as beautiful an adornment to character in this special walk of life as anywhere else in the world.

Samples are sometimes furnished at stores, but should not be asked for in unreasonable quantities, as

the clerks are thereby embarrassed and sometimes annoyed.

Another form of rudeness of which some are guilty is the constant repetition of how much cheaper a rival shop-keeper's goods are, and how much more desirable.

"If they are," thinks the clerk, "why don't you go there and do your shopping?"

But above all the bad habits to which shoppers are addicted, that one known as "jewing down" is the worst and most vulgar. It is next to impossible to retain one's self-respect and indulge in this habit. Clerks soon learn such a character and shrewdly place the prices of their goods so high for such a customer that they can well afford to be "jewed down," and even then, oftentimes, they charge the unwelcome visitor more than the regular price. Does the customer consider that when she asks for a reduction upon the goods that she is tempting the clerk to have a sliding scale of prices for the rich and the poor; and the difficulty about this "jewing down" habit is that it seems to attack the rich and well-to-do far oftener than it does the poor. Write in big letters over your shopping memorandum before you start out, "I will pay the shop-keeper's straight price or not purchase."

Bargain counters are a great temptation to women—perhaps because they lack the business instincts and training of men. As a rule there are a delusion and a snare, and while some good bargains are necessarily made at such times and places, there are many things purchased because they are cheap but are not really needed, which makes the poorest bargain in the world. And there is such a waste of nervous energy and force given to it by women shoppers who spend more time and effort in this foolish bargain hunting than would suffice to

make the clothing. And because of all this, we are constrained to say that bargain counters, as a rule, should be avoided by all women; but if a woman should go to one, let her retain her modesty and civility, being extremely courteous to all with whom she may come in contact.

When you have made your purchases, be sure you count your change carefully, and you will also certainly be honest enough to make any mistake right which the clerk may happen to make in your favor.

Do not run accounts, if you can help it—such a course is productive of sleepless nights, extravagant habits, and finally of bankruptcy. If you must run accounts, always take a little book with you and set down in your book every item you purchase. This will serve to keep tally on your memory, as well as on the accounts of the store. Accounts which are run without this precaution always seem to be one-third or one-half larger than counted on.

Do not be over-proud about carrying small parcels, nor make yourself a nuisance and the laughing-stock of the store by asking them to deliver small parcels when you can well carry them in your own shopping bag. A shopper of this description once went to the Co-op. Store, in Salt Lake City, and bought two or three spools of thread, ordering them sent to her residence, which was some distance away. The Co-op. delivery man was so disgusted that he took four men and his largest delivery van and horses, drove noisily up to the lady's gate, "helloing" to the inmates of the house, cracking his whip, and shouting to his clattering horses. With grave faces the four men got out, lifted the tiny parcel carefully as if it weighed a thousand pounds, and the four of them carried it soberly up the walk and deposited it on the

front porch. This, at least, is the story that is told about the matter.

When you leave the store, a polite "Thank you" and "Good day" always bespeaks the lady and leaves a pleasant impression.

Such, then, are a few of the ethics of shopping.

QUESTIONS.

1—Who do the shopping of the world? Is it retail or wholesale shopping that they do?

2—How do women regulate prices? How do they mould and modify habits and customs of shop-keepers and clerks? How are the women reacted upon by these habits and customs?

3—What laws govern the ethics of shopping? On what foundation should shopping manners rest?

4—What are the obligations of the shopper beginning at her home?

5—Why should the shopper make a list of her wants and the approximate price she can afford for each item?

6—Do you think it well-bred to talk loudly to the clerk? Is it right to take up all the time you feel like, chatting with the clerk who may be a friend? How many things should you "look" at before making a purchase?

7—What are the points of rudeness about shopping that you can remember and that offend you most?

8—What about "jewing down"? What objection is there to it?

9—What can you say of collecting samples from stores?

10—What do you think would form the outfit and qualifications of an ideal shopper?

11—What about carrying or delivery of parcels? Do you know any instances similar to the one related in this lesson about the delivery of a parcel? Review the incident referred to.

12—What can you say about running accounts? What should you do if you have to keep such accounts with shop-keepers?

13—What can you say of the bargain counter? What economy is there in purchasing a thing when it is cheap, but not needed?

14—What have you to say about change? Why should you carefully count your change after making a purchase? When should you count it, and why?



Because she was born in the month of May,
This grace shall be with her all the day;
The grass shall spring where she puts her foot,
The frost will spare the flower's root,
And 'twill blossom fresh as yesterday;

The whole use of her life will be
Sweetness and strength and purity,
And God will hear when she does pray.
This grace shall be with her all her day,
Because she was born in the month of May.

Kate Thomas.

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"SPRING."

Kate Thomas.

Sky 's blue 's summer sea,
Earth 's warm an' dry 's can be,
Freshness loadin' all th' air,
Sunshine glintin' ev'rywhere;
'Most 's happy 's a king—
Say, who *wouldn't* rhyme on Spring!

Sparrows chirpin' in th' eaves,
Vi'lets peekin' through green leaves,
Childern laughin' loud an' clear,
Jes' gone wild 'cause summer's near;
'Most 's happy 's a king—
Say, who *wouldn't* rhyme on Spring!

Earth is fair an' God is good,
Wouldn't have th' hardihood
T' complain while He gives me
Health an' purty things t' see.
'Most 's happy 's a king—
Say, who *wouldn't* rhyme on Spring!

LOVE THAT AVAILS.

(Concluded.)

Josephine Spencer.

V.

Crofton came by her appointment on the next evening and the something in her attitude chilled the ardor of his expectancy before anything was said. Then sitting in the little parlor, Ruth talked long and earnestly. There was something to do for her own conscience as well as his peace of mind, and she did not flinch from the task before her. Her cool portrayal of the situation daunted him in two ways. When a man loves, the object of his passion is invested with a certain atmosphere of romance and sentiment far removed from the humdrum and sordid question of life.

It inevitably dissipates something of this tender roseate glow to see his ideal outlined in the clear icy air of practicality. Nothing so quickly congeals the glowing fire of sentiment; and its chill, penetrating touch, in this case, did much to annul the pangs of disappointment Crofton felt at Ruth's decision.

It was true, too, that he had not thought out the serious problems of the proposition and, seeing it by Ruth's clear logic, spite of the honesty of his regard for her, helped to tinge with grey the bright picture his imagination had been busy with. It was, however, with protestations of genuine feeling that he accepted her final word.

"My association with you has been the dearest of my life," he declared. "No one could fill quite the same place for me. It seems more than I can stand to be shut out from it."

"You need not, dear Will. There is surely no cause for us to be estranged. Let us be the good comrades we have always been, then I shall not have to miss the comfort of your presence."

Upon this ground they adjusted it, and Will, acting upon her permission, continued his visits as before.

There was no seeming sense of awkwardness in the new situation; indeed, it was not without a little twinge of bitterness that Ruth noted how soon and easily her erstwhile suitor adopted the role she had outlined.

It would be so to the end, she told herself, a single whole view of the situation would suffice for any man.

May came, bringing the prospect of Minna's homecoming. Then a letter arrived with the news that a friend had invited her to spend the summer months at her home in the country, and after that she was to go back to New York for another year's training. She had the promise of a position as soprano in a church choir, and this, with what she would save through the summer, would pay expenses. Ruth smothered her disappointment, and wrote back a cheery letter, rejoicing with Minna at her good fortune, and following it with some of her own mother-like little attempts at good counsel.

The summer seemed long and lonely—its one diversion for Ruth the quiet twilights spent on the porch, with Leonard firing her imagination with his vividly pictured ideals, and drawing her anxious

thoughts from Minnie and the growing boys with their idle schoolless days.

For the past two months Will Crofton's visits had grown more infrequent, though he still kept up his seeming insistence on their unbroken comradeship. She saw him often now with Effie Bradley, a pretty brunette, two years younger than herself, but whose youthful face and style suggested at least a five year's difference to Ruth's disadvantage. Will told her about Effie one night assuring Ruth that "next to her she came nearer to being 'all wool and a yard wide' than any other girl in town."

His involuntary admissions quelled whatever qualms of conscience still lingered in Ruth's heart, for her inadvertant fanning of a hopeless flame, and gave her warning to brace herself for the coming disruption of her little platonic idyll. She had already missed the bright and cheery companionship that had helped to shorten the long winter, and she saw before her many hours when she would miss it still more.

Leonard she had seen but little in the past two weeks. From his mother she had learned that he was busy with an elaborate piece of workmanship for the coming State Fair, a handsomely wrought saddle in Mexican design, and as the time was short between, it was taking all his spare moments.

Early in September there came a disturbing letter from Minna. She was back in New York, but the church choir engagement had fallen through, and she was without friends. Another position was in prospect, but it would not be open until October, when the present soprano was going to Europe; and if Ruth would send her money enough to tide her over the month, she would replace it later.

The little dividend from the remaining stock had just come into her hands, and Ruth, mentally devising a number of petty home economies, mailed the sum to Minna. Then her anxiety centered about an even more serious clause in her sister's letter. She had left Mrs. Fadden's house and was boarding in a new locality with her friend—the hostess of the past summer, as a room-mate.

"Mrs. Fadden is too priggish and fussy to live," Minna wrote, "and Rella and I decided before we came back, that we'd find some place where we wouldn't have to hand in written excuses from guardians every time we looked out the window, or went to the front door alone."

This news was serious to Ruth. One solace of Minna's lonely sojourn in the great metropolis was in the fact of her being with people of her own faith, the certainty bringing a sense of confidence and consolation to lull her many anxious thoughts. With this safeguard withdrawn, old, brooding fears came back to Ruth in full swarm, with nothing to assuage their nagging stings. Minnie, alone, in a place like that without the shadow of a guardianship to warn and protect her against dangers to which her care-free, fun-loving nature might yield itself a thoughtless bait! Midnight came and passed while she worried, and wondered if her words adjuring Minna to return to Mrs. Fadden had been forceful enough.

While this anxiety was rankling there came another before which the first paled into insignificance. It fell as before in the likeness of a miniature thunderbolt from Minna.

"My dear Ruthie," it read, "I had hardly had time to hear from you since my last letter, when I received news that would have kept me from troubling you at all about

money, had I known. A few days after writing you, Rella brought me an offer from the manager of the "Bon Bells" Opera company to sing with the sopranos in the chorus at twenty-five dollars a week! Think of it, Ruth! Not a month—but a week! Twenty-five dollars a week!! I went straight to my music teacher about it and he advised me to take the offer. Said the music was all right for my voice and would help to strengthen and develop it. Of course, my darling Ruthie, I had large pangs of doubt when I thought of you—for I knew you would worry over it as you do over everything. But you must remember, little grandmother, that in accepting this offer I am not in any sense entering upon an operatic or any kind of a stage career. It will simply mean a season's good practice with a handsome salary thrown in. I shall take another name so that my identity will never be known, and shall insist on a place in the rear stage where I shan't even be seen. The costumes are very modest, so there is nothing at all to worry about, unless you conjure up hob-goblins out of simple ether. Of course you know it is only for the winter—then I shall come back to open a studio in Salt Lake."

Ruth's first move upon receipt of this discomfiting letter was to dispatch a telegram containing a crisp message to Minna to delay all steps till she should hear from her by letter. Then with equal alacrity she went down town to the business firm which had charge of the little family fortune and arranged for the sale of her personal share. The children's, she felt was a sacred charge, and that she would not touch. When these arrangements were completed she enclosed a draft to Minna in a letter containing the most authoritative tone and

the severest terms she had ever used before. The money enclosed, she stated finally, would pay all necessary expenses for the winter, without dependence upon outside support. She had gone to New York as a student, and upon no account was she to place herself in any other position.

"You will make the most of your opportunities," she wrote, curtly, "and be ready to return in May."

The answer to this was a long epistolary wail. Ruth's letter had come too late to be of avail, it said, as her contract with the company was already signed, and called for the entire season's performance without any conditions. If she failed now in her word it would take all the family owned to pay the costs, to say nothing of the publicity that would ensue. It was absurd for Ruth to fly up so about an enterprise both harmless and profitable, and she resented the inference her stand contained that she was not to be trusted in such a position.

"If you have so little faith in me, the best thing I can do for both of us is to teach you to have more, and I can only do this by relying upon my own individual judgment and putting it to the test."

Ruth went about after receiving this letter with her mind in almost the same chaotic state that had followed Elmer's defection. To her, raised in the simple way of her unworldly and strictly religious parents, and imbued with their own teachings in lines like this, Minna's venture yawned as an abyss, and the long distance between them served to make the aspect darker. What should she do? Sell the rest of the stock, or mortgage the home, and go to Minna herself? Vain questions like these presented themselves in her mind

to be confusedly considered, and drearily rejected, throughout the night. When day came she longed to pour her troubles into the sympathetic ear of the woman who had grown so staunch a friend; but she knew that no one could help and guide her in her sore strait, save One, and she hesitated to burden other human beings with her unsolvable problems. Besides a little feeling of restraint had grown in her heart lately. Leonard, whose visits had been even more frequent than Will Crofton's during the period of his first probation, had lately seemed to avoid these calls, and Ruth's quick sensitiveness attributed it to the fact that he had withdrawn his attentions with the same cautious motives that had lain in Elmer's heart.

She knew that Leonard's special work was finished. Mrs. Leonard had come in two weeks ago to say that the saddle had been awarded a gold medal, and Leonard had sent it to New York, where a \$5,000 prize had been offered by a great manufacturing firm for an elaborate design. Ruth felt intuitively that the work in any case, had been a pretext, and suffered under the inference of his sudden neglect. If he only knew how safe he had been from misunderstanding or machinations on her part! But the thought stung, and this, with her new trouble about Minna were piercing thorns in her heart all day.

It was twilight now, and Ruth having dispatched the two boys to fetch Amy from the house where she had been visiting, was sitting in the doorway waiting their return. It was October, but the air had so far been like Indian summer, and the evenings were still pleasant on the porch.

A quick step on the walk startled her and Leonard came up on

to the porch and sat down beside her.

She greeted him with a reserve occasioned by her own morbid thoughts, and Leonard, daunted, looked at her doubtfully.

"Ruth," he said, suddenly, "I may startle and even offend you, but I cannot risk my happiness any longer in doubts and profitless surmisings. I have been fearing to speak—to harm you by my presence—but I have heard something today that leaves me at least free to tell you what is in my mind. I believed until now that you were pledged to Crofton, and that his recent absence had been unwittingly caused by my frequent calls. Today I learned that no tie of any kind exists between you, and I have come to offer you my love. I know that between us is the shadow that has darkened our name; but I am going to build a new fame for us, God willing, one for which you need have no shame. I want you to share it with me, if you will, Ruth—if you care enough for me."

Ruth drew a long breath. Here was another ordeal come to cap her day's torture—the hardest she had suffered yet. If only Will had spared her this sore trial by portraying all that she had done in saving him!

She collected herself in an instant, roused by the eager and anxious look in Leonard's face.

"I cannot believe that you have duly considered—have fully realized this step, Mr. Leonard," she said, with listless voice. "Few men would take it, who had."

He was looking at her with steady, wondering gaze, and with note-like words she repeated the lesson she had taught Crofton.

"You mean that you doubt my love?" he interrupted her.

"I do not question your sincerity, but your judgment," she answered

gently noting his earnestness. "You should be too selfish to add to your burdens."

"My burdens," he echoed, and then sensing her drift—"Great heavens, Ruth, can you believe that your burdens would be anything but privileges to me? If you knew how my heart has yearned to take them from your shoulders, or bear them with you, such an unworthy doubt could never have found lodgement in your mind. That wish has been my chiefest one through all these months—to help you in your life cares and burdens."

"And I—what would I be to you in your opening career?" she asked, bitterly, "a drag—a clog from outset to end!"

"Do you think a career would mean anything to me with the thought of you left behind, hampered in your chances?" he asked. He reached out and took her hands. "I love you Ruth," he said, in his tender but firm voice, "and I want the dear privilege of caring for you."

She did not withdraw her hands, but leaned back against the door, trying to think and decide. But one thing stood out insistently before her,—the picture of those other selfish loves in comparison with this which accepted and undertook all for her sake. But she must not let him do this—she must prove the strength of her own love by saving him.

"What do you think my good luck meant to me today, before I found out the truth about you and Crofton?" he interrupted, as she was about to speak. "It was nothing and can be nothing without you to share its joy. I have taken the big prize," he replied, answering her look of inquiry, "and better still, have been offered a position in New York that will give me a

princely income, to speak by comparison. It is because I must go away next week, that I found courage to come to you tonight, for I want you with me there, to help and inspire me in my work and ambition."

Ruth grew dizzy. "New York"—she gasped. "But the—the children, and—"

"I dared to plan it all out, Ruth, whilst I was walking home. Mother will take charge here—I notice she has influence with the boys, and Amy and Nell are easy problems."

"But to desert my post,—to—" began Ruth.

"One soul's unfoldment and destiny are as precious as another's," he interrupted. Ruth started. Elmer's self-same words, almost, but imbued with what different meaning!

"I want to see especially what thorough musical training will do for that beautiful gift of yours," Leonard was going on insistently, "and with a year in New York it will have excellent advantages."

New York and music! Her dream of fairyland to come true! She could not believe it!

Leonard kept on. "You must be ready by next week at the latest."

"Next week!" she tried to protest—then a thought came to her—"Oh, Jasper—I can be near Minnie!"

"You can be near Minne," he echoed, in the certain tone of a victor.

(The End.)



How plain she is, I thought. She had a large mouth. Her nose was broad and heavy. A little boy was crying on the corner. "What's the matter, Jimmie?" she asked, and comforted him. An old man dropped a bundle. She picked it up, and pinned the flower from her belt upon his coat. Then she smiled. Oh, such a smile! How beautiful she is, I thought.—K.



MUSIC AND "THE MASTERS."

LUDVIG VON BEETHOVEN.

Edyth Ellerbeck.

Beethoven is often called the Shakespeare of music. It is not possible to draw a parallel between the two artists, either as to their lives or their productions,—environment, disposition, and the field of each man's life-work were so widely different. But this much we can say: each was a great artist because he was a great man, and as only great men can, both reached the heights of sublime elation, and the profoundest depths of despair. The great difference lies in the fact that Shakespeare appreciated and could reflect perfectly the passions, ambitions, exaltation and degradation of others; while Beethoven, no student of his fellows, reveals only the turmoil of his own breast, and speaks only to those whose souls have felt some of the "world-pain" that burdened his. His works are the bitter

fruits of thought and sorrow, the results of passionate and earnest strife for ideal aims.

Ludwig Beethoven was born on December 1, 1770, and two houses in Bonn claim to have been the scene of the important event. Poor little Ludwig! From his earliest childhood he was to know all the biting shame and horror of a drunkard's household. His father, Johann Beethoven, was not so drink-befuddled however, that he could not recognize the musical genius of his son, and the five-year-old boy was set to practising that he might be exploited to retrieve the squandered fortunes of the family. Violin practice consumed the mornings and the clavichord the afternoons; and evenings when he should have been tucked up in bed, he was dragged to tavern and beer garden entertainments that his

playing might pay for his father's beer. No rest, no play, no outlet for the boyish feelings and aspirations,—can we wonder that the boy, grown a man, should pour out the choked up sorrow in a "Sonata Pathétique"?

Beethoven's early years were not nearly so productive as those of Mozart or Handel,—mature development of the intellect and emotions, and the experience of deep suffering were required to bring his genius to perfection.

The Count Waldstein was his first friend and protector, and it was through this noble-man's influence that he gained admittance to the drawing rooms of the Austrian aristocracy. Finding there appreciation, — artistic appreciation expressed in a tangible form,—he took up his residence in Vienna. It was chiefly his original style as a pianist and gift of improvisation that impressed musicians, and in his early years more was expected of his executive than of his creative ability. His playing was bold, impulsive and fiery, as would be expected from one of his nature. But later, when the affliction that was a "sorrow's crown of sorrow," came upon him, he played less and less, and turned to composition as the only channel for his gift of melody. It seems the bitterest irony of fate that he who had spent his life delighting and uplifting others by divine sounds, should be deprived of all sense of hearing. Handel was blind, but had sweet compensation in being able to hear the results of his own life-work. Beethoven never heard a note of his very greatest compositions.

His was a heart yearning for love, friendship and social intercourse, yet his affliction and sensitiveness left him as solitary as though he had been marooned.

What a pitiful appeal there is in this extract from his will:

"Ye men, who believe or say that I am inimical, rough or misanthropical, how unjust you are to me in your ignorance of what appears to you in that light. Born with a fiery, lively temper and susceptible to the enjoyment of society, I have been compelled early to isolate myself and lead a lonely life; whenever I tried to overcome this isolation, oh, how doubly bitter was then the sad experience of my bad hearing, which repelled me again; and yet it was impossible for me to tell people, 'Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf.'"

In his grief fleeing from men, he turned to Nature for consolation, and found her not only nurse for his wounded spirit, but inspirer of his nobler self. In long lonely walks in the beautiful surroundings of Vienna he communed with Nature, and there conceived and sketched many of his grandest works. The "Moon-light Sonata," is said to be the fruit of a solitary ramble across the fields while they lay bathed in the yellow light, all the weird beauty of the scene translating itself in the master's mind to magic sounds.

The summit of his fame was reached in 1815, when he celebrated with a symphony the victory of the Allies over the French oppressor, and was rewarded by the applause of the sovereigns of Europe assembled at the Congress of Vienna. Beethoven's compositions, a hundred and thirty-eight in number, comprise all the forms of vocal and instrumental music, from the sonata to the symphony, from the simple song to the opera and oratorio. His piano sonatas have brought the technical resources of that instrument to a perfection unknown before his time, and embody

at the same time infinite variety and depth of emotion.

He died in 1827. The last twenty years—the most prolific of his life—he was, as the same pathetic Will betrays, "a stranger to the delightful *sound* of real joy." The never-resting law of compensation has made the world the richer for his loss,—in sorrow he brought forth the children of his brain, and

today they are the comforters of those oppressed by like grief.

"How grand the spectacle of an artist deprived of all intercourse with what to him in this world was dearest, yet pouring forth the lonely aspirations of his soul all the more sublime as we seem to hear in them the innermost spirit of mankind."

"BE YE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED."

Helen Winters Woodruff.

Paul said:

"Neither is the man without the woman, neither is the woman without the man in the Lord."

There are few young men and young women who fully understand the significance of this passage of Scripture.

Marriage is just as essential to the eternal exaltation of man, as is baptism or any other ordinance of the Gospel. Hence if we hope to gain an eternal exaltation in the presence of God, we must of necessity obey this first great command given to our parents in the Garden of Eden.

While we are taught that the work of salvation is an individual labor yet we know that we are not independent of the help of our fellow beings. Woman is dependent upon man for her exaltation. How necessary it is for Latter-day Saint girls to be guided by the Spirit of God in making a choice of a companion for time and eternity; for upon this choice depends greatly her happiness, not alone for this life, but for the life which is to come.

Every Latter-day Saint girl should approach the Lord in humility and faith for guidance in this all important step.

Here I am reminded of an experience of one of my near and dear girl friends in gaining a testimony regarding her marriage. It happened while we were school-mates at the Brigham Young Academy. Her mother had taught her from the time she entered into her "teens" to pray that the affections of her heart might be guarded until "the *right* man came along"—and that she might never accept the hand of a young man until she was convinced beyond a doubt that he was the one whom God designed should be her companion for time and eternity. The time had come now when she was to give an answer to the young man who had asked her to be his wife. The couple were deeply in love with each other, they thought, but it proved to be only a fascination which is so often mistaken for love.

She fasted and prayed for nearly three days; at the end of which time she was as unsettled in her mind as ever.

One morning she went to school with a dull countenance and a heavy heart—her prayer had not been answered. That same morning it was announced that Prof. B. would lecture on courtship, love and marriage.

During the course of his remarks he stated that oft times when people were praying to the Lord for guidance in the choice of a companion, they were so decided in their own minds as to the course they wished to take that it was difficult for the Lord to convince them of anything else. "In a case of this kind the mind of the petitioner is in darkness and doubt. Then it is time to stop. "Place yourselves in a condition to receive the will of God concerning you and all will be well in the end."

My friend took this for the answer to her prayer and has many times since acknowledged the hand of Providence in her deliverance from a man, whom to have married, would have meant a life of disappointment and misery, for although at that time he belonged to the Church and was held in high esteem by his associates, he has since lost the Faith and is now a moral wreck.

The Lord was mindful of her, who by this experience showed her great faith in Him. In due time she met the one whom God designed for her companion, and to-day their home is one of the happiest. And why is it happy? Because they are equally yoked under the new and everlasting covenant, there is a perfect spiritual harmony existing between them, they both have a testimony that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ and that Joseph Smith *was* and *is* a true Prophet of God. Herein lies the foundation for happiness in the Latter-day Saints' home. Both are striving for the same object—

Eternal Salvation in the Kingdom of God.

Children born of parents, who are united on religious principles are most certain to be strong in their religious views, but if father believes one thing and mother takes another stand, it is sure to result in unstability of faith and character of the children.

It has been proven beyond a doubt that there can never be strict harmony existing between husband and wife who belong to different denominations or between a believer in God and an infidel. Spiritual sympathy is requisite to a perfect marital union.

Experience has proven that greater happiness is secured, in the home, other conditions being equal, where Catholics marry Catholics, Protestants marry those of their denomination and Latter-day Saints unite themselves for time and eternity with those of their own faith.

Jews rarely marry Gentiles, and this accounts for the fact that they have maintained their identity as a race for so many hundreds of years since their dispersion among all nations. As a result, there is more harmony, love and union existing in their homes than there is in the homes of the Gentiles.

Our missionaries in the world have the experience almost daily of meeting with some woman who has been born of Latter-day Saint parentage, or who has at one time belonged to the Church, but who has been led away by the allurements of the world and married outside the pales of the Church. In almost every instance her life has been one of disappointment and distress.

These women had not a well established faith in the Gospel and were swayed by the power of mon-

ey or worldly position or possibly a suitor who possessed a handsome face and a smooth tongue.

Several weeks since a friend of mine having just returned from a visit to a neighboring state told me of the sad condition of one of our girls which had come to his notice during his travels.

One evening just at dusk he rode up to a ranch to inquire if he might remain over night, dark having overtaken him ere he was aware of it. He gave a light rap at the door and the lady of the house answered it. He beheld in her a frail creature who bore the aspect of one having been pretty in her girlhood, but through neglect and ill treatment from her husband looked haggard and old beyond her years. He remarked to her that he was just in from Utah and in looking for a sheep herd, owned by him, he had missed his way. Her countenance brightened at the mention of Utah, and she gave him a very cordial and urgent invitation to "come in," as she wanted to have a talk with him.

After the evening meal had been cleared away, they drew their chairs up before the open fireplace in the little log cabin and being apprised that he was a brother in the Gospel, she proceeded to unfold the story of her life. She was born of Latter-day Saint parents, and in one of the southern towns of Utah she had been the light and sunshine of a home where love and union dwelt in the hearts of its inmates. Her life had been as a long summer day. Then a "man of the world" entered upon the scene, "a wolf in sheep's clothing." He beguiled her youthful mind with fanciful stories of a happy future. She felt sure that her case would be an exception to the many cited by her parents. But, alas! It proved to be a repetition of dozens of cases

where our girls marry outsiders, and every instance has resulted in sorrow for our girls. After marriage he had taken her hundreds of miles from her loved ones, and we now find her realizing her grave mistake.

Our young men set us a good example in carrying out the admonition of Paul when he says, "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers," for cases of Mormon boys marrying outside of the church are rare in comparison with those of our girls who do.

Parents who are united in their belief in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and who by their works show that they are striving to serve God and keep His commandments furnish for their children a corner stone upon which may be built a structure of faith that cannot be shaken by the powers of adversity. Girls, think what depends upon you as future mothers in Israel. Beware, lest you fail in the great mission of life. Think seriously upon the subject of being "yoked" in the sacred bonds of wedlock, and the advantage which will accrue from being "equally yoked" with one of God's noblemen—one who holds the priesthood and through his faithfulness will gain for you eternal exaltation in the presence of God.



If God speaks to the soul of man, let him obey.—Joseph F. Smith.



Think of the love of Abraham when the Lord called upon him to place his son on the altar of sacrifice! Yet that love said,

"Though it takes from me what is ten thousand times dearer than my own life, take it; it is Thine. Thou gavest and Thou hast a right to take it away."—Joseph F. Smith.

THE TWO LOVES OF MAGGIE.

Annie Pike.

For a long time Uncle Billy held her heart supreme, but he was forced to share her affection with the new school teacher. Maggie fell devotedly in love with her the very first day. How beautifully she did her hair! And how clean and pink her finger nails were! Only to think of her caused a deep sigh of adoration from Maggie.

And then Uncle Billy lived in another town, and she saw him only once in a great while. The new teacher she could see every day except Saturdays and Sundays. Uncle Billy was her mother's youngest brother, and had been the idol of Maggie's heart since she was old enough to ride about on his shoulders.

It was not easy for Maggie to learn. Her penmanship in particular was bad. Miss Burns, the new teacher, had told her so. After school many hours did Maggie cramp her little body over the fat round letters while the tears ran slowly down her short nose, dropping off in great splashes on the page. Over and over did she try. Her fingers were chubby and unmanageable, but the love in Maggie's heart was great, and she was determined to please Miss Burns if she wore her fingers to the bones in her attempt to make her letters look like letters and not like filigree work on a drunk.

When she wrote to Uncle Billy it was different. The letters had to take care of themselves, and the love of Uncle Billy had to act as interpreter for the labored scrawl:

"Deer uncel billy: I have a nice teecher I love my teecher. Her name is miss Burns and I lov here.

I love you to. she has brun har and blu ies. i hav name the rabit after you he has blak eers and no tale. Come sune. this is alle for now. Youre loving Maggie."

Her letters to Uncle Billy were always brief. They never failed to receive a reply, which she usually carried about with her until it was ragged and soiled.

Miss Burns was unconscious of the love she had awakened. Perhaps it was because there were so many other little ones under her supervision. Maggie always went home elated with the smile which had paid for the errand run, the erasers cleaned, the plants watered, and the many other things which she took joy in doing for the beloved Miss Burns. It was enough that she had smiled. It was something to dream about for the rest of the day, and especially while "Honesty is the best policy," screeched protestation as she dragged it across the copy book with her tongue thrust out at the corner of her mouth.

Maggie had heard her mother say that Miss Burns would not "go places" like the other teachers did, and that she was too "stuck up" to "go out" with the young men of Hillsdell. Her mother often said things which in her secret heart Maggie did not accept. This was one of them. If Miss Burns did not "go out" she was sure there was some good reason for it, and her loving little heart refused to care less for the object of her affection no matter what her mother might say. Maggie's mother had never shown any sympathy for the imaginative nature of the child.

Unconsciously Maggie felt this lack and her heart went out all the more to Uncle Billy and Miss Burns. Her father worked on the railroad and was at home only on rare occasions so that Maggie scarcely knew him. He was her father—that was all, which meant nothing in particular to Maggie.

One day Maggie's feelings received a shock. Miss Burns had a letter which she brought to school until she should have time to read it. The opportunity did not come until noon. All the children had left the school house except Maggie. She was putting her hat on while Miss Burns was reading her letter. Suddenly the teacher bowed her head upon her arms and began to cry! Maggie was petrified with horror. Crying! Miss Burns crying!

In a moment Miss Burns threw her head up and Maggie could see that her cheeks had flushed scarlet. The little girl stole out of the school house and toward home with a rebellious something surging through her heart. Someone had made Miss Burns cry! The thought took away her appetite so that at dinner she ate only one muffin, and that gingerly between the throbbing aches in her throat. She wished that she could find out who had made Miss Burns cry. It was not long before she was to know.

That night she wrote,

"Deare uncle Billy: My teecher red a letter today that made her cry. Her name is miss Burns. I am awfl sory. I could not do nothing cood I. i am so sory i hate who did it. Of corse I never cut the rabbits tale of. how cood you ask? it just growed off. Loving Maggie."

In Uncle Billy's next letter there was a question, "Is Miss Burns' name Helen?"

The consequence was that Mag-

gie asked, "Miss Burns, my Uncle Billy wants to know if your name is Helen?"

"Yes, dear."

"My Uncle Billy must know you."

"Perhaps he does. Is he living here?"

"Oh, no! My Uncle Billy lives in Detroit."

"Oh! What's his other name?"

"Other name? Why it's Uncle Billy!" He doesn't have any other. Mamma calls him 'Will!'"

Then she wrote:

Deere Uncle Billy her name is helen I meen the teecher. She asked me what your name is i told her just uncle billy wasn't that funie of her. you are crool to tell me to take kittie and cut here tale of and put it on the rabbit the rabbit dont care and it would hurt kittie loving Maggie.

Although she did not dream of it, Maggie's love story was drawing to a close.

It was a beautiful April day when misfortune came to the little girl. She was seated on the top rail of the schoolyard fence watching the clouds sail across the sky in great bunches like cotton, when someone called to her and she turned to answer. There was a flutter of white apron, a stifled scream, and Maggie lay on the sharp rocks at the foot of the fence. When her schoolmates came to lift her, her face was very white and she was crying and gasping for breath.

"Miss Burns! Miss Burns! Maggie's fell and hurt her back and she won't let any of us touch her 'cause it hurts, but she jest cries for you!"

That brought Miss Burns from her desk, and that is how it was that she carried Maggie home in her arms, although Maggie was rather a heavy child.

No one thought much of Maggie's hurt, although she cried a great deal at first. When the days began to grow into weeks and Maggie would not move because it hurt her back, her mother became alarmed and sent for the doctor. He said very little to the mother, but what he confided to Miss Burns wrung from her the cry,

"Oh, doctor! what a pity! It seems too cruel to believe. Is there no way out of it?"

And the doctor said there was none. After that there was not a day that Miss Burns was not with Maggie. She made paper dolls, wonderful furniture, hollyhock ladies, rag babies—and the stories, and candies, and innumerable other things caused Maggie to look forward to Miss Burns' visit as something almost heavenly.

Perhaps because her mother was with her she did not notice a subtle change in the child. Miss Burns, more sensitive, recognized it at once, and her heart sank as she remembered the doctor's words. It was harder to hold Maggie's attention; even a prettier doll or a more exciting story failed to bring the flush of interest into the wan cheeks.

"Somepin' hurts. I don't know just what, but it hurts, and I can't hardly move my legs, Miss Burns; they don't feel like mine at all, but jest somebody-elses."

It was at this time that she began to pine for Uncle Billy. Miss Burns she loved as devotedly as ever, but Uncle Billy she loved also.

"You're awful good to me, Miss Burns. I love you 'most like I do God and the angels, but Uncle Billy—if he'd come he could make me well, and I'm awful tired of lying here with my legs not feeling at all. I think Billy—that's my rabbit—misses me, too. He's aw-

ful lonesomely without me."

It was Miss Burns who persuaded the mother to send for Uncle Billy, but she "couldn't see the use," until the day came when it was apparent even to her eyes that Maggie's strength was almost gone.

The day that Uncle Billy came Miss Burns was sitting by the bed relating for the twentieth time the old story of Snow-white.

"So one day when the queen went to the mirror and said,

'Looking-glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?'

It answered,

"'Queen you are full fair, 'tis true,
But snow—white, fairer is than—'"

She suddenly stopped, the color rushing into her face and then leaving it white. The door had opened and a man was standing in the center of the room, looking at Miss Burns. Maggie's eyes were closed, and she seemed asleep.

"Helen!" he exclaimed, in a low tone.

"What are you doing here, Will?"

She had risen and was facing him coldly.

"I came to see the child. I am Uncle Billy. O, Helen! Can't you forgive me? You know I love you. It was a wretched mistake. I am willing to make any retribution, but this miserable one of living without your love."

He came a step nearer, but she lifted her hand in a gesture of repulsion. For a moment they stood thus silently, and then the man turned and walked slowly from the room.

There was a stir on the bed and when Miss Burns turned she was surprised to see Maggie's eyes wide open.

"Miss, Burns, I couldn't help

hearing. Do you know my Uncle Billy?"

"I used to."

"Why don't you now? Is he bad?"

"He was bad to me."

"But he says he loves you."

"Perhaps he doesn't."

"Uncle Billy never says what he doesn't mean." There was grave rebuke in the child's voice. "I wish you would love him."

Miss Burns did not answer.

Not until Uncle Billy had returned again to the city did Miss Burns resume her visits to Maggie. What the doctor had said was true. Maggie's loves for this earth were coming to an end. One day she said to Miss Burns,

"Uncle Billy says you won't forgive him. Why won't you forgive him?"

"I can't, child."

"Did he do very bad?"

"He pretended to care for another girl simply to make me jealous. Oh, it was a little trick!"

Maggie did not understand. "But he loves you and he is sorry."

"That is not enough. The wound does not heal so easily."

"I love Uncle Billy. I would forgive him anything, even—even if he cut my kitty's tail off and put it on the rabbit. I would, indeed! You don't love Uncle Billy."

"Ah, I wish I did not," it was a cry of agony wrung from the woman's heart.

"Then you would forgive him," went on the inexorable little judge, "I would forgive him anything. I love Uncle Billy. Oh, Miss Burns, I love you, too," she added, for she had seen the tears in Miss Burns' eyes, and somehow the knowledge came to her that these were not the first tears she had seen in Miss Burns' eyes on account of Uncle Billy. The day

in the school house came to her vividly and she felt sure.

The last night of her life Maggie insisted on having Miss Burns hold her hands. She would have the rabbit put on the bed because it was named after Uncle Billy, and almost the last words she said were, "Oh, Miss Burns, I do love you most heavenly, and Uncle Billy, and I wish you'd forgive him."

"When I get well I will be so good at school, I will do 'most everything for you if you'll love Uncle Billy."

When Uncle Billy did not come to look at the little girl for the last time, and Miss Burns found that it was because he was dangerously ill with typhoid-pneumonia, something that was once pride melted away and Maggie had her wish. That was why a letter reached Uncle Billy which helped him to recover more than all the medicine the doctor could prescribe.

It was one day when Miss Burns was looking at a little desk which she had always kept vacant, and thinking of Maggie, that Uncle Billy came into the school room. He was pale and thin from his illness, but he was smiling with something like happiness in his face.

"Helen!"

"Will!"

"You have truly forgiven me?"

"Yes, dear."

"And you will marry me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Helen! I have suffered for my folly—you have, too, dear girl!"

Then, with his arm about her, they talked over those long, bitter days of misunderstanding—the little folly that had brought so much pain, until a quiet and peace came to them that they had not known for many weeks. It was at this time Will said:

"Helen, I thought you might for-

give me because of this"—he held open a little scrawly note,

"Deer uncle Billy, I cant rite much today my legs feel funie, ples ask her agen I think she will forgiv you I love her uncle Billy

and I love you She is most heavenly. Ask her agen. i will be hapy when it is alle rite and you will come to see me and I will get well wont you loving Maggie."

SKETCHES.

III.

PEEL.

Katherine Arthur.

"D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break o' the day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oftines led;
Peel's view 'halloo' would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning."



BAY AND CITY OF PEEL.



PEEL CASTLE.

Have you ever read Hall Caine's "The Christian"? It was from Peel that his heroine, "Glory," came. Glory! The very name makes your heart beat. She was all sunshine and feeling. No wonder John Storm went mad over her.

Peel is one of the quaintest old villages in Manx-land. Its situation along the bay is very pretty. Adjoining is the little Peel Island with its ruined castle and cathedral. Here, in 1440, Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester (*Gloster*) was imprisoned for witchcraft. Scott speaks of one tower in "Peveril of the Peak," as the one from which Fennella escapes.

The inhabitants of Peel fish and make boats, sails, nets and ropes.

The most general oddity of the Isle of Man is its cats. They are tailless. There is the usual little story telling why: Whenever the Manxmen held feasts, the Scots, seeing the fires, and being stronger, would go over and eat everything themselves. The Manxmen grew so weary of this that once they lit fires without preparing a feast. The Scots hurried over, but finding nothing cooked, were so angry that they cut off all the cats' tails for soup. They must have enjoyed it. So now as you walk down the street you will often hear some child singing,

"Rule Brittania! God bless the Prince
of Wales!
Manx cats never, never, never, will
have tails!"

OUR GIRLS.

Francis M. Lyman.

When the invitation came to write something in the Journal for "our girls," my thoughts turned to those who may be included in that term. The daughters of Zion in the various stakes from Canada to Mexico form the larger part, but there are others, whose lot is not so fortunate, out in the various missions of the world. These have also come under the good influence of the Mutual Improvement associations, and though in some cases they speak other languages, they all partake of the same spirit and show the same devotion as do those at home.

Our girls must remember that in a little while they will not be spoken of as girls, but as wives and mothers. Now in their girlhood they should prepare for the greater responsibilities that are coming to them, just as we all prepared before coming to earth for mortality and its labors.

The pleasures and activities of youth should be so pure and wholesome that instead of robbing later life of its joy they will add happiness to it. If the years of maidenhood have been so spent that the care of a home is looked upon as drudgery and the rearing of children as needless suffering, then those years have been terribly misused. As a man should place no ambition in life above that of becoming a husband and father, and should consider the fulfillment of that aim as a sign of his manliness, so a woman should look upon her power and privilege of bringing children honorably into the world, if the Lord has granted her these, as one of the prime objects of her creation.

Whatever other graces and attainments a girl seeks, she should be sure that none prevents her acquiring the knowledge and skill to fit her for the place of mistress of a home. The study of dead languages, mathematics, geology and other subjects may all be pursued with profit by girls as well as boys, but certainly it would not be wise to spend years in such branches if girls were unable to prepare wholesome food, were ignorant of the laws of sanitation, or incapable of relieving the suffering of the sick. So long as a woman must at least direct the preparation of food not only for herself but for a family whose members have different ages, occupations and states of health, it is certainly more necessary that she should understand the science of dietetics than of astronomy. So long as she must meet sickness in varied forms among those who are dearest to her, an intimate knowledge of the science of physiology and hygiene is more valuable than acquaintance with ancient history.

In this, there is no suggestion that our girls should study less, but they should study essential things first, and then, if opportunity permits, such other branches of truth as their tastes may suggest. There are various ways of misdirecting our energies and talents. Some Latter-day Saints try to keep up with the times by reading all the latest novels and such other books as people talk about, yet books that feed the soul, the revealed Scriptures of the Lord, lie on their shelves from week to week, month to month and year to year without being opened, except to make preparation for a lesson or



PHOTO BY FOX & SYMONS.

APOSTLE FRANCIS M. LYMAN.

through incidental cause. The excuse is given that they are not interesting. Imagine, the inspired word of the Lord accused of dullness! Fiction does not offer such interesting characters as Enoch, Joseph, David, Elijah, Daniel, Paul, Nephi, Ammon, Alma, Moroni and greatest of all our Redeemer, Jesus Christ. In no fiction can such great thoughts be found as in the Scriptures. No uninspired writing can give such a true insight into the heart of man, human experience and the objects worth seeking in life.

There is no objection to reading certain books of fiction, but it is indeed foolish and harmful to read other books to the extent that one is robbed of time and taste for the study of the Scriptures, for these are essential and the others are not.

The wise course is to use time and talent in such a prudent way that the most truth and real joy can be gotten out of life and the most useful labor and good can be done. If the girl's ideal is to lead a home life, she should strive to perfect herself in every branch of womanly

knowledge, just as earnestly as the musician labors to gain the mastery of his art. The prosperity and happiness of the family may depend on whether she is economical and efficient as a housewife. Among the many causes that break up homes and bring great sorrow is the inability of the young wife to live within the means and save something that the husband provides. This is not always from want of inclination, but is sometimes due to wastefulness and unnecessary purchases instead of making the most of everything she has.

While the trials of life are few and the joys many, our girls have little cause to be morose or bad tempered, but they should guard themselves most carefully against such tendencies. If they learn the art of cheerfulness it will be worth a fortune to them. The cross, spoiled girl grows harsh and unloveable when the real troubles and conflicts of life come. When a woman loses her tenderness, she loses her womanliness. Her husband and children expect a caress and receive a thrust; they need sympathy and love, but meet complaint and anger. Bad temper often grows out of gloominess; but why should we be gloomy? So long as we do right we ought to be happy, and when we make mistakes they are not corrected by despondency. It may be a struggle sometimes to raise the voice in song, but there are few better ways of bringing brightness back to life. Every girl should learn to sing. If she thinks she lacks that gift in comparison with others, she should remember that many times she may need to sing when alone, and at any rate babies are not critical.

Among the choice qualities of true womanhood is modesty. However beautiful a girl may be, she loses much of her loveliness when

she seeks to attract the eyes of men by displaying her form and features. It is not necessary or proper that a veil should be worn to hide the face from the public, as is done in some Oriental countries, or that women should spend their time wholly within the walls of their homes. This is unnatural. To be modest is not to repress any tendency toward development, but is instead to leave the way unobstructed toward perfection, for modesty is the woman's shield. Nothing rebukes an evil-minded man so thoroughly as to be entirely ignored, or if he forces himself into notice, to have every advance met with aversion. Not alone with strangers, but in every relation of life woman should retain her modesty. It brings her greater love, for it inspires complete confidence. And here let me say to our girls what I have often said to their brothers in the mission field and elsewhere, that embraces and kisses are for one's family alone. They form no part of legitimate courtship. The first kiss should be given at the altar, and it would be well if both parties could know that they were not only chaste but not even soiled by this undue familiarity with others. The coquette has been likened to a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf and only the thorns are left for her husband. Girls, do not be coquettes. Take to your husbands all the choiceness and fragrance of your love. If you do, you will give them treasures greater than all worldly possessions. There is nothing that quite equals the devotion of woman for the man that possesses her heart. Her confidence is so thorough, and the suffering she will endure is something beyond the comprehension of man. With him she will pass through the depths of poverty and endure affliction that he knows not of, and in it all she is

patient and takes a pride in suffering if she knows he loves her.

Girls, in your struggle towards true womanhood, do not forget that the Spirit of the Lord is your best guide and greatest source of strength. Tell the Lord plainly the desires of your hearts, plead with Him to grant you His great bless-

ings, and then to help you appreciate them. Although in your own hearts the principle of love is stronger than life, yet the Lord loves you more than you can love, and He will bless you if you will be pure, earnest and humble and seek Him unceasingly in prayer.

HINTS ON FLOWERS.

O. H. Hewlett.

The season is here when the amateur as well as the professional gardener is beginning his summer work, so it will be appropriate to make a few suggestions, which, if acted upon, will help to make the season a pleasant as well as profitable one.

The first thought is what shall we do to beautify and improve the surroundings of our homes; and how shall we do it? There are many ways, and for the benefit of amateur gardeners a few simple suggestions and ideas will be given.

Nearly everyone has a love for flowers, even the lowest and roughest classes of people have a longing for the sweet companionship of these true friends of nature.

I well remember a gentleman in this city, (Salt Lake), who was looked upon as a rough, surly man, and if his name were mentioned, it would perhaps send a shudder down the backs of some people. He was the last person we would look to for sentiment, yet when he died a few years ago a request was read from him asking his friends to lay flowers on his breast, and it concluded with these touching words, "I love pansies best."

We all have hobbies of some kind. The active mind must have

some recreation and the craving for amusement must be satisfied. Therefore, by all means, cultivate a love for the beautiful and pure in life instead of letting the longing be supplied by the low and vicious, and of all pleasures surely there is nothing more interesting and elevating than the pastime of raising flowers.

The people of Utah are a little behind many eastern cities in regard to societies for home decorations; for in many of those cities they not only decorate their own homes, but where there are vacant and unsightly lots they clean them up and plant flowers to beautify the place. This is true civic pride. Would that we had such organizations in every city in fair Utah, and then she would surely "blossom as the rose." If we could only instill into the minds of the young people a love for the beautiful, what a power for good it would be to guide them through life.

Let me briefly relate to you what a certain Ohio city recently did to encourage the beautifying of their city; prizes were offered for the prettiest beds of flowers raised by amateur florists, and a committee was appointed at a certain time to

round up all the flower exhibits. This plan worked like a charm, and the city that year was practically a bed of flowers as there were hundreds competing. Give this a trial in some of our cities, appoint committees, interest your newspapers who would be glad to help in all matters to improve the town. The local merchants and some of the wealthy men would willingly help in the matter. This plan would furnish occupation for the young people who are having their school vacations; prizes could be offered also for older people so that all would be interested. Try it, you progressive young people of the Mutuels, and write to the Journal how you succeed. The eastern cities are meeting with much success in these contests, and there is no reason why we cannot.

I would also like to make another suggestion, which if placed in active operation, would make an excellent and much needed improvement. In one thing we are behind the sectarian churches, and that is the condition of the grounds surrounding our houses of worship. You all know how everyone admires the beautiful flower beds and lawns on the Tabernacle and Temple grounds; this should be a strong incentive for us to beautify our Ward Meeting House lots. Wherever there is a Latter-day Saints church why not have a committee appointed whose special duty would be to see that the yard is properly taken care of? Why not work mutually to improve these places? Let me tell you what one ward accomplished last year, and this was one of the smallest and also about the poorest ward of the Stake. A committee was appointed to take charge of the church and surroundings, and that year the grounds were beautified in many ways. Cement walks were laid and

trees, vines and lawns were started, also several beds of flowers. People passing often remarked that it looked like an "outside church." If that is the case, we should wish that all of our churches looked like "outside churches." The flowers were never molested by the boys, and bouquets were often cut to decorate the pulpit for the Sunday evening services.

Now a few words in regard to hot-beds, and cold frames; also what kind of flowers to plant, which will be written with the supposition that a nice showing can be made without much trouble and expense; also with the understanding that too much time cannot be given for the cultivation of a garden. A hot-bed can be made an elaborate affair to cost a large sum of money, or a simple affair which can be erected for a few dollars. As you no doubt know a hot-bed is for the purpose of raising plants from seeds, which are to be transplanted in the spring. This enables us to have flowers a long time before it would otherwise be possible. If seeds are planted too early, before the ground is warm, a majority of them will not germinate, or if they do the delicate seedlings are apt to be killed by late frosts; on the other hand if we delay our planting until warm weather, we must wait until mid-summer for flowers. Here is where the hot-bed and cold frame come to our relief making it possible by the use of concentrated heat to start seeds and cuttings that are sensitive to cold, weeks before the frost is fairly out of the ground. In this way we can have large, thrifty plants by the time the weather is fairly settled. If you have no hot-bed this season have one next spring. You will feel amply repaid for your work.

I have recently had a hot-bed made which cost very little and

is giving excellent results, doing the work as well as the more elaborate affairs. Pick out a nice warm place with south front if possible, a board fence will make an excellent background. Dig out the ground and fill with manure to a depth of from one to two feet. It should be left standing a few days before using, so the heat will not be too strong, then a frame made of glass sashes should be placed over it. Glass frames can easily be made by taking old window sashes and filling in any broken panes with common window glass. There are two ways to plant seeds in a hot-bed; one way is to scatter four to six inches of soil on top of the manure and plant seed in that. The safest and best way, however, is to sow the seeds in shallow boxes filled with a loamy soil and place them on top of the manure. I use the boxes and the plants are much more easily handled in this way, especially in transplanting, also there is less liability of being affected by fungi. Be sure and do not fill up all the space in the hot-bed at first for room will be needed when you thin out the small plants into other boxes. After the hot-bed is once started be careful to see that proper ventilation is given every day. Ventilation is not only to give air, but to carry off the noxious vapors generated by the steaming manure. Plenty of water should be given, particularly when the weather is warm, in cool weather, of course, not so much is needed. The best time to water is in the morning or evening. If the sun shines too strongly throw some dirt or white-wash on the glass to prevent the heat from becoming too strong. Many more directions could be given, but these essentials will suffice for a beginning.

Cold frames are built on the same lines as the hot-beds, only no ma-

nure is used. Be sure to have a good warm location, a south front if possible, and at night cover over well with sacks, mats, boards, etc., as there is no manure to keep the seeds warm. Cold frames are a good deal simpler than hot-beds, and while flowers do not grow so rapidly in them, yet they are a fine thing. All lovers of flowers should have either a hot-bed or a cold frame, for the seasons in Utah are not so long as in some states, and we must use artificial means to have early flowers.

What flowers make a nice display and grow easily is something we are all interested in, and the following simple suggestions, if followed out, will give a neat and pretty display with but little work or trouble. Of course, there are thousands of different kinds of flowers, but only a few can be mentioned. The supposition is that the average person loves flowers, yet cannot afford a gardener to care for them, so desires something that will grow easily and make a good display.

By all means have a bed of petunias. They are fine showy flowers and once planted they will come up every year. As the seeds drop in the soil by the hundreds in the autumn, you will have fifty plants in the spring for every plant the previous year, and no matter how much the soil is worked you will still have plenty. I give away hundreds of plants each year to friends, and have planted seeds but once. Only a few days ago a gentleman called on me to ask the name of the flower, saying that he had passed many times and admired them so much, he desired to grow some. My neighbor raises only petunias and they look so lovely that people often remark about their beautiful appearance. The more you cut petunias the faster they grow, and they make lovely bouquets. If I had only

one kind of flower to plant in my garden and could give only a limited amount of time to its care, that one would be the petunia. I refer to the single petunia, so do not confound this with the double, which, while very beautiful, is much harder to raise.

Nasturtium is another flower to grow from seed. It should be planted in a coarse, gravelly soil. Unless you obtain the dwarf varieties, plant against the house, porch or fence, as it grows rather tall. It is excellent for cutting and makes a showy bouquet, and has a delightful perfume.

For a border, plant some seed of the old favorite, mignonette, which is fragrant and grows easily. Sweet alyssum also makes a pretty border, and is easily grown.

Sweet peas are great favorites and grow easily. They make an excellent background, and should be planted against a fence, porch, or house, or to form a hedge, as they grow tall. Choose a place that is shaded part of the day. Water well. You can be liberal with these flowers, distributing them freely to your friends, for the faster they are cut the better they bloom.

Pansies are the sweetest and daintiest of our little flowers. You should have some of them by all means. Be sure and raise the double pansy, as it is twice as pretty as the single, and no more trouble to grow. This flower should be planted on the north side of the house for it does not like the sun. Pansies are strong, hardy flowers, and the more they are cut the faster they increase. In the fall of the year cover them over well with leaves and dirt. By doing this you can have early flowers in the spring as they will stand the winter when properly protected.

"Sweet bunch of daisies," an-

other charming little flower, makes an excellent border as they are low growing. This flower also increases by cutting.

Geraniums are beautiful showy flowers, strong growers, and a few of them make an excellent display in a garden. Many other kinds could be mentioned, but this will suffice for the present.

Be very careful in sowing seeds not to plant them too deep or they will never come up. Fine seeds should be covered with only a sprinkling of dirt and made firm by pressing with a flat board. The best rule for large seeds, such as sweet peas, nasturtiums, etc., is to cover twice as deep as the seed is thick, though if sweet peas are planted early (February or March), many plant them three or four inches deep, and think they grow better.

A few words about vines. Nothing looks more refreshing in the summer time than to see green vines growing over a house or church. Every house should be decorated with vines or ivy. The old favorite is the Virginia creeper which is a rapid grower, and looks well. Boston ivy is especially fine for brick or stone houses, as it clings to the wall without having to be tacked up. Clematis is also a lovely climber. If you desire a vine to come up quickly and cover nearly everything in the same season, by all means get some hop vines. They grow from seeds or plants, and look well, but they have to be planted every year. Morning glories are very pretty, and grow rapidly. They will climb a distance if properly tied up. This flower shows up beautifully in the early morning.

I will conclude by hoping all the readers of the Journal will be successful in raising an abundance of flowers during the coming season.

MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS IN RURAL ENGLAND.

Mary F. Kelly.

"Beautiful May with thy lap full of
flowers
Rising when April has fled with his
showers;
Thrilling the air with thy beautiful
voice,
Calling on mortals once more to re-
joice,
Thee would we greet on the day of
thy birth,
Thee would we cheer with our inno-
cent mirth,
Beautiful May with the sun on thy
brow,
Beautiful May, we delight in thee
now."

We have all experienced the sensation of delight which the first bloom of Spring brings to our souls. Sordid indeed must be the person to whom this renewed outburst of life and beauty does not appeal, and it was the natural expression of this feeling which gave rise to the May Day Festivities once so widely celebrated in England. Even now, the day is not allowed to pass unnoticed although so many of the old national customs have become obsolete.

It is claimed by most historians that May Day observances are a relic of the ancient Roman festival in honor of Flora, Goddess of Flowers. This fell on April 27th and continued several days. Two of the principal features were, the crowning of the Goddess and the decoration of the porches of the dwellings of maidens by their admirers. As Roman rule prevailed in Britain for some time it is highly probable that this was the origin of the later May Day celebrations.

From old writings we find it was customary for the youthful swains to gather immense quantities of flowers and branches of trees with which to decorate the exterior of the homes of their lady loves. And

to such a point of extravagance was this carried that, not content with bringing the branches, they cut down whole trees and set them up in front of their lady's homes in their desire to vie with their rivals. It was feared that this recklessness would in time destroy the forests, therefore in 1154 an edict was issued that one long pole before each house must suffice, upon which the garlands and branches might be suspended. This was the origin of the May Pole.

With the passing of the days of chivalry this observance decayed and homage to the season was given greater prominence. It became a "Day of Congratulation to Spring," and instead of many May Poles, one in each town was erected and gaily decorated with garlands around which the young men and maidens danced to the music of pipes, cymbals and tinkling bells.

It was usual for the young men to go to the woods the day previous and prepare the pole by cutting it down and stripping it. At daybreak the maidens went out in procession to meet them, and with great rejoicing the May Pole was brought home in triumph and reared upon the village green. As they approached the village the older inhabitants met them and joined in the general rejoicing. Stowe, the historian, relates that,

"On May Day in ye morning, every man, woman and chile, except impediment, would walke into ye sweete meadowes and greene woodes, there to rejoyce their spirites with ye beauty and savour of sweete flowers and with ye harmonie of birdes praysing God in their kind."

Even the court itself participated in the celebration for we read that

Henry VIII and his wife, Queen Catherine, with their suite, rode from Greenwich to Shooters' Hill to meet the merry-makers.

Following the old Roman custom of crowning the Goddess Flora, a Queen was selected from among the village maidens, who reigned with gentle sway over the festivities of the day. This custom is preserved and still exists in many of the villages in England at the present time, and the distinction is eagerly sought for. As the late English Poet Laureate says in his beautiful poem, "The May Queen,"

"You must wake and call me early,
call me early mother dear;
Tomorrow 'll be the happiest day of all
the glad New-Year;
Of all the glad New-Year, mother, the
maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May."

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that
I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the
day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of Flowers,
and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May."

The Queen is chosen by popular vote and much pleasant rivalry is indulged in.

THE CHOOSING OF THE QUEEN.

"Who shall be Queen of the May?
Who shall be Queen of the May?
When songs and flowers make happy
hours,
Who shall be Queen of the May?"

Rustic swains you'll not forget
Blithe and buxom Marg'ret,
Raven hair and eyes of jet,—
SHE should be Queen of the May.

Susan, with her eyes of blue,
Glistening like the morning dew,
With her locks of golden hue,
SHE should be Queen of the May.

Think of Marg'ret's sparkling eye,
With our Susan who can vie?

None—when Mary is not by.
Let Mary be Queen of the May.

She is good as she is fair—
None with Mary can compare,—
Mary is a jewel rare,
Let Mary be Queen of the May.

Proud and royal is her mien—
She shall be our festive Queen
Reigning o'er the village green,
She shall be Queen of the May."

The Queen dressed in white is driven through the village in a carriage or upon a float decorated in emblematical fashion. She is attended by her maids of honor and pages, followed by the Sunday School children and village clubs, marching to the music of the village band. At the end of the procession a company of "Morris Dancers" delight the eyes of the juvenile populace. The dancers usually consist of five men and a boy, dressed in fantastic costumes. The word is a corruption of "Moorish Dance" and is said to have been an innovation introduced by John of Gaunt after his return from Spain. From this was derived the present custom of blacking faces, and although no trace perhaps of the original dance remains they afford endless diversion by their merry pranks, one of which appears to be the exercise of the royal prerogative of kissing all the girls who come in their way.

After the parade the company adjourns to the village green where a banquet has been prepared, usually served in tents, a wise provision as the day rarely passes without a shower or two, but such a trifling inconvenience as this cannot dampen the ardor of the sport loving English.

The Queen is conducted to her place of honor at the head of the table by the Squire or some local magnate or perhaps, by the "Parson" (the presiding ecclesiastical official). Here the health of the

King, the Army, the Navy, the Ladies, etc., is drunk, and not usually with water, for the average Briton is not partial to "aqua pura" as a beverage.

After the repast games of various kinds are played for the delectation of the Queen and her court, who are seated upon a raised dais in a bower of evergreens. Dancing around the May Pole is one of the principal features.

"The May Pole is up,
Now give us the cup,
We'll drink to the garlands around it,
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown it."

To the May Pole is fastened ribbons of various colors, the ends held by little children who by marching and counter marching produce a plaid or striped covering to the pole. The effect is very striking and great care is taken in training the little ones for their part of the performance. Sometimes, all bearing blue ribbons, will kneel while those having red and white march around and thus a red and white pattern is produced. Then those with the white and blue will kneel and a solid red band appears upon the pole, or vice-versa. The children are dressed in white and usually wear long sashes corresponding with the color of their respective ribbons, and the whole scene presents a dazzling and beautiful appearance.

In honor of the occasion various booths have been built upon the green where candy and cakes are sold, also toys and adornments in the shape of long paper contrivances representing long ostrich feathers. These latter are usually in red, white and blue, and are seen streaming from the hats of the lads as well as the lasses. May Pole dancing being of course very

amusing for a time is not quite sufficient diversion for the festive youth or the ubiquitous small boy and for them are provided sports of another character, such as three-legged, sack, egg and spoon, and other races, and also the greasy pole. A pole similar to the May Pole is erected and upon the top is tied a large smoked ham. Donning overalls the boys, one after another, strive to mount to the top and secure the coveted prize; but as the pole has been well greased it is no easy matter, and only when most of the lard has been deposited upon the garments of the competitors is the victory won. It is as amusing to watch the crowd, with their eager and laughing faces, as the unfortunate youths, who often slide down again just as they have succeeded in touching the prize with the tips of their fingers.

The insatiable appetite of the small boy for good things is proverbial, and the youthful Briton is no exception. He certainly endures much tribulation in pursuit of this object, for one of the popular diversions is "jumping for sticky buns." A row of shiny currant buns is suspended by pieces of thin thread from a horizontal bar, then a spoonful of treacle (molasses) is poured over each and the small boy, with his hands tied behind him, is required to jump and catch a bun in his mouth when the fragile thread breaks and he is the proud possessor of the coveted dainty, besides a plentiful supply of the sticky product which has bedewed his face and hair. "*Chacq'un a son gout*," as the French say. The festivities are kept up to a late hour, closing with a torch light dance upon the green. The last dance of the evening is usually the old-time "Sir Roger de Coverly," led by the Queen and the partner whom she may choose to honor, and at the close

all stand and sing "God Save the King." This loyal observance is always engaged in at the end of every social gathering in England and the exercises of the day would be incomplete without it.

"God save our gracious King,
God bless our noble King,
Long may he reign!

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious
Long to reign over us.
God save the King!

O Lord our God arise
Scatter his enemies
And make them fall.

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix.
God save the King."

A GIRL'S POULTRY YARD.

Ruth Hamilton.

Passing through a model poultry yard recently a thought occurred to the writer. "Why cannot a small poultry yard be managed by a young girl with great success?" The one visited belonged to a boy but if he can be so successful in the matter there is no doubt that a girl can do equally as well. No sooner thought of than an investigation was begun with the result that the following article is given to Journal readers with the hope that many girls, especially those living on farms, will realize how much pocket money can be made with a small number of chickens, that is, if the proper directions are followed and the "yard" kept up upon the rules for best results in poultry raising. And the person engaging in the enterprise will be pleasantly surprised at the interest it will develop as the business progresses. In many cases possibly, the girl will meet with little enthusiasm from her parents who may claim that they have lots of chickens and they seem to be doing all right so what is the use of going into new fangled notions. To this the girl should reply to the effect that on the farm, running wild, are 100 or more chickens of different kinds and

only eleven eggs were received the day before, having previously looked into the matter. In the girls' model poultry yard 100 chickens would be giving from 40 to 60 eggs daily and as the interest in the immediate neighborhood increased these eggs could be sold, in the spring, at from 50 cents to \$1 a setting, to neighbors who had seen the pretty birds in the girl's yard and wanted to have fine poultry too.

The great mistake made by the average farmer is allowing the little things on the farm to go neglected and the poultry usually comes under this head. Dozens of farms could be mentioned where there are from 100 to 200 head of chickens scurrying all over the place and out of the whole lot the average number of eggs received is very, very low. The reason for this state of things is that the chickens do not do well when allowed to run at will, eating everything and at all times.

The first great rule for the successful raising of poultry is to keep the fowls to themselves in proper coops, a pen of one variety entirely to itself.

The plans for the coop given herewith are like the elastic book-

cases, that is, the reader can take the plan and build from one to eight as desired.

This whole plan for eight model coops takes a bit of land exactly 28x96 feet. The open runs are all enclosed in high wire on poles and are for good weather only. Each run has at the north end a scratching shed and a coop, marked respectively S and C. The scratching shed has solid walls at rear and sides but south is wire stretched tight to prevent the fowls going out in bad weather. Each has a door. The floor is thick with gravel overlaid with straw and scratching litter. Face always to the south and even in stormy weather the hens will be seen scratching and cackling in the enjoyment of mid-winter. The coops are well built, well lined and with a little window and door. Under the roosts is a shelf and under this shelf are the nests. A square hole between each shed and coop is all that is necessary for the free movement of the fowls between the two.

If there is an orchard handy this whole poultry yard can be built under the trees as it will not do any damage. If not, then any place where some shade can be secured in summer. In winter the trees will not interfere with the sun getting into the scratching shed which is the important item in locating the yard.

While the space required for the whole yard is given above the following dimensions will prove a guide for those who wish to start with one, two or less than eight compartments.

Each division has a total ground space of 28x12 feet. The open run is 24x12, the scratching shed 4x7 and the coop 4x5.

The sheds and coops should all be built together, any number desired, and the yard divisions made

afterwards. The sheds and coops should be at least 4 feet high at the rear and 6 feet or more high at front.

Each compartment will be the permanent home of one aristocratic family of the poultry tribe. For instance in No. 1 Buff Leghorns which are among the prettiest fowls and the best layers. In No. 2 Brown Leghorns, and so on through the list of White and Barred Plymouth Rocks, White Wyandottes, Cochins and Minorcas. Each person may delight in a different class or breed of poultry. But no matter what kind are placed in the pens, make that their permanent home and keep each class separated at all times. They must never be allowed to get out of their little yard.

Each yard will hold not to exceed 15 birds so the capacity of the whole yard of eight pens is 120. A fair start could be made with 3 in a pen.

It is not the intention in this little article to enter into the details of poultry raising as it is a subject which calls for a long study and the best way to do will be to get a reliable poultry paper if starting into the business and in a few seasons the owner of the model yard will become quite an expert in raising fine poultry.

Now for the girl who cannot afford to make a start except in the smallest way. Take one section of the plan herewith, that is, build a coop and scratching shed with yard, the whole covering space 28x12 feet. This calls for the coop, the shed and the yard and the cost ought not to exceed \$15 for a well built affair. But construct it so that compartment No. 2 can be added at any time when the money begins to come in.

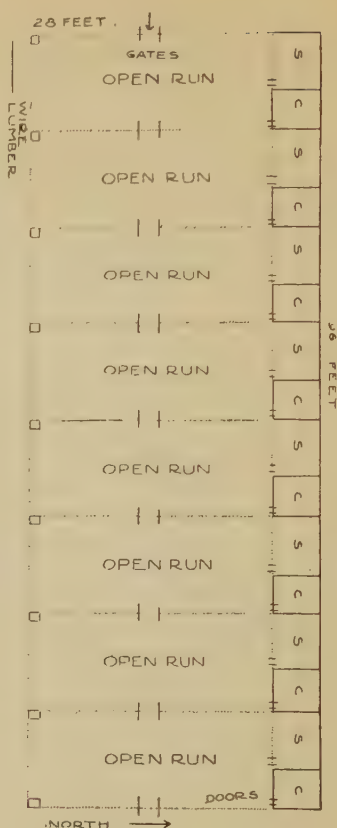
Select any class of fine chickens, say a trio or five which will cost \$3

or \$5. Do not get discouraged, but handle this little family with the greatest care and follow all the rules for raising, paying especial attention to setting the hens. With proper care the family should surely be up to the limit of 15 inhabitants for that one compartment by the following spring and then commences the real interesting part of the business.

In Salt Lake last year, January 1902, was started a little pen with 10 fine chickens. The year's results showed all expenses paid and a profit with enough extra hens to make 15 chickens in the coop January, 1903. Many were killed for the table during the autumn.

In the accompanying plan the heavy lines show the woodwork while the dotted lines show the wire partitions and fencing. Each is plainly marked and by studying it the reader can decide how to build from 1 to 8 runs and coops.

No attempt has been made to enter into particulars but the object is to give a hint to girl readers of an easy and interesting plan to make some money with very little trouble. If any are interested enough to seek further information, a letter sent to the writer in care of the Journal and enclosing a stamp, will receive a reply and all questions will be



cheerfully answered and the inquirer directed to honest dealers. Or further descriptions of coops and fancy poultry will be given without any charge whatever.

A FANCY.

Emily Calhoun Clowes.

March boldly kissed the Earth's tresses,
And tossed them about her fair face,
Then left her in mad, jealous fury
For April was claiming his place.

April wooed her with tremulous sighing,
Soft pouting and laughter gay;
But departed in hopeless weeping
At the tender advances of May

May shyly hovered about her
'Till June thrust him gently aside
To shower her lap with roses,
And make her his blushing bride.

THE LOBBYISTS.

Marjorie Liske.

Nell deposited a quivering pyramid of stuffed eggs in the center of the table, and then stood off to admire the effect.

"Isn't this the most *heavenly* place for a picnic!" she cried in an ecstatic outburst. The rest of the girls paused in their tasks to admire their own and Nature's handiwork. Nan strutted a bit.

"It isn't everyone who can have a round table for a picnic spread. Talk about Mrs. Fortesque Ferry's round table teas at the Alta! How will this sound as a social 'item':"

"The Octagon entertained at the-er-Druid, at a select luncheon, last week. The table was a massive round red wood, said to be over a thousand years old. Decorations were entirely in green. The menu cards were unique, and held the following elaborate menu:

Nut sandwiches.

Stuffed eggs.

Olives, pickles.

Jam (Logan-berry, girls!)

Potato salad (if you have put onions into it, Mary, I'll never speak to you again.)

Nervous pudding (who made that wobbly gelatine?)

Caramel cake, *ad libitum*,—come on, let's forestall that army of ants. Is the chocolate ready?"

Marjorie, who presided over the camp fire, now adroitly fished the kettle from its hot bed with a crooked stick; the picnickers grouped themselves about the festive board, and soon nothing was heard but oh's and ah's of satisfaction as the delectables disappeared.

The scene did truly outshine the highly artificial beauty of one of Mrs. Fortesque Ferry's teas. The

"Octagon," a girls' club of eight, as its name betokened, had chosen as its fraternal hall a deep Sequoia grove near their home, and held their vacation meetings under the protecting arms of these ancient giants. Their table, the smooth top of a red-wood trunk, was about six feet in diameter, and had this advantage over more modern manufactured articles, that it had no legs to groan under its weight of good things. The hot California sun sent only a few rays through the thick branches of the towering trees; no sound broke the forest quiet except the rustle of dry twigs, the incessant soft thud of tiny falling cones, and the murmur of the creek near by.

All summer the girls roamed the woods, fearing nothing while under the shelter of the Sequoias, but only once in a while did they venture so far as they were today. This was the region of the largest trees in the grove; great veterans they were, towering hundreds of feet in the air, stretching out wide arms, and offering soft carpets many feet thick, at the base of their hardy trunks. The girls had names for all the largest, and spoke of them with the familiarity and affection of old friends,—as such indeed they were. One patriarch, aged, lightning smitten, they had christened the "Druid," a name suggested by Longfellow's familiar lines:

"This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss and in garments green,
Indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices
sad and prophetic."

Another, a straight, more slender

giant, which stood with one limb curiously bent, giving it the appearance of a soldier at "Post arms," was the "Sentinel." The "Three Fates" grew in a semi-circle, with arms entwined and heads close as if in secret converse.

It was one of the finest groves in California, but as yet little known and unmolested by the hordes of tourists that flocked to the other Big Tree groves.

"Our history says that at Nero's feasts there were sprays of perfume that used to keep the air and the banqueters perfumed. I dare wager they never had an atmosphere so deliciously fragrant as this," said Mary, sniffing the pungent, piney odor of the red-woods.

"Nero!" said Mabel, scornfully, "Why the famous marble columns of those banquet halls would look like tooth-picks besides these fluted pillars."

"Did you hear how two of us bold maidens narrowly averted a horrible catastrophe, yesterday?" asked Nan.

"No, what?" asked the other six of the Octagon in chorus.

"If you would like to see Nan in a red-hot, towering, passion, you should have seen her when she found our beloved grove invaded by a couple of vandals, who had dared to build a bon-fire right against Big Ben's trunk," said Nell.

"Never! Who were they? I'd like to catch them at it!" cried Mary, her usually mild eyes flashing.

"Two sheep herders from over in the canyon," replied Nan, "I just shrieked at them."

"What did they say?" asked Mary.

"Nan didn't give them a chance to say a word. She shouted, 'How dare you abuse big Ben so? I'd

like—I'd just like to have you hanged to one of his branches."

"So should we!" echoed the crowd.

"Did they put the fire out?"

"Not they. They stood and gazed at me as though I were crazy—or they. Then I grabbed their dinner pail, dumped their bread and bacon on the ground, made for the creek and bathed poor Ben's feet."

"She made six trips to the creek and back," said Nell, solemnly.

"Good for Nancy! That's the proper spirit," shouted the enthusiastic girls.

"What did the churls say to that?"

"Not a word, they—"

"They thought Nan was out of her head, or else was a revengeful wood-sprite. They just slunk away and looked back to see if she was pursuing," interrupted Nell, half laughing.

"It's a shame this place isn't better protected," said Mary, "Father says that the valley below would be as dry as a desert if it were not for these trees. But no one has a right to do anything about it except old Winder, and he doesn't seem to care."

"The government has made reservations of groves that are not half so wonderful as this," said Nell. "If I were a man I would not rest until I should wake this state up to its importance. If anything should happen to Old Druid or the Sentinel, I'd wear mourning for the rest of my life!"

"Did you hear what Nettie Williams said the other day?" asked Marjorie, "— said she wished they'd cut down one of the biggest trees here for a dancing floor—they have them in other groves! I just can't be thankful enough that we didn't invite that girl into the Octagon. I'd have grown violent at some of her suggestions."

"Don't get upset, Marge, calm your nerves with some of this nervous pudding," and Nell laughingly passed the gelatine. Whereupon argument on the forestry question was laid aside temporarily for discussion of the luncheon.

"Hush, don't you hear something?" asked Mary of the quick ears.

"Shouldn't wonder," rejoined Nell, laconically, "Nan's chewing potato chips."

Mary flashed a scornful glance at her, and quoted weirdly,

"By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes."

"'Coming events cast their shadows before,'" returned Nell, "Do you see any?"

Suddenly Nip, the terrier, began to bark shrilly, and eluding the grasp of his mistress disappeared behind one of the Three Fates. The girls sat waiting expectantly, for it was but rarely that the quiet of the grove was disturbed.

"If it's a bear, I speak for the carving knife," said Nell, "The rest of you can arm yourselves with Mabel's biscuits," dodging as she spoke one of those missiles cast by the irate cook.

Nip was gone so long that at last Nan rose and went after him, and then in her turn remained so long that at last it seemed necessary to send after her.

"That's the way in this club," complained Nell. "Everybody goes after everybody else, and everybody stays and nobody comes back to tell anybody anything." The laugh over Nell's characteristic remark had scarcely subsided when Nan made her appearance, dragging along a very unwilling, savage, little terrier.

"Oh, girls, guess what?" she cried, as soon as she was near enough to be heard.

"Mountain lion?" asked Nell, coolly.

"Worse!" was the tragic reply. "Old Winder and a big fat man,—they're measuring the Sentinel and figuring and they're going to build a mill!"

"Who? Where? For what?" came a chorus of indignant voices as the girls crowded about Nan.

"Winder owns this grove, you know, and I heard him talking about a mill. He—he called the Sentinel *lumber!*"

"Oh, oh!" cried Nell, "and we are only girls and can't do a thing!"

"Listen," said Mary, "I can hear them talking."

Through the trees the girls could now see the two men, absorbed in the task of measuring and computing. Their voices came clearly to the anxious listeners.

"That old fellow was old when Columbus hit this hemisphere. Twenty-six feet in diameter, two hundred and fifty feet high—why there's not enough room on a page for that sum in feet." The tone was enthusiastic.

"We can run the flume right along the brow of that hill," said the other, "If I can interest Eastern capital this will be the biggest thing going."

The girls gazed at one another, honest grief in all eyes.

"It's cruel, it's cruel," cried Nell. "Why can't we arouse somebody to stop this slaughter?" Everyone is so indifferent. They will feel sorry afterwards,—but that won't save the Druid or the Three Fates when they're made into *lumber.*" There was a catch in her voice that she was not in the least ashamed of.

"Girls are so helpless," sighed Nan, leaning her head disconsolately against the furrowed trunk of one of her venerable friends.

"Don't let us be helpless," said

energetic Mary, rousing the spirits of the gloomy crowd, "Girls, we've been a club now for nearly two years, and we've never done anything except have fun. Let's be a real club with a purpose—let's be what Daddy Stubbs calls 'public spirited' citizens and try to be of some use. If we can't do much ourselves, maybe we can arouse somebody to help us."

"Let's go to the town hall, ring the fire bell, get all the people excited, and then maybe they'll lynch Winder," was Nell's brilliant suggestion. The girls laughed, but their imaginations had been fired. A vote was cast, the cause of the forest espoused, and the watch word adopted, "Woodman, spare that tree!" Each girl carried a graceful branch of red wood home through the grove that evening, and waved it defiantly as a banner.

Next afternoon most of the Octagon were assembled on Nan's shady veranda. They were looking rather disconsolate, still discussing the subject of the grove.

"Father is away, so I can't arouse anybody," said Nan, gloomily.

"My father says they have been trying for the last ten years to get the county interested in that grove. 'What's everybody's business is nobody's business,'" added Mary.

"My brother has promised to speak to Senator M—, about it as soon as he goes to the city. But it may be a long time yet," came in an equally dejected tone from Mabel.

"Who has seen Nell today? She is determined to wake people up if it takes an explosion to do it," someone broke in laughingly.

"Last I saw of her she was trying to round up those two ponies of hers. Maybe she is going to take some of us driving," suggested Mary.

"Here she comes now, hat off,

hair flying, she must have an inspiration. Ship ahoy, what's up?" as Nell drove breathlessly up to the very steps.

"Jump in two of you, quick as you can. No time to lose,—have to get there and back before dark," were her excited injunctions. A torrent of questions poured upon her from the girls.

"What is it? Where?"

"The Governor and Senator M— are over at the Mainwaring ranch."

"Oh, let's all go!" cried the excited crowd.

"Pile in, two more of you,—Lib and Mary saddle your broncos and follow—we'll take them by storm," cried Nell, her black eyes dancing. With a practiced hand she deftly turned her ponies, and the overloaded buckboard went clattering out of the yard. Five minutes later, two equestriennes were galloping madly down the county road in pursuit of a cloud of dust.

On the broad piazza of the Mainwaring's beautiful country home, the genial host and hostess and their distinguished guests were having afternoon tea. The men in flannels and white duck, the ladies in fluffy, summer costumes, amid the green vines and palms, made an attractive scene. Cooling drinks, with ice clinking musically were being served by a maid in spotless white. Suddenly the quiet of the summer afternoon was broken by a great clatter, and around the drive, coming at a breakneck pace, appeared Nell's ponies, and the swaying, groaning buckboard. The occupants piled on one another's laps and holding on precariously, were breathless with laughter at various mishaps and narrow escapes at the hands of their reckless driver. Behind them were the two dusty but undaunted guards.

"The princess and her outriders, by all that's charming!" cried hos-

pitiable Mr. Mainwaring, advancing with outstretched hands. The guests too, arose, and with interested and amused eyes watched the girls tumble out of their vehicle in their usual helter-skelter fashion.

Scarcely had Nell replied to her host's greeting, when she demanded, "Where's the Governor?" At this the handsome, gray-haired gentleman stepped forward, and laying his hand on Mr. Mainwaring's shoulder, said quizzically,

"You see, Mainwaring, *I* was the attraction, so you need not flatter yourself."

"Mere curiosity, I'm sure," replied Mr. Mainwaring banteringly.

"Not this time," replied Nell, and would have plunged straightway into an explanation, had not warning glances from the rest of the girls reminded her of her manners. She reined in her unruly tongue long enough to be properly introduced to all the company, submitted to the injunction to cool her hot cheeks with a fan and her parched lips with iced lemonade, before stating her errand.

"Now, Miss Nellie, out with your message to the Chief Executive," said Mr. Mainwaring, at last, as he saw Nell looking apprehensively at the setting sun.

"We shouldn't have intruded here, Mrs. Mainwaring," began Nell, addressing her hostess, "But we just *had* to see the Governor and Senator M—." At this the two men looked up, surprised at the girl's serious tone. Nell motioned to Mary to proceed. With cheeks burning under the eyes of so many strangers, Mary started bravely:

"We want you to help save the lives of some of our oldest, dearest, friends—"

"Why, Mary, who is in such serious trouble?" exclaimed Mrs. Mainwaring, amazed. Nell chimed in excitedly,

"Do you remember the day we took you to Sequoia Grove—we showed you old Druid, and Big Ben and the Sentinel?"

"Yes, what of them?" questioned the still mystified lady.

"They're perfectly helpless and so are we, and—and Mr. Winder is going to chop them up into lumber!"

The girls all sat with anxious eyes fastened on the Governor.

Mr. Mainwaring started up,

"Now I call that a shame!" he cried indignantly. The girls glowed with gratitude.

"What's this?" asked the Governor, "I do not understand."

"It means, Governor W—, that one of the crowning glories of California, a Sequoia grove that should be the pride of the state, is to be hacked into kindling wood, to satisfy a man's greed for money."

"Not those old giants we camped under last summer?" asked Senator M—.

"The same,—old patriarchs that were middle aged at the beginning of the Christian era." It was Mrs. Mainwaring who spoke this time, and her tone was serious.

"I call it downright vandalism," said Senator M—, warmly, "This state is being plundered of her greatest treasures, and the people sit passively by and submit to the robbery."

"This does not involve mere sentiment," added Mr. Mainwaring. "The welfare of all the farm lands in this valley depends upon the presence of those trees. Some of the ignoramuses about here imagine that the trees are there because of the creek. It has been proved that the creek is there mainly because of the trees,—you know they form great wells with their roots. Cut them out, and this valley will soon be as dry as the desert on the other side of the hills."

The girls sat silent, clasping each other's hands in the intensity of their interest.

"Has the county done nothing?" asked the Governor.

"The county," echoed Mr. Mainwaring, "Why James Chaddock and I have worked for years to interest this county. These farmers will not wake up until they see their prunes drying up for want of water."

"I must see Winder and get him to delay operations until we can get the governmental machinery to moving. It is a slow process, but something must be done. . . *Some* of us have a pride in this state." Senator M—, arose and approached the Governor.

"You will assist me in this?"

"You may depend upon me," was the Governor's reply. The two men shook hands warmly, while the girls seized each other ecstatically.

"Can you drive us over to the Grove tomorrow, Mainwaring?" asked the Governor, "We shall want evidence to produce."

"Oh, do!" cried impulsive Nell. "We'll all be there, and introduce you to the Druid,—he's the dearest old fellow!"

All the girls jumped up, bubbling over with happiness at the success of their mission, and overwhelming the three men with gratitude for their zeal.

"If we break our necks getting home in the dark, you can say we died in a good cause," said Nell, as the girls climbed in the buckboard for the return journey. They gave three cheers for the Governor, as many more for the Senator, and a whoop for the whole company. As the rattletrap of a carriage disappeared amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the Governor turned to Senator M—,

"All the lobbying isn't done in Washington, eh, Senator?"

* * * * *

Nearly two years later the *Santa Anita News* bore in very large type, the following headlines:

"Saved! By the Disinterested Efforts of Some of Our Leading Citizens,

One of California's Greatest Natural Beauties!"

There was no mention of the efforts of the Octagon. But there was not one of them who felt slighted. They had their reward,—for today the Druid, stern and solemn in mien, still lifts his dome-like head to the sky; the Three Fates, mysterious, wrinkled, breathe of ages long gone; the faithful Sentinel, unmolested, still keeps his eternal watch.



Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns. I am thankful that thorns have roses.—Alphonse Karr.



Books give to all who faithfully use them, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.—Channing.



There is nothing in which people betray their character more than in what they find to laugh at.—Goethe.



We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.—Goethe.



Want of tact is at bottom selfishness, for self thinks and acts only for itself.—Auerbach.



And what is a weed? A plant whose virtues have not been discovered.—Emerson.



"To be angry with a weak man is proof that you are not very strong yourself."



What else can joy be but diffusing joy?—Byron.

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN ILLNESS.

V.

BROKEN BONES.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

A very common accident is that of breaking a bone in some part of the body. A break in the continuity of a bone is called a **fracture**, and in order to treat such an accident successfully, it is necessary to understand something of the shape and use of the bones of the body.

There are over 200 bones in the human skeleton. This bony framework gives shape and strength and affords a place of attachment for the many hundreds of muscles. It also protects the most delicate organs of the body. The skeleton forms three cavities: the head or cranium, which protects the brain; the chest or thorax, which contains the heart and lungs; and the pelvic cavity, or that enclosed by the hip bones, which protects the delicate pelvic organs.

Bones are composed of about one part of mineral to two parts of animal matter. The mineral matter is mostly lime, while the animal matter is largely gelatine. The proportion of mineral matter increases with age and because of this the bones of the aged are much more brittle than those of children. Hence a fall which would only bruise a child may break the bone of an older person. The bones of an aged person, besides being very brittle, require a much longer time to heal than do those of a child.

Fracture or breaking of the bone is the commonest injury received, and may be complete, that is entirely broken apart, or only the convex side of the bent bone may be broken. This latter break occurs only in the softer bones of a child and is called a "green stick fracture."

Kinds of Fracture.

There are many kinds of fracture. In a **simple fracture** the bone only is broken, while the surrounding tissue remains uninjured.

When, in addition to the broken bone, the flesh is so injured and torn that the bone penetrates the skin, the injury is called a **compound fracture**.

In a **comminuted fracture** the bone is

broken in several places at the same point. A **multiple fracture** is one where the bone is broken in two or more places not communicating with each other.

In a **complicated fracture** some joint, blood vessel or nerve is involved. An **impacted fracture** is one where the broken bones are driven into each other.

How do Fractures Heal?

As soon as the break occurs, blood is freely sent to the part and soon coagulates. New tissue cells are formed near this point which cells grow and subdivide. New blood vessels enter, lime and different mineral salts are deposited, and this gradually hardens and forms a mass known as **callus**. The callus forms around the ends, between the ends, and inside the marrow canal—if the broken bone is one of the long bones. Its function seems to be to keep the ends of the bones at perfect rest until that portion which is between them is gradually formed into new bone.

The time required for the union of the broken bone varies according to the age of the patient and the size of the bone. The average time of healing is from two to six weeks. If it is a limb that is broken, it must be supported for another month at least. The process to be thoroughly complete, requires from six months to a year. In an aged person the time will be longer. The callus surrounding the bone is gradually absorbed and then the bone is about as strong as before.

Signs of Fracture.

There are certain signs that always accompany broken bones:

1. Intense pain.
2. The patient himself is unable to move the limb or part naturally.
3. The part may be moved and the bone bent unnaturally by an attendant.
4. The part is deformed, caused by swelling and the end of the broken bone being out of place. If this de-

formity cannot be seen it can be felt by passing the fingers over the seat of the pain.

5. When the limb is moved gently a grating or clicking sensation will be felt from the broken ends rubbing together. This sensation is called *crepitus*.

Treatment of Fractures.

The proper treatment of a broken bone is to bring the ends together in a natural position and keep them perfectly at rest until the broken ends are "knit" together. The physician alone should take the responsibility of "setting" a broken bone. If the accident occurs where a physician is within call, send for him at once, and make the patient as comfortable as possible until he arrives. Prop the patient up with pillows or cushions and move the injured part as little as possible. Apply cloths wet with cold water.

A caution must be given here and remembered by all who would be of service in such an accident. The injured part must be moved as little as possible by the unskilled attendant. The broken ends of the bone may tear and lacerate the surrounding flesh and blood vessels with far more serious result than the first injury may have been. Another thing to remember is that there is no great haste necessary in the setting of a bone. The union does not take place for some days after it is broken, so your chief duty is to make the patient comfortable and prevent further injury until the bone can be set. But if you are away from home at the time the accident happens, or if it is impossible for you to secure the aid of a physician some of the following hints may be helpful:

If the patient must be moved some distance before he can be attended, the broken bone must be supported in some way. Improvised splints may be made from pickets, fence boards, barrel staves, pieces of stiff pasteboard, umbrellas, canes, shingles or any stiff substance that may be within reach. In lifting or moving the injured limb, slip the hand gently underneath and take gentle but firm hold with both hands a short distance below and above the injury. Make a slight extension of the part to prevent the broken ends rubbing each other or the flesh. Lift the limb slowly and easily to the position required.

Remove the clothing, tearing or cutting it away if necessary, but ripping

it if it can be removed without further injury. A point to remember here is to remove the clothing from the sound side first, but in replacing, dress the injured side first.

Have the splint padded with some soft material such as cotton wool, hay, straw, leaves, flannel, towels or anything handy. Place the limb gently on the padded splint and extending it very gently, hold it in place with bandages made from strips of muslin, ribbon, handkerchiefs, garters, suspenders or any piece of clothing torn into strips. Be careful not to bandage the part so tightly that the circulation of the blood is interfered with.

If the **forearm** is broken, have two padded splints long enough to take in the hand and place them one on each side of the arm. Extend the limb by pulling gently on the patient's hand and secure the splints in two or three places. Support the whole forearm in a sling which shall extend from the finger tips to beyond the elbow.

If the **upper arm** is broken, bind it securely to the body and support the forearm in a narrow sling.

For a fractured **leg**, extend the limb by taking hold of the foot, place the padded splint on the inside, or two splints may be used one on each side.

If the **thigh** is fractured, have a splint long enough to reach from under the arm to the ankle. Bind it to the body and the leg by long strips of towel or sheeting or any material at hand.

For a broken **collar bone**, lay the patient on his back, place a firm pad of some material in the armpit and with a broad bandage bind the upper arm to the body and support the forearm in a broad arm sling.

If the **ribs** are fractured, the chief danger lies in the possibility of the sharp edge of the broken bone piercing the lung or its covering, the pleura. Have the patient empty the chest of air, and apply a broad bandage around the chest tight enough to prevent deep breathing. Keep the patient as quiet and unexcited as possible.

If the **jaw** is fractured, close the teeth and apply one bandage from the chin to the back of the neck and another from under the chin to the top of the head. Food can be given from a spoon or through a tube placed behind the last tooth.

If **skull** fracture is suspected, have the patient keep quiet in a dark room; have him lie flat on his back with his

head slightly raised. Apply cold cloths to the head and give no stimulating drinks. If blood issues from the ear wash it out with some antiseptic solution* or it may putrify and set up inflammation. Place in the ear a little wad of cotton with some antiseptic.

In a compound fracture where there is a flesh wound as well as a broken bone, cleanse the wound carefully

with an antiseptic solution according to instruction in the last article. Be sure that no dirt or foreign substance is in the wound or inflammation will surely ensue. In washing out a wound, squeeze the antiseptic solution from a piece of cotton so the water can fall on the wound and thus wash it out.

Do not use arnica or any of the strong patent liniments, for they only clog and soil the wound, thereby making further cleansing almost impossible.

*See article III of this series in the March Journal.

THE COOK'S CORNER.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

Some German Recipes.

Each country has some preparations of food which are peculiar to itself. Thus the Chinaman has his rice, the Italian his macaroni, the Scotchman his oatmeal, and the Irishman his potato—each cooked in its own peculiar way in each country. There are many foods used in all civilized countries, such as meats and certain kinds of vegetables, but the method of preparation may vary slightly in each.

Creamed Asparagus.

Wash and scrape one pound of young asparagus, leaving the stalks whole. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Make a sauce as follows: Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan; stir in one heaping tablespoonful of flour to make a smooth paste; pour in enough of the water in which the asparagus was cooked to make the sauce of the right consistency. Add salt and sugar to taste. It must not be too sweet, and yet there must be enough sugar to be just noticeable. Now add vinegar to give a tart taste. Pour this sauce over the asparagus, and let it boil.

Beat the yolks of three eggs till creamy; add three-quarters of a cup of thick sour cream. Remove the asparagus from the stove and stir into it the sour cream and eggs. Return to the stove and let it just come to the boil again. Serve immediately.

Creamed Cauliflower.

Wash the cauliflower and cook it

whole in boiling, salted water till tender. Remove from water and keep in a warm place while the sauce is being made. Make the sauce according to the preceding rule, omitting the vinegar and sugar. Mix the egg and cream with the butter sauce before pouring over the cauliflower. Have the flower stand upright on a dish and then pour the sauce over it.

Potato Salads.

The German people excel in making a very plain but palatable potato salad. They grow a certain kind of potato just for salad, and no German cook would think of attempting to make a salad out of any but her salad potato. They are small, of uniform size and while rather soggy, they possess a good flavor. They are boiled with the skins on, and while they are boiling the dressing is prepared. The salad is mixed while the potatoes are hot for the flavor of the dressing penetrates the potato much more, if they are allowed to cool in it. For this salad they use the "onion grass" or chives, which is not commonly used with us—unfortunately, for it is oftentimes more valuable than the onion itself.

Prepare the dressing as follows: Into an earthen bowl put three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one level teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful pepper and one teaspoonful sugar. Pour in gradually as much oil as you care for—from two to nine tablespoonfuls, beating well all the time, so that the oil and vinegar may be blended.

Add one tablespoonful minced onion grass or onions and slice the hot potatoes cut into very thin slices into this dressing. Do not stir them at all, as that will break the slices and they must be whole. Hold the dish in the hands and shake the potatoes over with the same motion as is used in turning over a "flap-jack." Do this until the dressing is thoroughly mixed with the potatoes. This salad will keep for a week or more if kept cool, and enough for one meal can be taken out at a time. Garnish with parsley.

Asparagus Salad.

Prepare a dressing as for potato salad, omitting the onions. Scrape and boil the asparagus until tender, but not soft enough for the tips to break off. While it is hot, put it into the dressing. Roll around until well mixed, and when cool, serve. This, too, will keep some time in a cool place.

Fish Salad.

Prepare the dressing as for potato salad, using the minced onion, but omitting the sugar.

Boil trout, white fish, halibut, or any fish that is not too bony, until it will separate easily from the bones. Remove all the bones and while hot, drop into the dressing and let it cool. Garnish with curled celery or parsley.

Cauliflower Salad.

Boil a head of cauliflower about twenty minutes. Separate into the little flowerets and while hot drop into the dressing.

Make the dressing as for asparagus salad.

Onions and Raisins.

Take the small green onions and remove the green tips. Boil them till nearly done; drain. Then put in a few raisins, cover with boiling water and cook together until tender; drain. Make a sauce according to the following proportions:

- 1 tablespoonful of butter.
- 1 heaping tablespoonful flour.
- 1 cup soup.

Season with salt and pepper.

Melt the butter; add the flour and seasoning and then the soup. Stir till it boils, then pour over the onions and raisins. Let it all come to the boiling point again and serve.

Gooseberry Compôte.

Clean and pick over one pint of gooseberries. Pour boiling water over them and let them stand about two minutes. Drain. Add one cup of sugar and enough cold water to show among the berries. Let them come to a boil and then cook about ten minutes. Pour them into a glass dish.

Prepare a cornstarch pudding as follows:

Take one quart of milk. Dissolve three tablespoonfuls of corn starch in some of the milk and put the rest on the stove over hot water. To the milk add three tablespoonfuls sugar and a pinch of salt; when scalded, pour in the corn starch; boil four minutes, stirring briskly. Beat two or three eggs very light and pour the thickened milk over them; return to the double boiler and let it cook one minute.

Pour this custard over the gooseberries in the glass dish and when cold, serve.

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BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Elder Brigham Young, President of the quorum of the Twelve, has passed away. His words of resignation, uttered in our last conversation with him, show the temper of the man. After expressing his strong desire to live, he said:

"But the Lord order it. I can't. I only pray."

And He has ordered it. The brave spirit took its flight Saturday, April 11th, 1903, after a long and desperate encounter with death. Those who have watched the conflict say that there was no wavering,—only the firm steady determination to win, if it should be the Lord's will, and implicit reliance on His divine wisdom when He should say, "It is enough. Let the struggle end." Over a year it lasted, and in that time who shall tell how often death, nearly conquering, was suddenly repulsed by the indomitable will and sturdy faith? And now he rests on the hill-side,—“Not dead, but sleeping,” “till the trump of God” shall sound and “the dead in Christ shall rise.”

The testimony of all who knew him is that his life was one of unswerving fidelity to God. That there was never any doubt where he would stand in regard to a question of importance. And is not that the main thing? Remember the first commandment given by the Savior,

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy

soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.”

And the Master, Himself, adds:

“There is none other commandment greater.”

Brigham Young held also an unswerving loyalty to his earthly father. It is related of him that as a child, eleven years of age, he was given charge of two yoke of oxen, to drive them across the dreary, desolate plains. Once when some of the company, grown weary and dissatisfied with hardships, felt to hesitate, President Brigham Young, that great leader and pioneer, threw the harness on his team, saying:

“I’m off for the Valley. Let those who wish follow.”

The boy quickly yoked his oxen, saying,

“I’ll never lose sight of father’s wheels while daylight lasts.”

And those words have been characteristic of his life. Regardless of danger, he has followed where “Father” led, and his own words, “I have been spared not of my own efforts” conclude that chapter.

Many missions he has filled, both in foreign lands and in our own. His time has been devoted to extending the work of God, and it is not to his discredit that he has stored up no great earthly wealth. His genial, merry heart has carried gladness wherever he went; and happiness is worth more than gold.

Now the weary body rests in peace
and the spirit has gone on to rejoin
father, mother and other loved ones,
there to continue the work begun
in the flesh. Mourn not for those
gone before.

"For Death is but the wintry snow
Which veils the spirit's bloom,
That soon with radiant life shall glow,
Enfranchised from the tomb.

As from that snowy shroud there
springs
A brighter, lovelier earth;
So vanquished death his trophies
brings
To grace a nobler birth.

Then why the sorrowing lip and eye,
The aching heart and head?
Remember, He who cannot lie
Hath said, "Mourn not the dead."



Girls, you who are wanting to
earn some money, yet who can not
leave home, why not try raising
silk? If you can get mulberry
leaves to feed the worms and will
follow instructions closely, you can
have good success. Many among
us have made their "pocket money"
in this way, and some are now in-
tending to make a business of it?

—Editor.



NOTICE TO THOSE INTERESTED IN SERICULTURE.

The Utah Silk Commission takes
pleasure in calling the attention of
the people of our State to the fact that
the season of raising silk worms is
here again, and that the Commission
is prepared to distribute silk worm
eggs to those who desire to engage
in this industry this year. Many let-
ters from those intending to take up
the work this season have been re-
ceived. We hope those who have
raised silk in the past will profit by
their experiences and do all they can
to improve the quality of their co-
coons, as we are anxious to have the
exhibit we shall make at the Fair in

St. Louis as representative of the en-
tire state as possible, and trust that
the people will do all they can to as-
sist us.

We must again advise those engag-
ing in this work to use the pamphlet
of instruction issued by the Commis-
sion, as many failures have come
through the use of other books. We
must remember that the great cli-
matic differences must be considered;
that is one reason why we have so
much better results when we under-
stand how to take advantage of our
conditions. In any emergency likely to
arise, you will find the information
you need by referring to our instruc-
tions. These books of instruction—
also the silk worm eggs—will be sent
to those who desire them, within the
State, absolutely free of cost.

We are also pleased to inform the
public that the interest and work,
which may some time be of great as-
sistance to those who are interested
in this industry, is still going on in
Washington, also that the line of
scientific experimental work taken up
by us through the Experiment Station
in Logan will be continued, and dur-
ing this year a bulletin on silk culture
will be issued containing a history of
its growth in the State, facts regard-
ing the growing of mulberry trees and
much information that we greatly re-
need.

We are much pleased with the in-
terest which has led to the planting of
great numbers of mulberry trees, and
trust this work may go on, as the pro-
duction of large quantities of silk in
the future depends on the work done
in this line, and it will also add
greatly to the agricultural wealth of
the State.

Address all letters to the Secretary,
Room 502, City and County Building,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

MARGARET A. CAINE,
Secretary Utah Silk Commission.



Duty first and then the pleasure
that follows will be a deeper and
greater joy than could have come be-
fore.—Elmina S. Taylor.



"True greatness does not consist in
never falling, but in rising every time
you fall."

GUIDE DEPARTMENT

OUR SUMMER'S WORK.

Some of our Associations adjourn during the summer; for this reason the publication of the department in the Doctrine and Covenants is discontinued until the regular fall meetings are resumed. It is supposed that the monthly conjoint meetings will be continued by all, and it is desired that the Young Ladies should present the lessons on the "Usages and Proprieties of Good Society" for their portion of the program.

The Associations that do not adjourn should first complete the lessons on the Doctrine and Covenants already published, together with the supplementary work accompanying them. After this they will find ample material for their programs in the departments on "Accidents and Sudden Illness" and "Cooking," as conducted in the Journal by Sister Widtsoe.

USAGES AND PROPRIETIES OF GOOD SOCIETY.

LESSON X.

SOCIAL OBSERVANCES IN CALLING, AT WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS.

There are a great many social duties and obligations which belong to all organized society and which everyone, whether rich or poor, prominent or obscure, must necessarily take his or her share in carrying forward. Our simple pioneer people have not reached the stage of civilization where every duty of calling and receiving calls and even the size of the visitor's card, is regulated by that arbitrary dame, Fashion, or, as fashion is now called in every sense of the word, "good form"; yet even in the humblest hamlet, "Mrs. Grundy" lives and rules, and woe be to the luckless girl who offends the "Mrs. Grundy" residing in her particular locality.

Most of the rules and regulations pertaining to the ceremonies of formal functions in social life are founded upon good taste and good sense, and it is this which this lesson shall concern itself with, presenting some of the primary laws which should govern visiting or calling, wedding ceremonies and funeral observances. It is hoped that no Latter-day Saint will ever lose that sweet, gracious friendly intimacy which characterizes our people. Still, freedom should never descend to license. A true Latter-day Saint will be constantly studying how to please his friends rather than himself and how to avoid giving annoyance needlessly or infringing upon the rights of others.

It has been an established custom among us, an inheritance, perhaps, from our Yankee forebears, to go "a-visiting." In the good old days when women had small houses and simple household duties to perform, and at a time when women's organizations and clubs did not exist, their chief form of recreation was spending a few hours in a neighbor's house performing the duty of the daily newspaper in disseminating the news of the neighborhood; but today conditions have changed, and our women are among the busiest and most progressive of the age. Let us, therefore, adopt some of the common sense regulations which govern society long established, and which frown upon practices which were sufficient to a day and time far different from ours.

If a young lady has time to go calling upon her friends, she should choose an hour and a day when they are presumably at liberty to enjoy her society and to make her visit agreeable. The old-time custom of "running into" a neighbor's should be abolished, together with the gossip to which their visit usually gave rise. The time of all women and of all men in this last hour of the world's existence is too precious to be frittered away; and yet every human being must have recreation, for it is as true today as it ever was that all work and no play is a bad thing for both

Jack and Jill. It is a most pernicious and degenerating thing to waste time "talking over the fence," or standing in the kitchen while all the processes of the housework wait upon the relation of the gossip and news of the moment. The wise woman or the prudent girl will regulate her time with as much care and economy as she would her means. She should plan to give so many hours of the day to work; so many to reading and study; and so many to social pleasures and obligations. And the wisdom and prudence of the woman and the girl is nowhere better attested than by the care with which this distribution is made. It is customary in the world for a lady to devote a certain afternoon once a week or once in two weeks as her calling day; she also selects a day or an evening on which to receive her friends. A little reflection will convince one of the great economy of such an arrangement. One knows then the precise time when she may call and find her friends ready to receive her. It is not necessary to become a slave to such habits and customs, but when regulated with common sense and strength of mind they are a blessing rather than a burden. Visiting cards are used on these occasions, and the size and shape, as well as the particular style of printing or engraving, vary with time and circumstances; but a modest oblong card with the lady's name either printed, engraved or written thereon in a delicate handwriting, is always in good taste and can be used anywhere. In calling upon a lady at a hotel such a card is indispensable, although in the great hotels of the world one always finds blank cards and writing material in the waiting room with which to follow this observance.

Besides the visiting of social friendship, the customs of the world decide that calls shall be made and after dinner parties, after weddings, and after funerals, and to congratulate on the birth of a child. The calls made to congratulate on the birth of a child are never anything but formal, the lady going no further than the vestibule or hall, and after making her inquiry, leaving her card, and sending up her messages, she departs at once, having the good sense to know that visits at such a time are a menace to the health of the mother. The practice in some localities of calling upon

mothers when the baby is not two weeks old, is a dangerous and lamentable practice; all the nerves and physical forces of the woman are at the lowest ebb at such a time, and should be husbanded with the wisest care. After the child is two weeks old and the mother has done fairly well, a pleasant call of half an hour and some cheerful happy remarks, forgetting all disagreeable things that may have happened to caller or the mother, and indeed to everybody else for the time being—will be a great benefit. A whole article might well be given to the formality of calls on each separate occasion; but the limits of this lesson preclude that possibility.

It has become quite a pronounced habit of sending out wedding cards to the particular friends of the young couple, and the sensible custom informs friends at what time and place their calls will be acceptable. Weddings in and of themselves are delightful features of social life, both to the giver and to the partaker of the festivities; but where such functions are held by people who are not financially able to do so, where great sacrifices are involved or debts are saddled on the parents of the young couple, the custom is exceedingly foolish and harmful and will be avoided by the prudent Latter-day Saint. Young people are married only once in a life time, it is hoped, and where they are able to give some little party or reception which does not involve too great extravagance in the way of refreshment and entertainment, it is charming and highly appreciated by friends for them to do so. It is a pity that we have allowed our natural hospitable and generous traits to carry us to the great lengths to which many of us go in the matter of food and refreshment served on social occasions; and it seems that the thing which is easiest and simplest and least expensive in any certain locality is the least desirable. We must needs show off our skill in cookery or our style in entertainment by purchasing the most expensive things and spending the most time in the preparation of them with which to startle our neighbors. In localities where fruit is plentiful and meat is expensive, meat is provided at all cost, while fruit is forgotten and set aside; and in other places where chickens are cheap and fruit is rare, the chickens are looked upon with contempt and the fruit is

sent for to a distant city. It is the spirit of the hospitality and the dainty delicate service of refreshments which makes the entertainment delightful and to be desired. It is considered bad form in the world to serve too elaborate and profuse refreshments at receptions and evening parties. One or two daintily prepared articles and these served in modest quantities form the basis of refreshments in entertainments in the world.

Another extravagant and much abused practice is the giving of wedding presents. Where such things are given by those who are able to spare the means, and where no element of ostentation or spirit of doing things to be seen of men enters into the consideration, they may not be amiss. But as this practice is conducted among us today it has become a crying social evil and should be frowned down upon by sensible and consistent Latter-day Saints.

Some of our people have set the example of printing on the wedding invitation "No presents." If young people realized how many obligations they would incur by accepting presents they would generally follow this example. Some cases have come within our notice where the young husband, struggling to establish himself in some profession, has been placed in a very humiliating position, being under the necessity of either borrowing money to make similar presents again or feeling that he will be considered close.

A little point of social observance which might well be mentioned is that no person should be invited to a social entertainment who is a guest in another's house unless the host and hostess be invited as well. And it is always understood that the host and hostess may bring the visiting guest in their home or they should not go themselves.

Funerals among our people are usually held in public places or arranged in the home in such a way that all friends are invited. Moderation and simplicity should characterize these occasions as well as all other things in life. Many of our leading men have left instructions that they should be buried in simple wooden caskets. We commend their example and advise a lack of all show and ostentation.

In regard to carriages and flowers, we are often very extravagant. It is

entirely wrong for the family to incur expenses which it takes years to pay. Nothing is more acceptable and beautiful in time of sorrow than flowers, but too many of us are falling in with the foolish idea that we must always send them, and some even go so far as to stay at home if they can not do so. Think of it! To refrain from testifying, by your presence, of your love, simply because you haven't money for gifts! Never be guilty of that. Send home-grown flowers if you have them, they are all the sweeter and tenderer for having been cared for by your loving hands, but do not burden yourselves with debt.

Recently many wealthy people in sending out invitations to funerals add the words, "No flowers accepted."

It is hoped that the strong sentiment which has set in amongst our people against the assuming of mourning garments and especially that abomination, a widow's cap and veil, will grow stronger with every year, for the Latter-day Saints have no sympathy with the feeling that death is another word for gloom and darkness. Let our women set an example to the world in this matter which shall be felt throughout Christendom. And with mourning would necessarily go all mourning stationery, mourning cards and all such practices. In connection with this also might be mentioned the custom of choirs who carry on the traditions of the world in singing mournful hymns and doleful music. True religion has taught us that the victory of the grave and the sting of death is lost in the Resurrection and the Life. Therefore, let the character of our music be such, on these occasions, as to express rather the hope of the future than the gloom of the present.

Another custom connected with funerals in the world which should be set aside amongst the Latter-day Saints is that of retiring from all pleasure and social life for a certain length of time. If ever a human soul needs encouragement, good cheer and bright beautiful thoughts it is when the separation of death has surrounded the individual with every physical and mental power of depression to which the human soul is susceptible. After a funeral is a proper time to make calls. And even visits are acceptable at such a time, but above all things avoid gloomy conversation, sad references and tear-provoking sugges-

tions. Brightness and cheeriness should be the characteristic of every caller or visitor at such a time; therefore let every Latter-day Saint observe the law of light in connection with these matters rather than the law of darkness.

QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Who is "Mrs. Grundy"?
- 2.—What forms regulating social functions can you think of that are founded on good sense? What are hollow and arbitrary?
- 3.—What is the main social difference between the Latter-day Saints and the people of the world?
- 4.—What was it that mainly occupied the woman of earlier years, and why was she so occupied? Where lies the difference now-a-days?
- 5.—What regulations should a lady establish in her calling and visiting? What reason impels her to make such regulations?
- 6.—Why is "all work and no play" a bad thing?
- 7.—State some *immoral* pernicious habits which some women indulge with reference to visiting; and suggest remedies therefor.
- 8.—How may you regulate your

time so as to accomplish the most in the day? And why is it better to be systematic in so doing?

9.—What does it mean to have on your card, "At home on such and such a day or evening"? Or merely the name of a day or an evening?

10.—What sort of a visiting card is always in good form? What is the use of such cards?

11.—On what occasion should calls be made, and when?

12.—What can you say about social observances at weddings: invitations, presents, calls, receptions, etc.? Give your reasons for such. In what way does common sense play an important part in these matters?

13.—What should you be governed by in serving refreshments at all evening functions? And why?

14.—What are the proper forms to observe with respect to invitations given or received by a host or hostess?

15.—What can you say of the etiquette of funerals? What do you think of mourning garments? Of sending flowers? Of expensive caskets? What other features of mourning do you know of, and express your thoughts on the subject?

16.—What does the Gospel teach in relation to mourning and death?

OFFICERS' NOTES.

The Eighth General Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in Salt Lake City on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, May 30th, 31st and June 1st. Reduced rates will be offered by the railroads. It is hoped there will be a large attendance, both of officers and members.

At the conference held May 30th, 1902, President Elmina S. Taylor said, "If the Y. L. M. I. A. Stake Presidents are not fully able to come and pay their own expenses, the girls should provide money to send a representative to our conferences."

It is desired that all questions should be mailed to Secretary Ann M. Cannon, Constitution Building, Salt Lake City, one month, or at least two weeks, before Conference, that they may be fully considered by the General Board and the answers given at the Conference.

At the last General Conference of the Church, Brother Reynolds said, "When the lack of one report causes the report of the entire Church to be incorrect, how necessary it is for those entrusted with the clerical duties to be faithful in their labors." Secretaries, are your reports in?

The Conjoint Mutual Improvement Conferences in the different Stakes have been attended by the following members of the General Boards:

Sunday, March 22nd, 1903, Oneida—Minnie J. Snow and Nephi L. Morris.

Sunday, March 22nd, 1903—Bingham—Aggie Campbell and Willard Done.

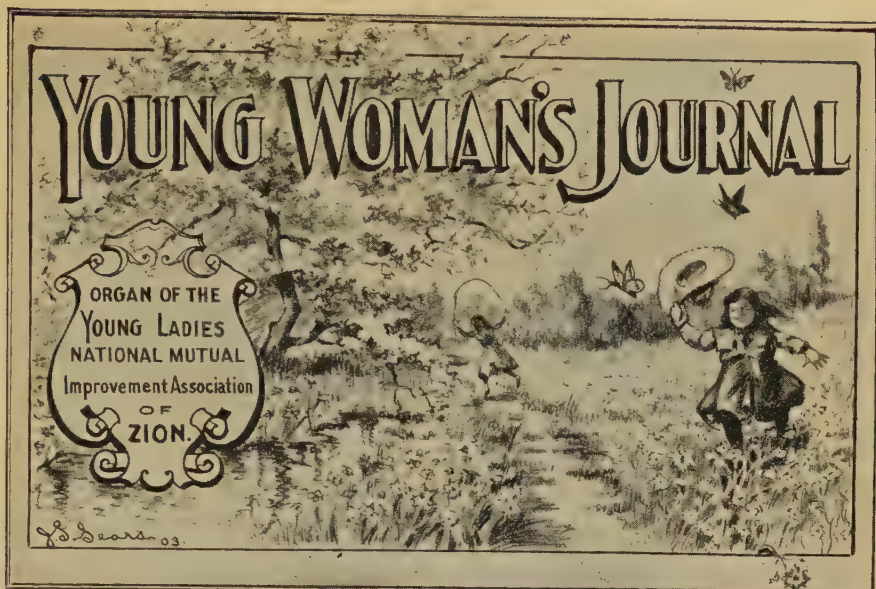
Sunday, March 29th, Summit—Edward H. Anderson and Emma Goddard.

Sunday, March 29th, South Sanpete—J. Golden Kimball and Sarah Edgington.

Sunday, March 29th, Wasatch—Rulon S. Wells, Thomas Hull and Aggie Campbell.



*"Entranced I stand before
its queenly pose."*



Vol. XIV.

JUNE, 1903.

No. 6.

CHILD OF THE GARDEN.

Emily Calhoun Clowes.

There's a tiny baby blossom newly breathing in my garden—

Such a tiny pinkish baby, I declare!

'Tis so delicately moulded

In its leaves still closely folded,

That I scarcely dare approach it, peeping there.

Fondly o'er its fresh young life I fain would hover in my garden,

'Tis the dearest, fairest, purest bud I've seen;

And while the wind is wooing,

I imagine it is cooing,

As it nestles in its bed of tender green.

Just as the dew has bathed it I am near it, in my garden,

And I smile down in its little sun-kissed face;

At twilight, softly singing,

I watched its tendrils clinging

Until it seems to sleep in baby grace.

'Tis morning—where's my baby? I can't find it in my garden—

My tiny baby bloom—I'm in despair!

I've turned each green leaf over,

I've searched amidst the clover;

'Tis evening—I'm still looking everywhere.

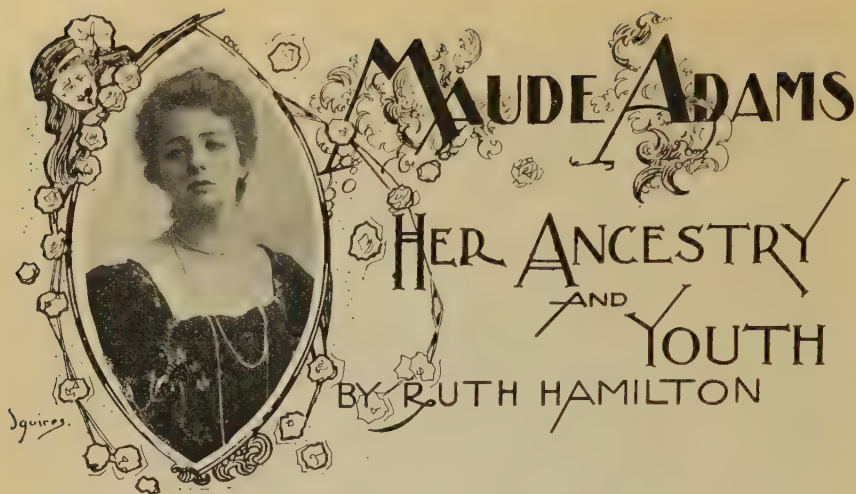
Ah!—I've found it—but 'tis changed so—I am weeping in my garden—

Tho' entranced I stand before its queenly pose—

With virgin petals spreading,

And sweetest fragrance shedding,

My baby blossom is—a full-blown rose.



Maude Adams, the talented young American, was born in Salt Lake City. Of all those Utahns who have achieved greatness in the artistic world she is pre-eminent. It will always be a matter of pride, to her many admirers at home, to remember that she selected as her stage name that of her grandfather, one of the Pioneers of Utah. In magazines and other publications all over the country portraits of Miss Adams have been given with sketches of her theatrical triumphs, but to date very little has been said of her ancestry or her youth. To those who remember her as a little child and those who delight in historical or genealogical research the following facts with the old-time photographs, will no doubt be of particular interest.

Maude Adams was born Kiskadden, her mother, Asenath Ann Adams, having married J. Kiskadden. Her grandparents were Barnabas L. Adams and his wife Julia Ann Banker Adams. Mr. Adams was born in Batherst, Lanerk County Canada, August 28th, 1812, and his ancestry can be traced back to some good old stock in the British Isles, from which country his ancestors emigrated to the new possessions in America.

Barnabas L. Adams arrived in

Salt Lake with that memorable party of pioneers in July, 1847. The next year he brought to the valley his wife Julia and their eldest child, they arriving in October, 1848. The first home of the family was a cabin in the mouth of Little Cottonwood canyon. In this cabin was born on Nov. 9th, 1848, three weeks after their arrival, Asenath Ann Adams, the mother of Maude.

Mr. Adams built in the winter of 1850-51 a little adobe house on the corner of Seventh East and Eighth South streets, Salt Lake City, and the family moved into it on April 14th, 1851. In this dwelling was born Maude Adams Kiskadden, November 11th, 1872. One of the illustrations herewith is a two-story brick house. This was the home of Mrs. Julia Adams and her family, and it stands on the same lot as the adobe of 1851, but three rods to the north of the pioneer home. The brick house was built after the death of Mr. Adams by Mrs. Adams, in the winter of 1876-77, and but recently passed out of the hands of the family.

Mr. Adams, having been reared in the timber regions of the north, naturally became associated in the same business when settled in Salt Lake valley. He followed lumbering in the canyons for many years



PIONEER BARNABAS L. ADAMS AND SON.

From photo taken nearly fifty years ago.

and furnished timber for many of the notable buildings of pioneer days. He it was who furnished much of the timber used in the construction of the Salt Lake Theater and it is a pleasant coincidence to remember that the grandfather greatly aided in the construction of the historic building where the daughter made some of her earliest successes and the granddaughter possibly made her first appearance before the public, the commencement of an artistic career which has likely never been excelled by any other American woman of the same age.

And it was following his business that brought death to the pioneer. On June 1st, 1869, he started up City Creek canyon to superintend the loading of much timber for the city. Before leaving he alone lifted a heavy wagon box, and this probably brought on his illness which was first noticed after he had arrived at the saw mills. He completed the errand and returned home. The next day, however, he expired without a word of warning.

The adobe of 1851 was torn down as it became uninhabitable so a

photo of the house in which the actress was born cannot be given. Shortly after the birth of their daughter Mr. and Mrs. Kiskadden removed to the Stephenson cottage on State street, just off First South street, and next the present alley leading to the city fire and police headquarters. A photo is given of the place as it stands today. Now an unsightly store is built in front of what was once an attractive home. It was here that Maude Adams passed quite a period of her youth. She occasionally visited the First Ward school with her cousins but was a regular attendant at the primary school of the old Congregational mission at Seventh East and Fifth South streets, and afterwards studied at the Collegiate Institute, many of the people of Salt Lake remembering her very well as their popular classmate during the years 1884-85-86.

The photo of the small adobe building which still stands on the corner of Eighth South and Ninth East is given as it is one of the old reminders of the Adams family, having been the home of some of



MOTHER OF MISS ADAMS AT AGE OF SIXTEEN



THE ADAMS ADOBE
9TH EAST AND 8TH SOUTH



REAR VIEW STEPHENSON
COTTAGE. ON STATE
STREET - FRONT
VIEW IS HIDDEN BY STORE



THE ADAMS HOME
7TH EAST AND 8TH SOUTH
ON SAME LOT STOOD ADOBE
IN WHICH MAJOR WAS
BORN

the family after the death of the pioneer. It, too, will soon be torn down. It is a picturesque little place, especially as viewed on May day, but a modern brick cottage will shortly occupy the spot, so it was fortunate that the photo was taken at the time, thereby securing an indelible reminder of this pioneer family. Many relatives still reside in Salt Lake, although others occupy the places once the property of the family.

But the two-story brick, which stands today in excellent repair, was undoubtedly associated to a large extent with the childhood and girlhood of Maude Adams for her grandmother continued to live there and Maude was a frequent visitor at the old homestead. So in the imagination the bright little girl can be seen playing under the stately trees which surround the house or frolicking in the nearby berry patches and orchards, the place having been the center of a beautiful pastoral section of the city, and to this day the modern cottages and buildings give place to trees planted many years ago. It is frequently pointed out as the home of the famous actress and the little mistake is not important enough to be corrected. The quaint little adobe on the corner two blocks to the east is also pointed out as an old Adams home, so deep is the interest taken in all that pertains to the young woman.

The mother of Maude Adams was one of the best actresses of the old stock days of Salt Lake. She was a very young girl when she became interested in the plays produced at the Social Hall and Theater by the clever Utah people, whose work will go down through years in the pages of the local historians.

She played in the regular stock companies and was always a great favorite. She also played with Julia

Dean Hayne, Jean Clara Walters, Miss Alexander and other notables who came to Salt Lake at different times to star with the home dramatic company. So Maude was practically a born actress in all that the saying implies. In fact, photographs in the possession of local people taken in various places when she was a child have in type underneath the picture the name "Little Maude," so she was "featured" evidently as a child member of a company at that time for the photos were taken in Butte, Portland, San Francisco and elsewhere.

There is a statement, however, that her first appearance was made on the stage when she was carried on as an infant, the production being a play in which an infant was needed in the cast. When very young her mother was traveling through the Pacific coast states, so the little girl was often with her parents and as frequently visiting her grandmother and other relatives in this city. It was while the family was living in California that Mr. Kiskadden died, and thereafter Maude divided the time with her mother and her grandmother. So much of her girlhood was naturally passed in this city where she was a great favorite with all her relatives.

At the age of sixteen Maude Adams left Salt Lake and joined E. H. Sothern's company in New York, playing minor parts with signal success. It was after this that she was cast for the ingenue role in Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell." This work placed her prominently before the public and she was later selected as a member of the famous stock company of Charles Frohman. With Frohman's company she was seen in Salt Lake in August, 1892, when she will be well remembered as Nell, the lame factory girl in that strong play "Lost Paradise." The writer of this article was at that time the



MAUDE ADAMS FROM BABYLAND TO WOMANHOOD.

critic on one of the Salt Lake papers and of all the members of the company the best impression was made by Miss Adams, although hers was but a small part. Mrs. Adams was with the company as was also William Morris and others. While here the company drove down to Wasatch with some local friends and had a merry outing. A group photograph was taken by Johnson at the time, and in the group can be seen many local faces.

Following her engagement with Frohman, Maude Adams was selected as the leading support of John Drew, and with that clever actor she made the first pronounced hit of her life. His repertoire consisted of clever, clean productions, and in each one Miss Adams was excellent.

Late in the nineties she became a star, and while the youngest woman star on the stage her work was of the very best, and her "Babbie" in "The Little Minister" can be set down as her dramatic triumph. The run of this play in the great cities of the east was phenomenal and by it the young actress not only won her reputation but amassed a goodly sum for herself and her managers. From "The Little Minister" she advanced to the famous role of the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, in "L'Aiglon," which showed her to be possessed of rare dramatic ability of an entirely different style from that required in her former work. She also played the lead in a notable production of "Romeo and Juliet." Lately she has been resting, which included a trip to Europe. Her town house is at 61 West Thirty-sixth street, New York, and her country seat at Ronkonkoma, Long Island, N. Y.

It is almost impossible to describe the peculiar charm of the work on the stage of this winsome young

woman. She has not the force of the tragedienne, she cannot be said to be a stage beauty in the same general class as Miss Elliott, she is not the emotional actress nor has she any of those distinct characteristics which have carried others to fame and wealth.

But one might just as well try to analyze the perfume of the violet as to detail the charm of Maude Adams. Probably it is because she is the exponent of naturalness and it is a naturalness that appeals to us most strongly. Combined with this is the fact that she is a type of true American young womanhood, one who is winsome, who knows how to dress tastefully without over-dressing, whose life has been an open book and best of all, whose work has been in pure lines while other classes of plays have deluged the American play-houses. Would there were more actresses of the kind. The stage would be the better for the addition.

And be it ever remembered that she is a Utah girl. Surely the State has reason to be proud of the achievements of this daughter.

The portraits of Miss Adams have been selected from the valuable collection in the possession of C. E. Johnson of this city. They show Maude as a baby, as the child in "A Celebrated Case," as a girl, and as the minister's sister in Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell." It was in Hoyt's company that she first began to receive those notices from the critics which go so far toward making an actress, but no one could help singling her out with her chic costumes and winsome ways as the minister's sister.

The photographs of the three houses were taken on May day last by Mr. Johnson especially for this article. The picture of Pioneer B. L. Adams with his little son was taken by Savage & Ottinger nearly fifty years ago, and, with the portrait of Mrs. A. A. Adams at the age of 16, was loaned by Mrs. C. J. Thomas, another daughter of the pioneer.

IF IT COULD BE.

Bertha E. Anderson.

If it could be that you and I
 Could look into the years,
And you could know my trials to be
 And I know all your tears—
I wonder would we speed our ways
 To heal, nor wonder how
To lay some selfish joy aside,
Or would we smile and hurry by
 And both forget as now?

If I could look into your eyes
 With powers to divine,
And there behold your soul's great need,
 And you could fathom mine—
I wonder would we search our hearts
 For words of life to say,
Or would our world of narrow cares
Blot out each other from our prayers,
 And fill our every day?

Oh we who mean our ways so well,
 But breathe our prayers too late,
And they whose hearts beat near to ours
 Who thirst and trust and wait—
What will the even-tide return,
 What hath its hush for me,
Whose prayers are said for me and mine—
For you and yours alas no time!
 What will His answer be?

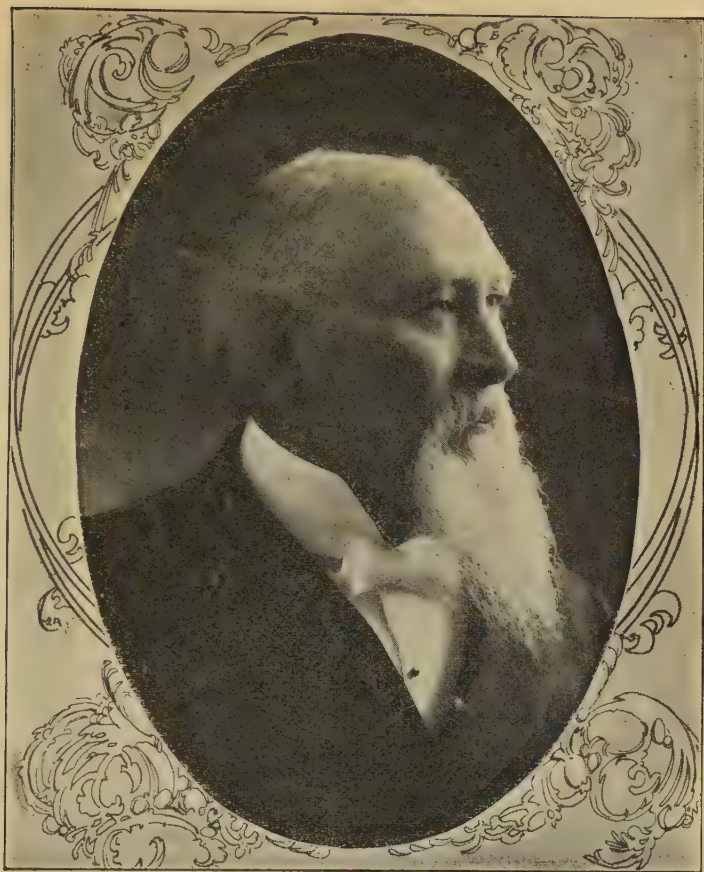


PHOTO BY FOX & SYMONS.

APOSTLE JOHN HENRY SMITH.

Salt Lake City, Utah,

April 24, 1903.

To the Editor of the Young Woman's Journal:

The mission of woman is among the most important assigned to our Heavenly Father's great family. Her mentality is of finer fiber, but is lacking in the rugged strength of the other sex; the delicate threads of her composition fit her for the wonderful field to which she is assigned by nature. In perfection her physical mould is a proper abode for her high spirituality. In this she far excels man. Morally she is his superior beyond comparison, for

an examination of the facts would show that for one impure woman many vile men could be found. The prisons of the world tell a marvelous tale of the depravity of the one and the freedom from viciousness of the other. The Scripture speaks of the sons of perdition, but nowhere makes reference to any daughters being in the same fearful school. In charitable deeds she is unsurpassed. In love of the Supreme Being and country she stands first. In courage the women of Boerland are an example of the devotion of their sex, worthy of all admiration. Such also would be the position of Zion's daughters if the exigency should arise requiring it.

The magnitude of the field for the young ladies of Zion to display their gifts is indeed great. Taught from childhood in every moral virtue, the highest and best ideals and every ennobling principle constantly held up before them, both in the home and the church, they are fully prepared to become the framers of all proper forms, the builders of

pure minds. Into their hands associated with their brothers, has the Almighty placed the responsibility of conquering the world by righteousness. Zion's daughters are to be the light and life of the world during its preparation for the abode of the just.

JOHN HENRY SMITH.

THE REWARD OF DILIGENCE.

J. R. Haas.

One of the greatest tendencies among young people is to admire strength. Who does not look with feelings of admiration upon a strong man? I see men every day, the sight of whom awakens thoughts of how they acquired their vigor. Were they born giants? Some are endowed by nature with strong physiques, but if life is not well spent their strength soon evaporates. Some are born weak and puny and acquire strength.

Most of us admire strength of mind as well as bodily vigor. Lincoln was born strong, both of mind and body, and by years of constant hard work, increased his strength of body, and by hard study strengthened his mind. We are told that he attributed most of his success and purity of mind to his mother, and surely those words of inspiration "Be independent. Think for yourself," must have been a sweet memory in the later years, when he assumed the reins of government. Then, too, he found use, beset with trials and worries, for the surplus vitality he had accumulated by a well-spent youth. Through successive stages of hard and persistent application to study, he developed one of the most pow-

erful intellects that has ever existed. His influence today is far broader and stronger than most of the men who now hold the highest positions.

Many were born in the same backwoods that Lincoln saw around him when he came into the world. He improved every opportunity, and where there was no opportunity he made one. That is why now, after his dust has long mingled with the elements, we look back with veneration and respect on this great and noble man.

And yet hundreds, born in the same crude settlement, endowed by nature with the same sturdy qualities, spent their lives in poverty and oblivion, unknown to their fellow-men, and with no stone to mark their resting place.

I gaze back over the centuries which lie between us and old Sparta. I see ten thousand men banded together. They had for their home the rocky fastnesses of the hills. They were surrounded by wild beasts. From the cradle they were trained in pathways leading to strong and upright manhood. Taught to hate their oppressors, and trained to fight for their liberty, home and country until the last drop

of blood filtered from their veins, they are almost unequalled in the history of the world for strength and courage. Luxuries were forbidden, as tending to enervation. They barely allowed themselves necessities. The women became as sturdy as the men. They stand, in the line of nations, as one composed of the most powerful men physically that has ever flourished. They were forced from childhood to endure hardships and pain without murmuring.

I see another race, strong of limb and mighty of intellect. They wasted their time watching the contests of gladiators, and betting their coins upon the swelling muscles of brutal men. As time passed they degenerated, and gradually fell into decay. As another rose to power they ebbed slowly away.

It is a process of evolution. All human life consists of successive stages. Some men bequeath to their successors puny bodies, and punier minds. Some men pass on to later generations sturdy bodies and powerful minds. Each succeeding generation determines the heritage of the next by their mode of thought and life.

Hard times make many men. Some, raised on pillows and accustomed to everything that contributes to human contentment, have in their breasts the power, lying dormant, which would change the destiny of the nation. They never know what it is to struggle with hardships. They are defended from infancy from everything which would detract from their individual pleasure. In youth they are diletanti; in manhood and in times of trial, they are useless, because they have not acquired strength by fighting their own battles.

The problem is not to make the burden easier, but to become strong-

er. I might cite men by the hour who have won prominence by persistent effort. I know of a man who began as a section hand on a railroad, who is today a railroad president. If he had had his youth defended from disturbing influences, in all probability he would today have been one of the weak, effeminate creatures who throng our streets, whom someone has aptly called "baby men."

Someone has said, long ago, and well said, that experience is the best teacher, albeit an exceedingly dear one. I know of no truer words. What we gain by the sweat of our brow; what we struggle for and gain in the hard battles which fall to the lot of so many of us, is dearer by far to us than all the luxuries ever piled around the pampered son of wealth.

We appreciate what we win for ourselves. Ole Bull played eighteen ears on his violin before he really loved it, and then he said the very fibres of the wood, the strings and keys and bow all made music in his soul till it thrilled like a passion and moved his hearers like a song. It is so with all who win by effort.

Sometimes culture, study, steady application, do not bring very apparent results, except in rare times of trial, or when there is an urgent necessity for all one's powers. But then, like a long restrained fountain leaping into the sunlight, knowledge and strength gush forth and take the world by storm. Down the dusty corridors of Time the voice of Portia, pleading for Shylock's victim, comes like the tinkling of a little bell. As she stood before the stern-browed judge, and pleaded so nobly, who can speak the powers she felt surging within her breast, long unused, but filled with strength and might, like the awakening of the lion.

"I too would become strong," I

hear each one of you say, "I would work hard, till I was so tired, and my strength ebbed so that I longed to lie down and rest;" but to stop to rest is to lose the battle, and to go back to the beginning. But when after all the struggles are over, and we rest clasping to our hearts the treasure we have won, the happiness, the genuine joy we feel more than repays for all the years of hardship and sacrifice. Success, with every lock of her golden hair kissed by the sunlight, beckons from the mountain peak. Hard and rough the roadway of Diligence stretches out before us. Our feet are sore and bleeding. We falter. Hope urges us on and on. We struggle, fall back, gain, and long for a resting place; but after all the steep climb is over, and we rest upon the summit, eternal breezes of contentment cool our heated brow, and from every side arises the odorous incense of the flowers of emulation. Then we can rest in peace.

Napoleon was told that he could not cross the Alps. He turned his face toward them and never faltered till he had led his vast army safely over them. We must all face apparent impossibilities. Little by little we add to our strength until we can turn exultingly and say, "I am successful." Every year the birds build, straw by straw, what appear to the eye to be impossible for a bird to construct. When all is completed they sit outside and sing their simple songs of joy. They swell their little throats and pour their whole souls out in liquid melody. We stop and listen to one, but we seldom think that it is his

song of exultation in having overcome difficulties.

I have often watched a hive of bees at work in the summer time. Every bee in the hive, apparently, is wrapped up entirely in gathering the honey which is to be his food in the long, cold winter, when there are no flowers. Should not we, in the strength of youth, gather honey for the years to come, when we can enjoy the fruits of our endeavor?

Nature brings forth her fairest flowers of humanity on bleak and barren hillsides. Cold winds prompt them to find means of warmth and comfort. Rain and snow impel them to seek for shelter, and gradually they grow strong and resourceful. For every necessity they find a satisfying element; for every pain a panacea, and now, after the still lapse of countless centuries, they stand in almost the full perfection of civilization and development.

But stop! Edison, that eminent scientist, says that humanity has but learned a millionth part of the wonders to be discovered, the mysteries to be solved. There is yet immeasurable room for endeavor and accomplishment.

Life is like an opening flower. Every day new wonders appear, and shall we stand idly by? No! Let us spring into action, and so, when life is past its prime and we sink down toward oblivion to earthly trouble, and go to reap the reward of endeavor and persistence, we may say, "I go as one who draws the drapery of his couch around him and lays down to pleasant dreams."

MARY ELENOR.

Ida Stewart Peay.

Long before this story opened Mary Elenor had been dubbed a cross old maid, while John, who was just as old and older, is referred to very affectionately by mammas of marriageable girls as a rising young man. Strange, isn't it?

What had John to do with Mary Elenor?

Quite a good deal I should say, since he was her lover.

Mary Elenor have a lover?

Well, why not? She was not always as wrinkled and grizzly as now. She was sixteen once. There is a Springtime for all. Every one has a time of blooming and thus on to the riper and fuller periods. But, see that you fall not out of the harmony of Nature's plans, lest punishment follow.

Yes, Mary was sixteen, and Mary bloomed, and for four years John watched and admired the flowering. One day when she was twenty he said:

"Let's see, how long hev' we been gcin' together, Mary?"

He always called her Mary for short though her mother constantly insisted that she did not want her nicknamed.

"Four years," snapped Mary Elenor.

"Hm, that's quite a while," drawled good-natured John, and there was a subdued twinkle in his eyes as if the contemplation of his thoughts pleased him mightily.

Her snapping tone did not disturb him. Quite the contrary. Did it not imply that she, too, was weary of the waiting? And so he added in his easy-going style, crossing one leg over the other carefully with his two hands as if he had rheumatism,

"Wall, I didn't know it was that long."

"No, you ain't much of a hand to keep track o' time or—or—or anything else—especially money," she finished to herself as she readjusted her skirts with a jerk.

John caught the implication with a wince. He had received many such little hints, and Mary's ideas of getting rich had disturbed him before now, but all the more was he determined to speak what was in his mind.

"Mary," he began in his slow way, and I think good-natured people always have pleasant voices, "I have thought a good deal of you, more than of any one I have ever seen and I—and I'd like to marry you. I know I'm rather poor, I've had some hard luck"——

"Hard luck, nothing," broke in Mary. "It ain't hard luck that makes folks poor, it's bein' so wasteful. Now I save every cent I get hold of, and I've got a few hundred dollars out at interest, gettin' eight per cent for all of it—" The words fairly shot out of her mouth.

John did not appear to notice the interruption, but the expression of his eyes changed slightly and he continued rather slower than before. "As I was sayin', I haven't much to start on, but if you will marry me, dear," there was something tender and caressing about John's voice, "I will try to make you comfortable."

Mary Elenor was as fond of John as she could be of any one but she wanted to let him know that she did not approve of his extravagance, "perhaps it will make him do better," she said to herself.

"Well," she said, hesitatingly, "I want to marry you, but—but—I think we'd better wait till you get a bit of a start."

"All right," said John, rising to go, a steady quiet look in his clear blue eyes, "and now good-bye, Mary, I am goin' away tomorrow, and I will not speak to you again on this subject until I get my start." He emphasized the last word.

"You will write to me, John?" His going away had never occurred to her, and now as he moved toward the door she laid her hand upon his arm and looked very miserable, but she said nothing more for Mary Elenor was proud.

She was far from pretty but he liked her, and now his eyes softened as he turned to take a more affectionate farewell and he said,

"Why, yes, Mary dear, we will always correspond as long as you are willing."

"That will be always," Mary was trying to say when she saw him disappear and the door close behind him.

So John went away and Mary Elenor went on saying that "every cent" that she had told John about.

Years rolled by. Our heroine never pretty, began to look old. In her dealings with people she was exacting, almost distrustful, and that measure was meted back to her, thus her face grew grim and hard. It was no uncommon occurrence for her to be spoken of as "that plain Miss Sticks," "That snappish old maid," "Money loaner, you know," and such flattering epithets. Sometimes she would stamp her foot when alone in her room and declare how she hated to be called an old maid and all those ugly names—"If John, if I"—but here she would stop.

Once or twice a year John would come to town for a day or two and make a friendly call. At such times

Mary's small grey eyes were bright and warm looking. "You will be back at six for dinner?" she would always say.

And he always smiled and answered, "To be sure, Mary, thank you."

Then the hens would be slaughtered, the bakery visited and the chinaware and silver brought down from the topmost shelves. The parlor blinds would be raised and a fire glow in the old-fashioned grate, and its reflection would play "Now you see me and now you don't" in the polished old oak furniture. In fact, the whole house would be astir and all would seem to feel the glow of Mary Elenor's pleasure.

"Ain't you goin' to stay this time, John?" she would sometimes venture to ask rather wistfully, always gently.

"Not this time," he would answer cheerfully, "it keeps me rustling out there, haven't got things in very good shape yet."

"Do you really like Mary Elenor?" John's relatives often asked him.

And he always laughingly declared,

"Of course I do, didn't I tell you we had a fine turkey dinner together last night?"

"But she is so cross."

"Not to me," he would say with a wink and a chuckle, and then sobering, "not to her mother either." Ah, there is the heroic side of Mary. She loved her invalid mother dearly and most unselfishly. Many was the time she had made close acquaintance with sacrifice for her mother's sake. But there came a day when she made one greater than all the others, as you will no doubt agree with me when you hear it—the bitterness of which proud Mary Elenor will never disclose or confess.

From the moment that she sent

John away she had wished him back. A thousand times had her lonely heart called to him, called longingly and lovingly while she knew all the time that there was nothing left but to wait.

John was slow. He did not rush to another part of the country and make his fortune in a day. Not he. He had first one misadventure and then another, but with determined persistence he finally got a business started. It grew but slowly and years followed years before his bank account was equal to Mary's. "Confound her old money," he often ejaculated in his lonely hours.

However a day came at last when he was prepared to go to her and say,

"Mary, I've got a start and I think my credit is now as good as yours."

It was twenty years since he had formally proposed to Mary Elenor and now as he approached the front door everything about him seemed to talk. His neat new clothes and his quick step spoke of his business and the expression of his blue eyes was that of satisfaction at the accomplishment of some trying trust, and even the way he pulled the old door bell seemed to say "It's done, and I've come at last."

He told Mary proudly when they were alone in the old parlor that he now had a good start and he hoped their waiting was at an end. "I still love you Mary," he said in his old tender way, "come, let us marry. Come away with me to the home that I have made for you."

Oh, this great happiness that she

had so long anticipated! Her eyes were upon him, flooded with gladness. Then the light left her face and the sternness of her forty years, in this last struggle drew lines of pain and sadness as she said sorrowfully,

"John, I cannot go with you now. It is too late. I do so long to, but I cannot. My poor mother, John, I cannot leave her. For the last fifteen years of her widowhood I have been her constant companion, her nurse, her staff, her all. She is so feeble and so helpless, now, and only yesterday she said like a clinging child, 'You won't ever leave me will you, Mary Elenor? Not even if John comes for you? What would I do without you, you won't leave me, will you?' And I won't because of course I cannot—I cannot—" And this was all that she could say for there were tears in her eyes and voice.

"You are a good girl, Mary," said John taking her hands in his while his soft voice was full of sadness. "I will always love you for this sacrifice."

And thus in the dim old parlor after a courtship of twenty years they parted.

That was several years ago, and good-natured John, finding his loneliness unbearable, married a good little wife, and two pretty babes now cheer his home. But who has a kind thought or a warm handshake for the other one? Who knows or cares, or gently soothes, or gives some word or look of praise, or sympathy, to mitigate or soften the noble sacrifice of Mary Elenor?

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

R. E. W.

The plea so strongly made by Brother Reed Smoot during our recent Conference, for greater cleanliness in the home, physical and moral as well as in the house and its surroundings, should find an answering sentiment in the heart of every Latter-day Saint.

How much of the beauty and holiness of our outlook upon life and its duties is due to our surroundings. How much of the coarse and vulgar that some people allow to stain and defile their minds and lips is due to their surroundings also. "We grow like what we contemplate," therefore let us contemplate the true, the beautiful, the good, in our minds, and in our homes the clean, the tidy, the sweet, and pure.

If we thought or knew that we were to be ushered into the presence of our Heavenly Father or a holy angel, what preparation we would make to become clean and pure, and how we would adorn our bodies with the cleanest and best of garments that we possessed. If we are to meet any person of renown or importance in the world, we dress ourselves so as to make the most favorable impression. But what we should learn to do is to keep our bodies, our homes, and our hearts so pure and clean, that in our inmost souls we shall not offend our higher and holier selves who are sitting in judgment upon us. Then we are prepared for every and all emergencies of life, and the coarse and deadening thoughts and words that blemish our lives would fall off and away from us for lack of nourishment, and we would not be ashamed in our quiet moments to

enter our own presence to be judged, and hence to enter the presence of the purest and best.

A large and beautiful home is not necessary to exemplify the beauty of cleanliness and the beauty of holiness that is its natural companion, as witness the poor and obscure homes of many of the noblest and best of earth's sons and daughters. Examples are known to us all. It is the inclination of the heart that counts. That indeed is susceptible to constant environment, and the example and admonition of those we love. If parents are given to the enjoyment (?) of coarse jokes and vulgar jest at the expense of the beauty and holiness of every-day life, they can expect nothing else of their children than that they will increase the stream of moral uncleanness that is flooding the world. They themselves have destroyed the ideal in life and there is nothing but to sink lower and lower in the outlook upon it, hence in the living of it also.

Who has not seen the cruel, ugly work of the coarse jester at the wedding reception of some young people who have just returned from the Temple, their souls filled with holy and sacred thoughts and emotions? He considers the bride and groom his legitimate prey at such times and leaves forever an ugly blemish on what should have been one of the most beautiful hours of their lives in receiving the blessings and good wishes of their friends. Shame that such things should be done by strong men and women who are fathers and mothers in Zion! How many young people have been filled

with horror and disgust at the thought of marriage by the defiling influence of just such work! If you cannot give blessing and inspiration to the young, for which they will hold you in thankful remembrance, hold your peace and you will have much less to be ashamed of in your own heart, and much less of sin to your account and to the account of some who heard your speech. Such people somehow remind me of the whited sepulchers Jesus speaks of.

The time is fast coming, yes is even now here, when the home in its truest sense is hard to find in the world at large. Men and women shrink the responsibilities of life and the home is gone, for around it centers all the hopes, aims and responsibilities that are at all worth while. It will be hard to find the home where love grows deeper and richer with the flight of time, where trials are borne and work performed patiently and gladly for each other and the home-building,—the home where children are desired and recognized as blessings.

The home is the earthly foundation of that relationship which, with us is eternal, we are building for eternity as well as for our present happiness. If we were able in our weakness and humanity to shape our lives more to this thought there would be much greater happiness than at present appears, because all our thoughts, words and acts would be considered in their relationship to and bearing upon the glorious plan of life that the Gospel reveals and which we have covenanted to use as our guide.

If young people planned their married lives before they entered upon them, each sought to know his or her duty in the new relationship and prayed over daily with all earnestness and talked it over together, think you not the

light of understanding would be given of God? Each would be more sacred to the other than word could tell, though heart would know, and such a union would indeed be holy. "The man is not without the woman nor the woman without the man in the Lord," neither are they without their children as we so well understand.

Years ago I heard the prophecy that the time would come when the women of the world would refuse to become mothers, and that the women of Zion alone would be willing to fulfill this sacred mission. In our youth we often wonder how we can repay our parents for giving us life and surrounding us with their love and care and the noble and helpful teachings and influence of the Gospel. But as we grow older and the purposes of God become plainer to our understanding, we learn that the debt is not to our parents alone, to whom we owe all reverence, kindness and tender consideration, but to God also. It is nature's law, and the only way the debt can be discharged is for us to willingly and gladly accept a similar work for other little ones. Every child has a right to be well born. We like to feel that our parents desired us and made us welcome. We like to dream of how mother longed for us, of the tender and loving preparations for our coming and of the holy joy with which she brought us into the world, of our parents' gratitude to God for the gift of their little children. Then cannot a moment's sober reflection make plain to our understandings the great sin and far-reaching evil and the cruel consequence of bearing children upon every fiber of whose being is the stamp "unloved," "unwished for?" We are told that the unborn child knows every thought of its mother. What

then must be the feeling engendered in the heart of the child for her? If we really feel the indebtedness we owe to our parents and to God, let us meet the obligation and discharge it in the appointed way, and in all holiness and gladness. Never let it be said of us that we are unwilling mothers, or that we have marred and made unhappy the life of any of our children with the cruel mark "*unwelcome*."

If you are just entering upon married life, never allow the holy aims and exalted thoughts that fill your hearts to lapse into forgetfulness, and you will have much less to undo than many have. And girls, don't forget that you are still girls, just one step higher in life's school, and allow yourselves to lose or lay aside the modesty, sweetness, and dainty refinement that were and always will be among your chiefest charms.

The beauty of life and its lessons should be just opening to you and your husband, and the great and eternal plans and providences of God should be more clearly revealed to you and be more sacred and precious than ever before. The relationship is holy and you should resolve never to step down from the high plane that you occupy, but seek by prayer and study together to daily learn more fully what your duties are and how to perform them better than ever before. Express continually the love you feel for each other and let tender consideration, hearty co-operation, mutual interest and sympathy increase as the years pass. Maintain the dignity of your manhood and womanhood I beseech you, in all the duties of life. Never, never let the first vulgar remark pass your lips or it will leave a scar forever on your soul. Daily life has its dignity, every humble duty has its dignity. If a thing is necessary to be done, then

it is holy, please don't forget that, and life will grow sweeter all the time. Make life beautiful for each other in every way possible. Express your love for each other and for your children.

As children grow older parents sometimes drop the old tender caress that is so dear to a child, because they think the boys or girls are too old for that now. Don't make that mistake. Give them the hearty good-night kiss and the caress of approval and commendation that means more to them than gold or silver or gifts of any kind. Keep their hearts with you, and your power with them will increase as they grow, as it should.

Have you seen the husband and wife in whose eyes the light of perfect understanding gleams and from whose faces holiness radiates that all who look may read the lesson there? Take such for your guide and shape your course by prayer; work to fulfill your destiny. Oh, you'll get the inspiration of it, never fear, and the promptings and revelations of the Holy Spirit will be like a well of living water springing up in your souls, filling them with knowledge of life and power to live that you had never dreamed of.



The love of money is growing in our midst. The first question in nearly every business enterprise today is "Will it pay?" rather than "how much good will it do?"—President Antion H. Lund.



We cannot be a successful community when we pay too much attention to learned professions so-called, and neglect the fundamental branches of industry.—George Reynolds.



Fix your mark high. Seek not only to excel, but to gain the very highest point that's within the reach of an immortal soul.—I. M. Coombs, Sen.



MUSIC AND "THE MASTERS."

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

Edyth Ellerbeck.

A great philosopher has said, "There is no great genius free from some tincture of madness." This thought has caused eccentricity to become in the popular mind the normal accompaniment of great talent, and oddities that amount to outrages upon accepted forms are smiled upon in the lion of the hour. It is only right that shortcomings in one direction may be atoned for by greatness in another. And it is only right that we should release from petty conventions the great souls that would only be hampered by them. On the other hand, do we not go too far in our hero-worship, and let talent make up for irregularities in life and morals that are unforgivable in any one? The history of the art of today will surely prove this to be the case. The

great men in music, painting and sculpture is too often unlearned in any except his own branch, and not only unlearned, but scornful and contemptuous of other arts. An unkempt person, disdain of good breeding and disregard of ordinary decencies mark many artists of distinction.

But if this is true of some of the great, it is not true of the *greatest*. Among the artists of the past, much may be urged against Beethoven on the score of eccentricity. But for the somewhat wild and uncouth manners of this, one of the greatest of musicians, his affliction was almost wholly to blame. For irregularities of many of the artists of today there seems to be no excuse.

Is there logical connection be-

tween a great talent and lack or refinement and culture? The example of many eminent artists, musicians and writers, as noted for noble traits of character, refinement and exquisite culture utterly refutes such a theory.

As a type of great genius, high-mindedness, and completely rounded culture, there is no more illustrious example than Felix Mendelssohn. It is possible to pick out from the musicians of the past men who are entitled to a higher place than he in the field of music alone; but we can venture to say that none combines more perfectly the elements of scholarliness, good-breeding, sweet humor, and original artistic power.

He was born in Hamburg in 1809, and died at Leipsic in 1847. Thirty-eight years is not a long life,—most men's powers are just ripening at that age,—but Mendelssohn's genius had blossomed and matured, and when he was gathered in he had reached the fullness of perfection. He was the most precocious of all the musical geniuses with the exception of Mozart.

After reading of such a starved, lonely, loveless life as Beethoven's—truly a life of storm and stress,—it is like coming from a sick-room into the open sunshine to read of an artist for whom "wealth waited, kings uncovered, laurel bloomed and blossomed and love crowned all."

It may appear on the surface that the life of one whose path was literally and poetically strewn with roses, cannot contain any helpful lesson for us. The value of a life like Beethoven's, a life in which a great art lifted a suffering mortal above himself and made his loss the world's gain,—is obvious. But the lesson of Felix Mendelssohn's life is not less so.

Surrounded by the most brilliant society, with means at hand to gratify tastes and appetites if he willed, temptations seldom to be resisted, he yet remained God-fearing and virtuous as he was gifted and gracious.

"Evil seemed to glance aside from him, temptation to get no hold upon him," as one of his friends writes of him wonderingly. Mendelssohn himself rebuked with half-touching, half-amusing indignation the warning of a friend against vices and follies which the young musician could never consider save with horror and disgust.

Mendelssohn was known all over the continent,—in his early years he traveled, studied, and wrote, and later needed only to appear in a city to be hailed with delight. He was a student for two years at the Berlin University where he was known as a diligent worker. While there he wrote a German metrical translation of Terrence's "Andria," and the merits of the work show the versatility of his talent. In 1829, when he was twenty years of age, he visited England, and his subsequent tours in Scotland and Wales were sources of great profit and enjoyment to him. While he was in the English capitol the London Philharmonic Society, with which he had a life-long connection, had the honor of giving the first public testimony to the merits of the new German composer. One of his own charming letters tells of a visit to Queen Victoria and her consort, which was the beginning of a friendship that lasted a life-time. Indeed, the composer's life was rich in friendships with the great as well as the talented. His friendship, dating from his thirteenth year, with Goethe is a fact that speaks eloquently of the power of his personality.

It is gratifying to learn that Mendelssohn had a fit mate. Cecilia Jean-Renaud was as æsthetic in face and form, as gentle and spirituelle as himself. A beautiful, gentle sensible wife, who spread a charm over the whole household and "re-minded one of a Raphael madonna,"—what a boon for the artistic temperament! We learn of Mendelssohn as a devoted husband, a gentle, merry and loving father, private roles that he filled as perfectly as his public character of famous artist.

Drops of bitterness that kept his

cup of happiness from overflowing were the deaths of his nearest and dearest relatives and friends, and his own ill health. This brought untimely cessation of his labors and left all the world to mourn.

His music is considered by many effeminate because of its extreme delicacy. Well, if grace, ease, beauty and exquisite harmony are effeminate, let the adjective stand. If Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and the "Wedding March" are "women's music," let us as women, be proud to claim them!

YOU.

Annie Pike.

When morning rises from the lips of
dawn,
And happy day or days with faces
wan,
And in the gloaming, when the day is
gone,
I think of you.

Ere night has sunk me in her Lethian
deep,
And lulled me in her mother-arms to
sleep,
Tho' glad my day, or tho' my heart
would weep,
I pray for you.

When all the world is lost and pain is
dead,
And from my heart its deep'ning shad-
ows fled,
Such joy I know that to my sleep is
wed—
I dream of you.

Dear heart, though hard and bitter be
way,
And ships I long for never reach the
bay,
I think, I dream of you, and for you
pray,
I live for you.

ONE MAN'S VIEW OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

June 1st—President Brigham Young's birthday. That reminds me of a day when Brother Taggart was at our home tuning the piano. I went in to say "Good morning," and as usual could not tear myself away. Something I said put him in a reminiscent mood, and as I listened I saw a vivid picture of a great man, his marvelous tact and,—well, read the story yourself and draw your own conclusions! But remember that this is only one instance out of thousands where Brigham Young's wonderful power,—magnetism the world terms it—stilled a discontented, troubled spirit and gave it strength to struggle on.

My tongue, loosened by Brother Taggart's hearty greeting, ran on merrily for a few minutes, when he said,

"You remind me of Miss Boswell, the daughter of Lady Boswell."

(*I saw afterward that he thought she was a nuisance. Of course he didn't say so—he just—well—but then I'm sure I wasn't?*) He went on:

"I never rubbed elbows with royalty, my dear, but," with a peculiar smile, "Lady Boswell was a maid of honor to the Queen of England."

"Miss Boswell always came in to talk with me while I was tuning the pianos. She would generally send my wife into the garden to enjoy herself, saying 'I'll wait on Mr. Taggart.'"

"In one particular she was very annoying, because she didn't know the tools and she insisted on waiting on me. She would hand me first one tool and then another, saying, 'Is that it,'—but then she was Miss Boswell you know. I had to put up with it.

"There were three pianos to tune, one in the drawing room, another in the library and one in the dining room. Once when at work in the dining room I said,

"Miss Boswell, can't I smell wine?"

"'Oh, John, you stupid! Mr. Taggart can't see,' taking the glass which he stood holding toward me and giving it to me herself.

"Another time when I was going, John, the footman, stood ready to help me on with my overcoat, but she said,

"'I'll help Mr. Taggart,' then as she did so, 'Oh, Mr. Taggart, what a pity'—and made a full stop.

"'Allow me, Miss Boswell, to finish that sentence—that I'm blind,' and in her own kind sensitive way she said,

"'Oh, Mr. Taggart, I didn't mean it.'"

"That is all right, Miss Boswell, but permit me to tell you that I know in person a dozen noblemen in this country that I have the honor of waiting upon in my profession, who would be glad to be blind ten times over to get the half of the attention from Miss Boswell that she gives me.'

"Then tapping me upon the shoulder,

"'Oh, Mr. Taggart I know that you're an Irishman.'"

"My first introduction to Boswell castle was rather interesting. The castle is an ancient one, situated about one mile from Dunse, in the south of Scotland.

"I was in Berwick (*Berrick*). They sent word by Mr. T. Rees Evans, afterward Dr. Evans of the Royal College of Organists, for me to come to the castle. Something interfered so I could not go for a

week. Then I presented my card.

"The servant took it to Sir George, who, in a very gruff way, said,

"Tell him I don't want him."

"I heard it and turned away. I was half way down the avenue when the servant came after me."

"Sir George wants you to come back."

"Tell Sir George when he learns to be a gentleman, I'll come back."

"In a short time I heard a carriage coming after us. The wife advised me to return, so we entered the carriage and were driven back. When I met Sir George he said, in a very gruff way,

"Why didn't you come when I sent for you?"

"If you had asked me that question before, Sir George, it would have saved all this trouble. I was sick."

"Oh, I didn't know that."

"Sir George took me to a piano in the drawing room and asked what I thought of that.

"I think it's a regular tub."

"Sir George said, 'What would you think if you were informed that it was the prize piano from the Danish Exhibition in Copenhagen?'"

"That they don't know how to produce tone."

"What can you do with it?"

"I could improve it, but I couldn't make it good."

"Evans tells me that you can do anything with a piano."

"I can't make a poor piano good."

"Take my arm!" and he led me to the dining room,

"Try that one."

"I ran my hand over it and said,

"This is worth two of the others; a splendid old Broadwood."

"Then I heard a light clap of the hands from Lady Boswell, who I was not aware was there, on account of her light footsteps on the soft

carpet, and the words, 'I always told you that, Sir George!'

"From that on I attended his pianos until I came to this country in 1871. Then for the Gospel's sake I came here, and through the grace of my Heavenly Father, I still remain devoted to that cause."

The conversation served to show his standing in the old home, ere he came to meet the hardships of a pioneer life; and it bore out his words later when he said,

"I was a pet in England. Many people come here thinking they do the church a favor. I didn't do that, but I did expect a little attention."

"When I was newly in this country I tuned a piano for —— I called at his place of business and handed him my bill."

"I'll see that you've done this when I come home," he said.

"My anger flamed, I don't know how I did it, but I snapped the paper out of his hand, threw it in his face and said,

"D—n you!"

"As I passed out of the front door I heard one of a group standing there say,

"What's the matter with Brother Taggart?"

"Down to David O. Calder's music store I went and I said to him,

"I wish I could say this Work was not true until I could get a slap at you all."

"A few minutes later I went to Brother Wm. Clayton on some business. He seemed to be in a desperate fury. I asked what was the matter and found he had received just such an affront as mine."

"Brother Clayton," I said, 'we're in a desperate position. This work is true and we can't help ourselves.'

"That's true," he answered.

"I passed out, still almost insane with rage. As we walked along my guide said,

"'There's President Young.'

"'Take me to him,' I answered.

"Upon our approach I accosted him with, 'You're Brother Young?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'For three years I've tried hard to get a talk with you.'

"'Strange—you're the piano tuner?'

"'I was that in England, but what the devil I am here I don't know.'

"He simply looked at me and said,

"'Well, Brother, we're very busy today attending to this rock for the Temple, but we'll set a time when we can meet and have our talk. 'Albert,' addressing Brother Carrington, 'how will Friday do, at 3 o'clock?'

"I left him, mad at myself for what I had done. But I was still angry.

"Friday came. On my way down I met Brother Cowley and told him what had happened. He answered,

"'I had rather it was you than me.'

"'Why?'

"'Well, go on, it's all right, but come and tell me about it.'

"'God has yet to make the man that I'm afraid of,' I answered.

"Well, we went to the office. As I entered Brigham Young got up and said, coming toward me,

"'Brother Taggart, you told me the other day you'd waited three years to have a talk with me. Now I've waited twenty-seven on you. Don't you think that account is balanced?'

"When he spoke these words something seemed to strike me like a galvanic battery, and I filled up like a big child. I touched his hand and in broken voice I said,

"'I'll—I'll see you again, Brother Young.'

"'No, no; sit down. I'll come

back,' and he left me. In a few minutes he did come back.

"'Now, Brother Taggart, we'll have this little talk.' He took me by the hand, led me farther over and sat me down by a table, he sitting on my right side. Brother Carrington was there also. He then began,

"'By the bye, Brother Taggart, you were a Catholic before you came into the church?'

"'Yes, sir, I was born a Catholic. But I would say first of all, Brother Young, this past two or three years I have had a great antipathy against you. I fairly despised you. But according to the priesthood you held, there were none I respected more.'

"'And what for?' he said.

"'In the first place, I have never before shook your hand. I have never heard you say 'God bless you,' nor had the first act of kindness from you.'

"'Oh, Brother Taggart, you little know what I have to bear or you never would speak that way.'

"'I'm glad Brother Young, I've even said what I have said, for I believe now I've got that bad feeling out of me.'

"'Now, Brother Taggart, what difference do you see between Catholicism and Mormonism?'

"'The only way I can tell you is by comparison.

"'When Christ organized the Church it was a beautiful crown of diamonds, every stone being perfect. When He left it, the people in charge of this crown lost one of the stones and had nothing but paste to put in its place. By and by another was lost, and another, till ultimately the whole crown became paste and no jewelers were round to detect the fraud. By and by a jeweler came along in the form of Joseph the Prophet and he said, 'My friends, I understand diamonds. This is paste, and I will

prove it by showing you the genuine diamonds.' Ultimately when he showed the genuine stones one after another and compared them with the paste, there was no denying the fact.'

"'Albert, that is so,' said President Young.

"Then Brother Carrington spoke,

"'Brother Taggart, do you not think this little affliction you are under (blindness) will make you think sometimes that you are insulted when you really are not?'

"That may be, Brother,' I said.

"Then President Young said, 'Brother Taggart, I have an old piano in Brother Calder's store.'

"I have seen it.'

"What could you do with it?'

"I could make it almost as good as ever it was.'

"Then I must have it done.'

"Not by me, Brother Young.'

"And why, Brother Taggart?'

"I wouldn't take all the wealth that Salt Lake City has, when I go out of this office that one notion should come into your head that I came here to look for your work.'

He tapped with his fingers on the table and said, 'Proud, proud.'

"Then he said, 'Brother Taggart, I am going to ask you a question, and don't answer me in a hurry. Think well before you answer,—Can Brigham Young do anything for you?' and he turned away and left me.

"In a few minutes he came back and said, 'Now for your answer.'

"I said, 'President Young, you can't do anything for me. I have got a house, I have got a wife, and I've got a dollar. And a statesman belonging to my country said that a man's riches consisted in the fewness of his wants.'

"'Brother Taggart,' he then said, 'will you do my piano?'

"I will,' I said, 'upon one condition,—that you will not offer me

one dollar for doing it. If you do I will take it as an insult and I think we've had enough of that.'

"'Now, Brother Taggart, listen to me,' he said. 'Whenever you want to have a talk with me, no matter who is with me, no matter where I am, let no man stop you. So now I'll say good-bye for the present. And I'll send the piano up to your house.'

"And then I said,

"'Thank God, Brother Young, I can say now with all my heart, "God bless you." You have taken off my shoulders this day a great load. And now, Brother Young, you *can* do something for me.'

"'And what is it?' he said eagerly.

"'When you meet me I want to hear you say "God bless you."'

"I'll do that. What next?'

"'When you go to your private prayers, pray for the Lord to give me my sight.'

"I haven't all power,' he said, 'but I'll do it.'

"A day or two after that I was passing the office and heard him say in a loud voice,

"'God bless you, Brother Taggart. Stop, stop!' He immediately came over and straightened the strap that was over my shoulder supporting my kit, saying, 'That would soon cut your coat and hurt your shoulder.'

"'What,' I said, 'is President Young a servant of mine?'

"Oh, I'm a servant of everybody.'

"This act raised him, if possible, another step in my estimation.

Oh, he was a glorious man! A greater one in my opinion could not have lived at the same time. I came away from that first interview thoroughly convinced that I had spoken with the greatest man upon the earth, for none could have handled me in like manner."

THE MAN WHO LOST.

Marjorie Liske.

They had wagered gloves,—and that, too, after the Major had declared it unbecoming a gentleman to bet on a “dead sure” thing. That he considered Minor’s victory a dead sure thing, he had also announced. But Mrs. Meta Grayson was not a woman to put two and two together, (though the same may not be said in regard to one and one, for she was an inveterate match-maker), and she saw nothing inconsistent when the Major laid his bet on Minor. Mrs. Grayson had all a woman’s passion for winning at any game she went into, and the moment she made her wager she had determined to help Anstey win if she could. Here she had the advantage over the Major, for she was Miss Burke’s chaperon, while the Major was only that young lady’s father, and a man.

The situation was not unusual, but it was one that is never trite. Two young men were in love with beautiful Estelle Burke. And Estelle Burke was a girl of whom it was not possible to guess when or whom she would marry. Fact kept abreast with fiction by having one of the men rich and the other poor. Disparity there was, too, in their intellectual resources—poetic justice had given the great talents to the man without money. Not that Philip Anstey was without ability. He might have imitated moneyed youths of his day and spent his capital and income in riotous living, whereas he had done nothing of the sort. Without distinguishing himself in any particular way he had yet kept himself clean and unspoiled through a host of temptations.

Minor was something of a

genius. He had had the courage to leave cow-punching on the plains and work his way through college. From that time his progress had been rapid, his successes so marked that, if informed comment is to be trusted, he gave promise of being one of the men of his day.

One night—they were at a hotel in the State Capital where Major Burke was a delegate to the legislature—Mrs. Meta set to work with great tact to probe to the inner depths of Estelle Burke’s heart. Nor was it a very difficult matter in that clever woman’s hands. In a midnight exchange of confidences, some cynic has observed, women tell all they know and a little more. It was nearly mid-night, when with a furtive look down the hall in each direction, Mrs. Meta gathered her thin silk kimono about her and scurried across the corridor to Estelle’s room.

“Not in bed yet?” was her logical question as she found Miss Burke before the fire with a book.

“Of what use?” replied Estelle as she ostentatiously shut up the book she had not looked at. “The hotel will be in an uproar until morning, I fear. Father said it would probably be an all-night session.”

“Such absurdity! One would think the fate of the universe were in the hands of this one puny legislature, the fuss they make over electing a senator,” Mrs. Meta declared scornfully, appropriating the couch and cushions.

“They simply must get the senatorial business off their hands,—there are hosts of bills to come up before the end of the session, and

this dead-lock has wasted weeks," returned Miss Burke.

"It must be a dreadful strain for you, poor child," said Mrs. Meta, putting a world of meaning in her shrewd, brown eyes.

"On father's account, you mean? Yes, he is not young enough for this sort of thing," Estelle replied, looking away from the elder woman's glance.

"Nonsense, Estelle, you know very well what I mean,—your father is in his element now—fighting!—and never looked better in his life. You know as well as I what those two young men are working for—the senatorial plum isn't the only piece of fruit they're climbing after!"

"But I haven't promised—" interrupted Estelle warmly.

"Perhaps not in so many words. But haven't you hinted?"

"Oh, Meta, I was driven to it. I *cannot* decide by myself. In stories it is always a foot-ball game or a boat-race or something that brings the climax, and the girl never feels a shadow of doubt afterwards. I have hoped that this contest would help me to determine my own feelings,—what are you laughing at?"

"Estelle, you are upsetting all the novelists' theories! Given two lovers and an adorable girl, for her *not* to love the poor, handsome, worthy one, is to break all the laws of romance. And your father, too,—an ambitious parent who *doesn't* want you to marry the rich man!"

"Does he feel very strongly?" broke in the girl nervously.

"Oh, now I'm saying things. And I promised not to—we're both to be neutral, you know, and let the belligerent powers fight it out. What I mean is that as the proper father—in tradition,—he should force you against your will to marry the detested rich man, while all the time

you are breaking your heart over the poor, deserving, hero. The situation is a beautiful one, Estelle: Anstey with money and loads of prestige, opposing Minor, poor, brainy, ambitious, a senatorship the goal—why a foot-ball game is jack-straws!" Estelle laughed at the romantic exposition, but added seriously:

"Yet, Meta, I am not at all sure that even the result will decide my difficulty. Father has said all along that if Mr. Anstey were as poor as Gregory Minor I would not hesitate a minute—he considers Mr. Minor so much the finer man,—and I am afraid he may be right."

"Afraid?" breathed Mrs. Grayson with uplifted brows.

"I shouldn't say that!" exclaimed the girl in distress, "that is much too strong. I mean I am afraid I have been very weak not to be able to decide. I thought at first it was Mr. Anstey I—I admire him very much, Meta. Then I feared he—his money, you know, might have something to do with my feelings. It is nice and I have never had much of it, and I grant I feel the fascination—you must understand. But that alone will not satisfy me, I must, and he must!"

"Certainly, dear. But, oh, Estelle, *please* don't be one of the modern heroines who take themselves to pieces to find the hidden spring of every motive, and are not happy unless something happens every thousand words. Do not expect to realize ideals in this bread-and-butter world."

"I don't Meta, truly. But I realize something of my possibilities. I felt something once that was—well, different from anything I have ever felt since, and I should give worlds to feel it again. When I do, it will be final. It was an actor, too. I never told you, did I, that I have

passed through that phase? Yes, I was a matinee girl once, and worshiped with all the ardor of my seventeen years, a handsome, fascinating, leading man. My emotions were marvelous, I nearly burned myself up. I remember one day—it was 'Captain Swift,' I think, and you know how fascinating the hero is? I played opposite the leading man, not *really*, you know, but as if I had *projected* myself. I said everything the woman said, I was proud, cold, tender, passionate, loving, whatever she was. I shrank when he touched her, and when he kissed her it was I who felt his lips on mine. When the curtain fell I was trembling from head to foot and sobbing hysterically. The girls were amazed (there was a crowd of us from Miss Paine's) and told me it wasn't the place to cry yet! I got over that illusion—saw him eat dinner at a hotel once, and his table-manners were atrocious and he looked oily, ugh!—but that experience has taught me my possibilities, and I shall never be satisfied until I feel the same thrill."

The girl was silent. Leaning forward, chin on hands, she gazed into the fire, the glow bringing out the warm reds in her brown hair, the uncertain light deepening the shadows on her face; while the elder woman from her corner watched the beautiful, expressive, features. It was a fine face: lines of firmness and strength combined with the soft curves of youth, a forehead smooth and broad, eyes deep-set, of an opaque blue—the eye of a very young child before they change to definite light or dark,—that could look both black and gray. It was the face of a woman who can suffer as well as enjoy, much.

Mrs. Grayson was a woman with a history, and now she sighed.

"Nothing is vicarious in this world," she remarked, apropos of nothing, "if you repeat my experience I shall have to stand by and look on."

Estelle did not reply. She was seeing pictures in the fire. And Mrs. Meta went to bed.

Not to stay, however. At 2 o'clock the hotel was in an uproar; sounds arising from the hotel office and bar, excited voices, laughter, clinking glasses, told of the culmination of a five weeks' battle.

"Something has happened and I'm a woman and can't find out. I shall have to wait properly for the morning papers, I suppose. But I won't," and with that Mrs. Meta dressed and flew across the corridor. The Major was already in his daughter's room and greeted Mrs. Grayson triumphantly as she made her entrance.

"I'll thank you for a pair of gloves, little woman," he laughed delightedly. "Has—" Mrs. Meta turned to Estelle. "Yes, Gregory is now Senator Minor."

"You see, that young blood of an Anstey might just as well have saved his twenty-five-cent cigars—we hard-palmed giants of the west know a fine man when we see him. Money won't count against brains with men of judgment." And the Major threw out his chest with a military swagger.

Estelle, classical in a clinging robe of white, leaned against the mantel.

"Looks like sort of a *Wingless Victory* doesn't she?" asked the jubilant Major, gazing admiringly at his stately daughter.

"Don't mix up the classics with your barbarous politics," retorted Mrs. Meta, crossly, "I think she looks worn out—kept awake all night by that howling rabble downstairs. I suppose Mr. Minor is

dispensing something besides cigars at present?"

The Major roared.

"I never knew a woman take defeat gracefully," he taunted. "Next you'll be trying to convince Estelle that she is sorry the best man won. Just remember, please, you're a foreign power and must remain neutral." At this point Mrs. Grayson waved him out. At the door he fired a parting shot,

"I prefer dog-skin, Meta—and dark gray."

Mrs. Grayson did not tarry long for conversation. With the injunction, "Don't stay awake over it, dear," she sought her couch again.

Estelle arose at noon and found a note from Minor awaiting her.

"He will be here at 3," she said in answer to an interrogatory glance from her father. "There is time for a short walk before then, will you come, both of you?"

Mrs. Grayson gave a hardly suppressed sigh of relief. If Estelle no longer wished for solitude the period of storm and stress must be safely past.

The Major walked with his head well back, shoulders squared youthfully, giving his cane a jaunty swing, and hiding a half-smile under his gray mustache. He stopped a moment at the entrance to the rotunda.

"Look in a minute," he said to Mrs. Grayson and Estelle, and they, perforce looked in. They saw what they might have expected—Minor the center of an admiring group of his constituents, shaking hands, exchanging compliments in his hearty, unaffected way, and gracefully acknowledging congratulations. He looked so handsome, so vigorous, so successful, in the triumph that follows success—even Mrs. Meta approved of him in this role.

He caught sight of the trio at the door, and excusing himself came forward eagerly, the flush on his dark face deepening as he approached. Ostensibly he came to greet the Major, though all that he did consciously was to press Estelle's hand and whisper,

"Not one of them has realized how much I have had at stake!"

Estelle's lashes swept crimson cheeks. Mrs. Meta refused to meet Major Burke's eye.

As they turned to resume their walk a bell-boy approached with a card "for Miss Burke." Mrs. Grayson saw the red ebb from Estelle's face.

"Let the boy tell him you are out," she suggested. Estelle hesitated.

"I—I think I had better see him, Meta, to say good-bye, you know. Wait for me here, I'll not be a minute."

The Major fussed impatiently.

Anstey was waiting for her in Mrs. Grayson's rooms.

"I won't detain you more than a moment," he said after her icy cold fingers had rested for a second in his. The tone was that of a man who has accepted defeat, gracefully, but without hope.

"I am in no hurry," Estelle assured him, and her own voice sounded strange to her. She motioned to him to sit down, but he refused.

"I have just come to say good-bye—and one little thing" he said. "I hope you do not imagine that I am smarting, Miss Burke,—I hope I know how to take defeat like a man. But there have been things said, by your father as well as others," he apologized with a look, "that I could not let you believe. I am the under dog, and I do not want to growl now the fight is off, but I must tell you—I could not en-

ture to have you think otherwise—it has been a *clean* fight. My money has been used as an argument against me, in that it was alleged to be *my* only argument. On my honor, that is untrue." His voice rang with a strong man's emotion, and his face worked in his effort to still it. Estelle felt her own lips twitch in the contagion of extreme feeling. She had never really believed the worst of Anstey, and now as she heard the ring of truth in his voice and saw the stamp of earnestness on his face, she realized more fully the character of the man who had lost. Anstey was not handsome, but the aristocrat was stamped on every feature, and in his bearing was the pride of one who has the honor of a worthy race in his keeping.

"I have never doubted you," she said gently, offering her hand. He took it, but released it immediately.

"Thank you for that. It makes the other easier." He forced a smile that made Estelle's heart throb with pain.

"I won't keep you," he added after a pause. "I have congratulated Mr. Minor upon his victory,—is it premature to wish you both

happiness?" This time he held out his hand.

Estelle shook her head, she could not speak. A mist of tears had turned her eyes gray. She walked to the window.

"Then it is good-bye. Will you give me your hand for the last time?" The words seemed spoken easily, but she could see that his lips were dry.

There was a moment in which her eyes turned from gray to black. Then she broke out,

"No, oh, no!"

He started back, cut to the heart.

"No, not for the last time, for always. Oh, Philip, can't you *see*?"

The Major and Mrs. Grayson had begun to exchange glances downstairs in the corridor. Then they exchanged words, and as a result ascended the stairs to find the delinquent.

Mrs. Grayson opened the door and looked in, and the Major looked over her shoulder. They had not knocked, and the pair within the room did not turn from their position at the window.

"What size?" groaned the Major, as Mrs. Meta noiselessly closed the door without entering.

"Five three-fourths,—and white suede, please, shoulder-length."

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in His hand

Who saith "A whole I planned,

"Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

—Robert Browning in "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

SKETCHES.

IV.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

Katherine Arthur.

Speaking of the beautiful surroundings of English abbeys, perhaps this view of Kirkstall will illustrate that. You do not see so much green over the walls as you fancy, but the vines had grown to such an enormous size that they were tearing the walls apart. Rather than destroy the whole body, lop the

Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, is a place of joy. It is one of those wonderful breathing spots that are as accessible to common people as to richer folks. You can take your picnic party there, and stroll along the lake, or read your book in the shade, as often as you please. And see how green the grass is, how



KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

bad limbs off, as the Bible says. Beside the abbey were stacks of gigantic stems seven and eight inches in circumference, that had been cut from the walls. The bareness spoils the beauty at a first glance, but the extent of the ruin and its special features, notably the long row of cloister cells, make up for it.

clear the water, and how shady the trees!

This abbey plays an important part in Robert Southey's poem, "Mary, the Maid of the Inn."

"No damsel so lovely, no damsel so
gay,
As Mary the Maid of the Inn."

On a dark, stormy night in autumn two guests are seated before the inn fire, well contented to be under shelter. One of them thinks that it would try a man's courage to be wandering about the abbey just then.

"I myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear

The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's grim spirit appear;

For this wind might awaken the dead!"

The other man laughs and wagers a dinner that Mary would venture

"Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle."

Mary agrees to win a new bonnet by bringing a bough from the elder that grows in the aisle.

"O'er the path so well known still proceeded the Maid,

Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she entered; she felt not afraid;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast

Howled dismally 'round the old pile;
O'er weed-covered fragments she fearlessly passed,

And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,

Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle."

She breaks off her bough, when she hears a voice. Mary begins to feel very much frightened.

"The wind blew; the hoarse ivy shook over her head;

She listened—naught else could she hear.

The wind fell; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,

For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread

Of footsteps approaching her near."

She hides behind a column. At that instant the moon shines over a dark cloud, and Mary sees two rufians with a corpse between them. The wind blows off one of the men's hat. It rolls to Mary's feet.

"'Curse the hat!' he exclaims. 'Nay, come on till we hide

The dead body,' his comrade replies.

She beholds them in safety pass on by her side;

She seizes the hat—fear her courage supplied,—

And fast through the Abbey she flies."

Reaching the inn, she discovers that the hat belongs to her worthless sweetheart, Richard. Mary goes mad. Richard is hanged.

"Where the old Abbey stands on the common hard by,

His gibbet is now to be seen;
His irons you still from the road may espy;

The traveler beholds them, and thinks with a sigh

Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn."



There are no purer, truer, more patriotic citizens of the United States anywhere than live within the pales of our church.—President Joseph F. Smith.



Our growth will be accelerated and will be many fold faster in the future than it has been in the past.—President Joseph F. Smith.



A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form. It gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.—Emerson.

THE BEAUTY BRIGADE.

Maud Morton.

Like to join the beauty brigade? Well, then, all "look pleasant, please," fall into line, and we'll see what we can do toward making our "earthly tabernacles" fitting abodes for the souls that dwell therein.

As the spring housecleaning season is now upon us, we'll begin our little "preachlets" by considering the subject of cleanliness—the most important of the three causes of beauty — cleanliness, cheerfulness and care in attending to the "little details" of neatness,—the three "C's" which are to our physical progress what the famous "three R's" are to our mental growth—the foundation upon which the whole is builded.

But, to continue,—and don't forget to look pleasant all the time, it's very important, really,—a daily bath comes first and foremost in our list of essentials. Upon arising in the morning, fill a bowl with rather coarse salt, moisten well and rub the entire body with the wet salt. Then a quick leap into the tub of cold water, a thorough rinsing with a good bristly bath brush, a quicker leap out and an energetic rubbing down with a good Turkish towel will make you feel—and act—like an angel all day. Or, if these vigorous measures make you feel shivery for an hour or so, try this instead: Swab yourself from neck to waist with a sponge repeatedly wrung out of cold water, following the sponge with a rough Turkish towel; then get into half dress and repeat the process from waist to feet. This is the cold bath recommended to United States soldiers after drill to strengthen nerves and muscles and promote di-

gestion, and the most delicate woman may enjoy and be benefited by it—it's an excellent substitute for spring tonic. But don't forget the warm bath twice a week, to thoroughly free all the pores of the skin from the too clinging caress of the dear soil of Zion. This is best taken just before retiring, but, as you value your digestion, don't bathe within an hour of eating. If you're preparing to don your "very bestest" gown, and want a bath that will leave the skin like pretty, fragrant pinky rose petals, try putting about a nickel's worth of tincture of benzoin into the tub. And by the by, that same benzoin (for goodness' sake, don't forget and use benzine) and a bit of distilled water, the former poured into the latter until the mixture looks nice and milky,—about 10 cents worth of benzoin to a quart of distilled water, will make your face, hands and neck feel so "comfy" after you've been out in the wind and heat, and it's very good for the skin as well, makes it white and helps keep the tan and freckles in subjection. If you're very much fatigued, put two or three tablespoonfuls of the following mixture into the tub, and you'll emerge feeling, "light and airy, like a fairy":

Cup of sea salt (any druggist can supply you), half an ounce of camphor, half an ounce ammonia and a quart of hot water. Let stand 24 hours before using.

Take your bath in a room of right temperature, preceded by the use of a tooth brush and drinking half a pint of cold water, follow by a "fresh air bath for your lungs," fill your mind with nice, clean

beauty thoughts, and inside and out you are washed clean. One clever woman gives the following recipe for the fresh air bath for the lungs:

"Take a long, deep breath of the fresh morning air. Take it and keep it for a minute or two, then exhale slowly. Let it trickle through all your lung cells. Then send it

out and inhale another whiff of magnificent soft-boiled air. Allow it to wander around joyfully and take its time and get comfortable. It's great. By and by you will have a happy sort of feeling all through your chest. It's your lungs laughing."

THE COOK'S CORNER.

Leah D. Widtsve.

German Recipes—Continued.

Bread Soup—No. 1.

Take any and all clean pieces of stale bread,—if you have graham bread use about one-half graham and one-half white scraps. Cover with cold water and soak two or three hours. Put on to boil with plenty of water and stir often while cooking as it burns very readily. Boil half an hour, or until it is "mushy." Put it through a sieve or colander. Add enough milk to make of the consistency of an ordinary milk soup; the amount of milk will depend upon the consistency of your bread *puree*. Season to taste with salt; then add enough sugar to give a slightly sweet taste and add a lump of butter. Place on the stove again and let it come to the boil.

Beat an egg for every quart of soup, and when the soup is boiling pour it over the beaten egg. Cook just one minute, stirring well, and serve. If cooked too long after the addition of the egg, it will curdle.

Bread Soup—No. 2.

Soak and boil the bread as for the above recipe. Add water, instead of milk, to the desired consistency. For every quart of soup put in one-half cup of washed currants. Add salt to taste and a little more sugar than for the preceding rule. Just before serving add a little lemon juice and a few very thin slices of lemon.

Radishes Cooked as Vegetables.

Clean the radishes and cut off the

leaves and tips. Cook them till soft in boiling salted water, in which a piece of butter has been placed. Drain. Prepare a butter sauce as follows:

In a small sauce pan, melt two tablespoonfuls butter. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir over the fire until of a light yellow color. Stir in gradually enough soup (or milk or water) to make it the right consistency (about one pint), season with salt and grated nutmeg. Let it cook about one-quarter of an hour. A little sweet cream may be added at the last.

Place the radishes in this sauce and cook them for ten to fifteen minutes, stirring often.

It may be served merely as a vegetable, but the Germans serve it in the center of a platter with little sausages placed around it. Slices of cold roast beef may be dipped in egg, crumbed and fried and then placed around the platter instead of sausages.

This butter sauce may be served with any kind of vegetable.

Green Peas.

Take the young green peas, place in a colander and let water wash through them. Melt two or three tablespoonfuls butter in a sauce pan and pour in the peas. Let them cook in the butter ten minutes, stirring very often to prevent burning. Then pour on enough boiling water to just show among the peas. Add a little salt and sugar and let them cook about ten minutes longer, or until tender.

A little minced parsley may be added at the last, or they may be served just as taken off the stove without anything added.

Stirred Eggs.

To every beaten egg add one tablespoonful of water and a pinch of salt. Pour into a buttered frying pan and cook slowly, lifting the egg as it hardens. Sprinkle over it a little minced "onion grass" or parsley, and when it is all of a jelly-like consistency take it up on a hot platter and serve.

Apple Pie With Salted Almonds.

Make a rich sauce of dried apples. Line a pie plate with plain paste and cook it. Place the apple sauce in the shell without an upper crust. Sprinkle chopped salted almonds over the top of the pie and serve warm.

Chocolate Desert.

Grate enough sweet chocolate to half fill a small glass dish. Fill the dish with sweetened whipped cream and sprinkle bits of clear jelly over the top of the cream. Serve.

Prune Desert.

Wash the prunes and place on the stove with enough water to cover. Boil four or five hours. Keep them covered with boiling water, while cooking, but let it nearly evaporate towards the last. Do not add sugar. When they are swollen and very tender, remove the pits and chop them into small pieces. Place them in a glass dish and cover them with sweetened whipped cream. Sprinkle bits of jelly over the top and serve.

Apple Compote.

Make a rich apple sauce of fresh apples. Place the sauce in the bottom of a glass dish.

Into a double boiler (or a sauce pan which can be placed in a larger one containing water), put one and one-half pints of rich milk and one-half cup of well-washed rice. Cook two and one-half hours without stirring. If the rice sticks to the bottom of the pan, lift it up with a fork. Each kernel of rice must be distinct yet well done, and the whole rather stiff and not at all mushy. When the rice is done, stir in one-half cup of chopped blanched almond nuts and pour the cooked rice over the apple sauce. Serve when cold with a custard sauce.

To blanch almonds: Pour boiling water over the shelled nuts, and after standing a few minutes the brown skin may be easily slipped off. Almonds without the skins are called blanched almonds.

Custard Sauce: Place one pint of milk in the double boiler and let it get hot. Add a pinch of salt. Beat the yolks of two eggs or one whole egg till thick; add gradually three tablespoonfuls sugar. Pour the scalding milk over the egg and sugar and return to the double boiler. Cook until the custard thickens, stirring it continually. Great care must be taken not to cook it too long, or the custard will curdle. In such an emergency place the pan in another of cold water and beat the custard vigorously with an egg beater. When the same is cool, flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla.

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN ILLNESS.

VI.

DISLOCATIONS AND SPRAINS.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

The places where the bones meet and move upon each other are called joints, of which there are three kinds: immovable, as in the cranium; ball and socket, which permits movement in more than one direction, as in the hip or shoulder joint; and the hinge joint, as in the knee and elbow. The ends of the bones are covered with a layer of smooth cartilage with an outside skin which secretes an oily substance thus permitting the bones to move freely and without friction. The joints are held in place by means of strong flexible bands called ligaments.

A dislocation is the separation of the bones in a joint, and may be caused by direct or indirect violence or by muscular contraction. It may be *simple* in which case the bones have slipped apart with very little injury to the surrounding tissues. In this form the strong band or ligament connecting the bones has been severely stretched and partly injured.

A *complete dislocation* is one in which the bones of the joint have entirely separated from each other. In this instance the connecting ligament has been broken.

In a *compound dislocation*, the bones have been separated and the surrounding flesh and skin also torn and lacerated.

Physicians also discriminate a *recent* and an *old* dislocation. A recent dislocation is one which is treated as soon as the accident happens. An old dislocation is one in which inflammatory changes have

taken place to such a degree that the bones are replaced with great difficulty.

Signs of Dislocation.

It is comparatively easy to tell the difference between a fracture and a dislocation. The following signs may assist in diagnosing a dislocation.

1. There will be intense pain in the region of the joint.

2. The joint will be immovable. Thus it is the opposite of a fracture. In the latter accident there is an extra joint where there should be none; in a dislocation there is no joint where there should be one.

3. A dislocated joint will present a deformed appearance. By comparison with the other side and by passing the hand over the injured part it may be easily ascertained that the bone is out of place.

Treatment of Dislocation.

This is a very painful accident and one in which it is all important to secure a doctor's services if it can be done. A fractured bone may rest "unset" for a day or so; but it is imperative that a dislocated joint be set as soon as possible for the reason that the longer it goes, the greater is the swelling and possible inflammation, and the more difficulty is the setting of the joint in place. A physician will know from experience in just what manner to extend or draw the dislocated bones into shape, so that they will slip together in proper place.

If this is not done correctly, the joint will always be stiff.

It is almost impossible for the inexperienced person to set a dislocated joint. For that reason do not attempt it, unless it be that of the jaw or a finger. The former accident may be the result of laughing, gaping or vomiting and is very disagreeable for the patient. If the attendant has the strength, he may attempt to replace it. Protect the thumbs with some material for when the jaw is replaced it snaps together with such force that unless the attendant is very nimble, the thumbs may be bitten. Have the patient seated, and place your thumbs upon the large back teeth of the lower jaw. Press downward and backward at the same time raising the chin with the fingers. The joint of a finger may be replaced by simple extension of the lower part. The force applied must not be too great or more injury than ever may result.

While waiting for the physician support the injured part, raising it a little if possible, and apply cloths wrung out in cold water, changing frequently.

After the doctor has reset the joint, it must be supported and bandaged until the torn ligaments are strong and firm again.

Sprains.

A sprain is the twisting of a joint in which case the connecting ligaments are twisted and lacerated, but not entirely torn apart. The surrounding tendons and muscles are also torn. The joint immediately begins to swell and if not treated soon after the accident, inflammation sets in. A discoloration of the skin also follows, owing to the blood which flows from the ruptured vessels not being able to escape. The injured part also becomes very hot.

A sprain may be distinguished from a dislocation from the fact that in the former there is no deformity of the part.

This is a very painful accident, and unless carefully attended to from the first, it may prove even more serious than a fractured bone.

Treatment. Absolute rest is necessary. Do not attempt to use the injured part at all. As soon as it is possible soak the joint in hot water. If it is an ankle or wrist that has been sprained (as is most often the case) immerse the foot or hand above the injury in water just as hot as can be borne. The water will cool quickly so every minute or so add more hot water until the patient can bear it no hotter. Keep this up for half an hour, meanwhile gently rubbing the part with an upward motion. After removing from the water, gently massage the limb near the injury beginning at first some distance away. Rub towards the heart and begin with a gentle motion at first. Gradually increase the pressure and come nearer the joint until the whole surface of the injured part may be rubbed and kneaded without giving pain. Keep the skin moistened with sweet olive oil (preferably consecrated oil) and then bind a long woolen bandage snugly around the joint. Elevate the limb to lessen the supply of blood. This process may be repeated two or three times daily as long as there is intense pain. The joint must have perfect rest until the parts are entirely healed. If it is used too soon the injury becomes much more severe than the first one, and very serious results may follow carelessness in this regard. Cases have been known where the use of the limb has been entirely lost because of treating a sprain as though it were a slight accident of no consequence.



OUR CHICAGO GIRLS.

Ruth M. Fox.

Of course we all know something about our Y. L. M. I. A. as they exist in the various stakes of Zion where they live, grow and flourish in their native air, surrounded by the grand old mountains. Oh! how we love those mountains—standing apparently as sentinels to guard and shield us from the evils of modern Babylon. Not only has nature thrown her bulwarks around our girls, but a wall, more precious than jasper stones, has been built about them—a wall of faith, hope and love, reared by earnest desire and endeavor for their temporal as well as their spiritual uplifting, which, if they will accept, shall enfold them until the tempter is vanquished and the victory won for truth, honor and virtue.

But perhaps all do not know that in the distant countries of Europe, on the isles of the sea and in our own land, far away from the stakes of Zion, the genius of Mutual Improvement has planted her feet.

It was my great privilege, in company with Sisters E. B. Wells and C. S. Williams to visit one thriving little branch in Chicago, presided over by Elder Edward Chamberlain, and to find there a really fine Mutual Improvement Association of both young men and young women. Here permit me to say a word about the missionaries—our boys with their beaming eyes and open countenances, who have been "endowed with power from on high" and sent forth to proclaim to the world that God has spoken, that Jesus lives, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet. Oh, what pleasure it gave us to shake hands with them, to exchange greetings and bid them God-speed!

But to return, the associations were strictly up to date, meeting for opening exercises and preliminary programme, which at this time consisted of a musical selection by Brothers Loury and Chamberlain.

Going with the girls, as they separated for class work, we were very much interested in the preparation of the lesson, and surprised at the thoroughly capable manner in which it was treated, for be it remembered that the young ladies were organized only last June during a visit by Sister Susa Young Gates, and the subject was a deep one.

The president, Sister Elinor Port, is quite young, but capable and active. We found that many of the members were observing the Word of Wisdom. Their love for the Gospel cannot be doubted, but is evidenced by their unity and that fraternal feeling which is found only among the Saints.

The accompanying group of bright girls represents some of the Chicago Association, as they were dressed for a drill in one of their entertainments. We feel sure that our girls will be pleased to have the picture in their Journal as a reminder of how God is extending His "marvelous work and a wonder." Some of these girls have to a long distance on the elevated railway and others must walk in lonely places to attend their meetings, just as do some girls at home, only that the danger is much greater for them.

We know you will join us in a hearty welcome to this comparatively new Association, and also in asking our Heavenly Father to bless and protect them, and that they may be able to gather to the beautiful valleys in the mountains.

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It is early morning and I gaze out on a scene of marvelous beauty. The lofty mountains stand serene and patient, keeping their eternal vigil. The sun has not yet reached their snow crowned heads; soon they will be aglow with a flood of light. A gentle breeze stirs the leaves of the trees. No sound breaks the silence except the distant crowing of the cock, and the song of birds. How swells the melody—the cheerful chirrup of the sparrow, the beautiful call of the robin, the song of a wild canary, and the deep, rich notes of the meadow-lark.

Yes, all the world is beautiful, save where 'tis marred by man. Even the desert has its oases and a barren beauty all its own. And man—it seems impossible that he would so let evil creep into his heart that he could commit some of the deeds that have been his. Man is an eternal being with power to become a god, if he but live and work for it, yet how often he forgets his part of divinity and lets evil thoughts and passions stir him into being a demon, with all a demon's love of carnage.

Fifty-nine years ago on the 27th of the present month (June, 1903,) an act of monstrous brutality was committed,—the darkest in the history of our country. At that time men's minds were so inflamed by the false stories sent abroad that they condoned an act from which honorable men and women now, the

world over, turn in horror. Oh the shame and brutality of that crime! Well may we shudder even at the recollection! Two innocent men, who could have protected themselves at the expense of other lives, had given themselves into the hands of Illinois' Chief Executive and had received his pledge that no harm should come to them. In spite of this, he left them to the fate which he could not help knowing awaited them. Yes, he practically confessed afterward to that knowledge. They were brutally murdered without any chance of defending themselves and one of their two companions was shot four times and left to die. Their only crime was that they loved the truth better than their own lives and that they had tried to serve humanity. Do I need to give their names? Think a moment and you will surely know that Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and his beloved brother, Hyrum, are the ones who gave their lives on that day for truth. You can read their histories. Strange as it may seem, it is true that such a thing occurred in the enlightened nineteenth century.



Once, as a little child, I sat before a picture. 'Twas of an ordinary two story structure, with no especial claim to distinction. One present was asked to describe the scene. He stood beside the painting and with a cane indicated the

places where the different events connected with the terrible tragedy occurred. How Hyrum lay dead within that room; how Joseph's body dropped from this window to the earth below; how the speaker himself, having been shot four times, was about to leap from yon window, when he was by some unknown power knocked back into the room. How it was afterward found that a bullet, fired from without the building, struck his watch, grinding the crystal to a powder, but throwing him back where he was, for the moment, safe; how he was picked up by his one remaining companion, Willard Richards, carried to an adjoining cell, covered with a mattress and told "There, you may yet live to tell the tale."

The full horror of that scene did not penetrate my childish mind. I saw the strong, kind face surrounded by a mass of pure white hair, the snowiest and most beautiful in my recollection; the deep set, dark blue eyes, which even through the sorrow and wrong they had seen could smile at his own suffering. All this made a vivid impression on the listening child, and taught something of his patience and that of his entire people. He was John Taylor, at that time President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Can you imagine a people patiently suffering such wrong, while they yet had power to wreak vengeance on the murderers? Those who committed and those who condoned it could not, and they deserted Carthage, expecting the friends of the wronged men to seek their lives. Even today I am told by an acquaintance from Quincy, "Why it cannot be that you do not feel revengeful toward Illinois? According to human nature you must do so." And she cannot understand

the self discipline which had taught this people to leave all to their God and to remember that "Vengeance belongeth to Him."

Redress the sufferers sought, yet found none in the law. But down the corridors of the years comes the wailing of conscience of those who did the wrong, the moans from wounds that this life never healed; and we learn from others of these fainting, stricken, blaspheming, cowering wretches wandering over God's beautiful earth, vainly seeking for a place of peace. Yes, such is His vengeance and into His hands we long ago committed our sufferings and wrongs. Let Him deal with them; we have only pity for the soul so benighted that it could commit such deeds.



For a time the Saints were plunged by this outrage into deepest darkness. I have heard one say that that seemed the one hopeless hour in his life. Yet out of it God has brought a band of tried and tested people and those words revealed by Him September 21st, 1823, through that youthful prophet, then not quite eighteen years of age, have been fulfilled.

"I give unto you another sign, and when it comes to pass, then know that the Lord is God, and that He will fulfill His purposes, and that the knowledge which this record (the Book of Mormon) contains will go to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people under the whole heaven. This is the sign; when these things begin to be known, that is, when it is known that the Lord has shown you these things, the workers of iniquity will seek your overthrow. They will circulate falsehoods to destroy your reputation, and also will seek to take your life; but remember this, if you are faithful and shall hereafter continue to keep the commandments of the Lord, you shall be preserved to bring these things forth; for in due time He will give you

a commandment to come and take them. (The plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated.) When they are interpreted, the Lord will give the holy priesthood to some, and they shall begin to proclaim this gospel and baptize by water, and after that they shall have power to give the Holy Ghost by the laying on of their hands. Then will persecution rage more and more; for the iniquities of men shall be revealed, and those who are not built upon the Rock will seek to overthrow the church; but it will increase the more opposed, and spread farther and farther, increasing in knowledge till they shall be sanctified, and receive an inheritance where the glory of God will rest upon them."

The Book of Mormon *has* been translated into fourteen languages and it is being interpreted into still others. The workers of iniquity *did* seek Joseph's overthrow, *did* circulate falsehoods to destroy his reputation, and though they succeeded in taking his life it was not until after he had brought forth the record mentioned. The Lord *has* given the holy priesthood to some, they have proclaimed His gospel and baptized by water and after that have laid hands upon those thus baptized and they have received the Holy Ghost. Thousands upon thousands testify of this not from mere hearsay, but from actual experience, and they bear testimony that it has brought to their souls the purest and sweetest joy of their lives. Yes, persecution has raged more and more, the iniquities of men have been revealed and those not built upon the Rock of Revelation have sought to overthrow the church, but it has increased the more opposed, and spread farther and farther. Knowledge has increased and still is increasing among the Saints; it will continue to do so where they are faithful until they shall be sanctified and receive an inheritance where the glory of God shall rest upon them.

The secret of the boy prophet's success may be read in the following lines taken from Section 1 of the Doctrine and Covenants:

"Wherefore I the Lord * * * called upon my servant, Joseph Smith, jun., and spake unto him from heaven, and gave him commandments; and also gave commandments to others, that they should proclaim these things unto the world; and all this that it might be fulfilled, which was written by the prophets; the weak things of the world shall come forth and break down the mighty and strong ones, that man should not counsel his fellow-man, neither trust in the arm of flesh, but that every man might speak in the name of God the Lord, even the Savior of the world; that faith also might increase in the earth; that mine everlasting covenant might be established; that the fullness of my gospel might be proclaimed by the weak and the simple unto the ends of the world, and before kings and rulers.

"Behold, I am God and have spoken it: these commandments are of me, and were given unto my servants in their weakness, after the manner of their language, that they might come to understanding, and inasmuch as they erred it might be made known: and inasmuch as they sought wisdom they might be instructed: and inasmuch as they sinned they might be chastened, that they might repent: and inasmuch as they were humble they might be made strong, and blessed from on high, and receive knowledge from time to time."

And these words, reading farther on in the same section, are of interest to humanity:

"And again, verily I say unto you, O inhabitants of the earth, I the Lord am willing to make these things known unto all flesh, for I am no respecter of persons. * * * * *

"Search these commandments for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall all be fulfilled.

"What I the Lord have spoken, I have spoken, and I excuse not myself: and though the heavens and the earth pass away, my word shall not pass away, but shall all be fulfilled, whether by mine own voice or by the voice of my servants, it is the same; for be-

hold, and lo, the Lord is God, and the Spirit beareth record, and the record is true, and the truth abideth for ever and ever. Amen."



The truths which Joseph Smith brought forth are spreading throughout the world, though they are not always attributed to him. Space forbids our taking up this part of the subject at the present time, but read for yourselves. Compare the books in circulation during his life-time (1805 to 1844) with his inspired utterances. See for yourselves how much of truth he was instrumental in bringing forth; recognize how much of the enlightened thought of today was given to the world by the Lord through this uncultured, unlettered boy. That is a bold claim you say? Yes, but research shows its truth. Do not accept my word, but prove it for yourself. Every year adds to the number who come to place laurels on this brow.

Read the words of Josiah Quincy as taken from his "Figures of the Past." He was not a Mormon, in fact the article entire shows his lack of sympathy with them, yet the spirit of truth forced him to write these words and to give them to the world:

"It is by no means improbable that some future text-book, for the use of generations yet unborn, will contain a question something like this: What historical American of the nineteenth century has exerted the most powerful influence upon the destinies of his countrymen? And it is by no means impossible that the answer to that interrogatory may be thus written: **Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet.** And the reply, absurd as it doubtless seems to most men now living, may be an obvious commonplace to their descendants. History deals in surprises and paradoxes quite as startling as this. The man who established a religion in this age of free debate, who was and is today accepted by hundreds of thousands as a direct

emissary from the Most High,—such a rare human being is not to be disposed of by pelting his memory with unsavory epithets. Fanatic, imposter, charlatan, he may have been; but these hard names furnish no solution to the problem he presents to us. Fanatics and imposters are living and dying every day, and their memory is buried with them; but the wonderful influence which this founder of a religion exerted and still exerts throws him into relief before us, not as a rogue to be criminated, but as a phenomenon to be explained. The most vital questions Americans are asking each other today have to do with this man and what he has left us. * * * * A generation other than mine must deal with these questions. Burning questions they are, which must give a prominent place in the history of the of the country to that sturdy self-asserter whom I visited at Nauvoo. Joseph Smith, claiming to be an inspired teacher, faced adversity such as few men have been called to meet, enjoyed a brief season of prosperity such as few men have ever attained, and, finally, forty-three days after I saw him, went cheerfully to a martyr's death. When he surrendered his person to Governor Ford, in order to prevent the shedding of blood, the prophet had a presentiment of what was before him. 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter,' he is reported to have said; 'but I am as calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offense and shall die innocent.' I have no theory to advance respecting this extraordinary man. I shall simply give the facts of my intercourse with him. At some future time they may be found to have some bearing upon the theories of others who are more competent to make them."

And in conclusion Mr. Quincy says,

"Born in the lowest ranks of poverty, without book-learning and with the homeliest of all human names, he had made himself at the age of thirty-nine a power upon earth. Of the multitudinous family of Smith, from Adam down (Adam of the 'Wealth of Nations,' I mean), none had so won human hearts and shaped human lives as this Joseph. His influence, whether for good or for evil, is potent today, and the end is not yet.

"I have endeavored to give the de-

tails of my visit to the Mormon prophet with absolute accuracy. If the reader does not know just what to make of Joseph Smith, I cannot help him out of the difficulty. I myself stand helpless before the puzzle."

And well he may, unless he accept the divine calling of Joseph Smith for no one with merely human powers could accomplish what he did. And no impostor would make such a promise as he made—that "every man may know whether or not I speak of myself."

Wherever his words are read with a desire to know the truth they will part the clouds of darkness, despair and doubt, letting in God's

glorious sunlight and dispelling the gloom. Long as his associates live will they sing his praise, and even after they have joined the "innumerable caravan," will the re-echoing of his words bring joy to the hearts of men and peace to their souls. There's a joy that only the Spirit of God can give and this man has placed it within reach of all.

Oh, sons and daughters of Zion, be worthy of such a leader, and let your lives reflect the beauty, power and truth of his inspired teachings. Live such lives that the Holy Ghost will delight to dwell with you and that it may truthfully be said "Ye are the light of the world."

OFFICERS' NOTES.

The eighth general conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in Salt Lake City on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, May 30, 31, and June 1, 1903.

On Saturday, May 30th, at 10 a. m., a conjoint meeting of all officers will be held in Barratt Hall.

Business meetings will be held on Saturday and Monday, May 30, and June 1; for the young men in Barratt Hall of the L. D. S. university, and for the young ladies in the Fourteenth ward assembly rooms; and meetings for the general public in the tabernacle on Sunday, May 31, at 10 a. m. and 2 and 7 p. m.

All officers and members of the associations are specially requested to be present, and a cordial invitation is extended to all the Saints to attend.

On the evening of June 1st a reception and banquet will be tendered the visiting stake officers by the members of the General Board. Any who have not received their tickets of admission will please apply to the General Secretary at one of the business sessions.

The Conjoint Mutual Improvement Conferences in the different stakes have been attended by the following members of the General Boards:

Sunday, April 12th, 1903, Granite—Nephi L. Morris, Edward H. Anderson, Ruth M. Fox, Alice Tud-denham.

Sunday, April 12th, 1903, Nebo—Bri-ant S. Hinckley, Douglas M. Todd, Joan Campbell.

Sunday, April 19th, Davis—Sarah Ed-dington, William B. Dougall, Helen W. Woodruff.

Sunday, April 19th, Malad—Aggie Campbell.

April 26th, Bear Lake—Douglas M. Todd and Minnie J. Snow.

April 26th, Tooele—B. F. Grant and Ruth M. Fox.

May 2d and 3d, Wayne—Rudger Claw-son and Aggie Campbell.

May 10th—Parowan—Martha H. Tin-gey.

May 10, Hyrum—Minnie J. Snow and B. F. Grant.

May 10th and 11th, Alberta—William B. Dougall and Maria Y. Dougall.

May 17th, Weber—Ruth M. Fox, J. Golden Kimball, Thomas Hull.

May 17th, North Davis—Sarah Ed-dington and Bryant S. Hinckley.

GUIDE DEPARTMENT

USAGES AND PROPRIETIES OF GOOD SOCIETY.

LESSON XL.

PICNICS, EXCURSIONS, PARTIES AND WINTER AND SUMMER OUTINGS.

Young people must have pleasure and recreation. Indeed all need it, although young people not only need it but will have it, and it is perfectly right and proper that they should. And in this recreation there is certainly no harm done if they make some noise and a great deal of confusion, with some shouting and laughing, provided it is done at the proper time and in the proper place. And on picnics, on hay-rack rides, on sleighing parties and skating parties, it is expected that they will be more noisy and boisterous than when walking soberly upon the street or in other public places. Girls, at a certain age, seem to be filled with fun and laughter, while boys, at the same age, are apparently filled with a desire to tease and laugh at and torment in various ways the girls of their acquaintance. Now, wise parents or guardians would not restrain every evidence of life and animation and spontaneity in their young people, but would rather choose times and places when it may manifest itself without annoyance to older people or strangers. And certainly, when they are away up in the hills, or out riding upon the roads away from the village or town, they may sing and shout somewhat, without giving offense to the proprieties. But let us begin this lesson by saying that no party of young people should go to the canyons, to the lakes, or on any sleighing or skating party, without a proper and suitable chaperone.

We will let our young people get ready to go on their picnic with the customary amount of hilarity, as they are packed into the wagons waiting to convey them to the canyons. The mother or the father, who sits upon the front seat, listening and watching without appearing to do so, will properly and promptly check any unusual disturbance of voice or manner, and persuade all to quiet down their ebullition of spirits until they are in the fastnesses of the canyon, where not even the echo will object to their noise.

Once in the canyon the greatest observance of modesty and delicacy should characterize the sleeping tents and private quarters of the young people. Prayer should be observed night and morning, both secret prayer and family; while Sunday service should not be neglected, if the Sabbath is to be spent there. After that, let them run over the hills all they please, getting life and health with every breath of nature's pure air which they breathe. It must be the duty of the chaperone to see that young couples do not stray away from the light of the camp fire after dark. You would not give your children poison coated over with sugar, nor medicine or weapon dangerous to life and limb; but you sometimes calmly see them run into the gravest dangers, without even a check or a warning. The adversary does most of his mischief under cover of darkness and night, while very little is ever accom-

plished by him under the full blaze of the sun or other brilliant light. Accident and circumstances will provide plenty of opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with each other, without straying away in the hours of darkness where temptation awaits the unwary or the ignorant.

People show their temperaments very plainly on a picnic. The selfish, greedy person betrays his weakness at once; while the thoughtful and kindly disposed always show beautiful traits of their character very clearly when out on an excursion, and they, by their gentleness and thoughtfulness, endear themselves to every one associated with them.

Daintiness in eating nowhere shows to better advantage than in a rough-and-tumble picnic.

Thoughtless people are many times as guilty as though they were really selfish, for true unselfishness is always thoughtful of others, and the most miserable excuse ever made is, "I forgot!" *Don't forget.* You must never forget to be kind and gentle, if you would be a true lady.

Suppose our young people have gone to some lake, or resort upon one of the numerous lakes in this state. If it should be Saltair, a place where a great many strangers congregate, they should be far more quiet in their behavior than as if they were the only party on that occasion. If they go bathing, let the girls resolve, *once for all*, that they will learn how to swim, and learn alone, or else they will be extremely cautious as to what gentleman they allow to teach them that art. No closer touch should be allowed than taking hold of hands with a young man while in the water. This should be impressed upon the mind of every

young girl towards any man except her father or her brother.

The rules and suggestions herein apply also to all sleighing and skating parties. Liberty is not license, nor is fun always innocent.

The feelings of other people should always be respected, and for this reason young people, in riding through towns, should avoid boisterous noise and loud shouting.

Midnight rides alone should never be taken by young people, and if necessity compels a girl to ride to her home late at night with a gentleman, she should consider herself under the strictest bonds of propriety in regard to her behavior.

No man has a right to put his arm about a girl, either when sleighing or anywhere else, and least of all when bathing, unless he is engaged to her; and even then not only the rules of good society, but the laws of moral conduct should teach that the least liberty possible, with good taste and hearty affection, should characterize even engaged couples.

Midnight serenades, with a party of singers or musicians are not out of taste, if the young people are circumspect and refrain from undue familiarity with each other. The disagreeable and disgraceful practice of serenading young married couples, or anybody else, with tin pans and discordant noises, should be recognized as a breach of good manners and morals. If you find yourself accidentally one of a party of such serenaders, show, by your conduct, that you do not approve of such proceedings. The ceremony of marriage is too sacred and holy to be lowered to the plane of ridicule and frivolity which sometimes marks wedding parties. Have fun and gaiety, but be sure you do not lay aside the tokens and distinguishing marks of pure girlhood

and sweet ladyhood while you are indulging in the pleasures of youth.

QUESTIONS.

1.—What is a necessary condition of youth?

2.—Why should youth, and all people, have pleasure and recreation?

3.—Why does it offend elderly people and strangers to be rude and boisterous in cities and towns?

4.—When may young people shout and laugh with perfect propriety?

5.—How many kinds of out-door amusements can you think of that are indulged in by boys and girls together, both winter and summer?

6.—What is the general rule for conduct on all such occasions?

7.—What is a chaperone?

8.—Why is it necessary to have a chaperone attending all outings of young people, in the canyons, sleighing, etc.?

9.—What is a proper way for young people of the opposite sex to become acquainted with each other?

10.—What is the duty of a chaperone?

11.—What can you say of the dispositions of different people while they are out on picnics?

12.—How can a selfish person be known at such a time? How an unselfish and thoughtful person?

13.—What can you say about table-manners on a picnic? Why do good table-manners then show to good advantage?

14.—What do you think about making boisterous noises while riding through a town? Why should you respect the feelings of other people?

15.—What have you to say of midnight rides?

16.—How should a young girl conduct herself while on a picnic, out bathing, sleighing, skating, etc.?

17.—Why should prayers and the Sabbath be remembered in the canyon or on outings of that kind, as well as when at home?

18.—What can you say of serenades? What kind are allowable and what are not, and why?

19.—Why is liberty not license? And why is fun not always innocent?

DEATH IN THE DISH CLOTH.

Do you know, girls, that many diseases are directly traceable to greasy dish cloths?

The writer has had occasion to visit many homes and use the dish cloths, and in some of them has seen dish cloths that were a menace to the inmates, though they do not know it.

Girls and mothers, your dish cloths should be perfectly clean and odorless if you wish health in your families. Do not use any old cloths to wash your dishes, but take a small thin flour sack, cut open and hem both raw edges and you have a clean cloth to begin with; now keep it so, by using in your dish water some soap, a little sal-soda or ammonia. Before putting dishes in pan to be washed, see that all bits left on plates from meal are rinsed off with hot water into small bowl or pan. This should be done especially if meat has been served during the meal. **Do not throw this in sink.**

After your dishes are washed, rinsed, dried and put away, thoroughly wash and rinse your dish cloth, wring as dry as possible, and shake, then hang up to dry; better to hang in sunlight.

If you will do this after every meal, it will soon become a habit and seem no trouble at all. Do not use your dish cloth to wipe grease from pans, plates, etc., but instead use clean bits of cloth or paper and then burn immediately. This will save you much work. When your dish cloth becomes old or you can detect the least odor about it, burn immediately and make a new one.

Many people use dish cloths and towels to handle utensils about the stove, to take out pies and cake from the oven, etc. Do not do this, but make yourself four or five cotton, outing flannel or denim holders and hang near the stove. They will save you many a burned finger, and after once using them they will seem indispensable.

My mother always taught her girls how to sew, by first giving them holders to make. Sometimes we made a pretty four-colored patch of gingham or calico, then a plain color on opposite side and put one or two thicknesses of old pants stuff between, which makes a very serviceable holder.

Try them, girls.



"Oh, say
Does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"



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No. 7.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.

J. H.

High o'er our heads in the air is Old Glory,
Heaven-kissed breezes are fanning each fold.
Sweet on the ears falls the marvelous story
Of fierce battles fought by the patriots of old.

Long, long ago in the night there came stealing
On the patriot's homes the cursed minions of war;
Disturbed from their slumbers by wild bugles pealing
A challenge, they gathered from near and from far.

Home-loving, peaceful, in wrath they grew mighty,
And fiercely drove backward the foe from their door;
Madly they fought, and the shrieks of the dying
Mingled and rose with the hoarse cannon's roar.

Down through the battle-smoke drifted the spirit
Of Freedom, and nerved every patriot's hand,
Back from our shores hasty sped the invaders,
And the glad news of victory swept through the land.

Down in the valley the green spring is kneeling
Blessing with tears the abode of the slain;
They fell bravely fighting, with wounds beyond healing,
Breathing no sigh through the torture of pain.

Wave on, true emblem of love and devotion,
Forever may Freedom's stars radiantly shine;
Calm be the sleep of that brave band of heroes
Who gave up their lives that sweet peace might be thine.

A PIONEERING.

Josephine Spencer.

"You're simply insane to think of marrying him, Rill. You know it means going on to a ranch to live—and only that little, one-horse town within walking distance. And its offerings! Not even a club, or reading class or anything else progressive in it—to say nothing of theatres or any kind of social life. It makes my blood curdle to think of you living like that!"

Nell's voice trembled with a feeling that was not all anger. Rilla's own eyes were dim, and the mist in them made even the bright crimson of the American Beauties on the table and the diamond gleam of the dainty glass seem hazy.

What Nell pictured was certainly true. To marry Lou meant all that she had said. His father had given him the ranch in Wyoming as his "start" in life, and this was his all. The only alternative, that of letting her own family provide for their future she knew was out of the question, with Lou's fine stubborn pride as an absolute bar. It was the ranch, or—

A deep silence fell on the little group. They had finished dinner, but still sat at the table, exchanging little private family confidences on subjects mentioned during the meal. Their father, with the four men who had dined with them—exercising the unquestioned informality of "busy men"—had left immediately after dessert, full of affairs that demanded the whole of their short stay in the city. One of them was Lou's father, down from Idaho on a business trip and it was his talk of Lou's elective little home town, with its environs of "fine

grazing and farm lands" that had brought out Nell's outburst of loving apprehension.

Rilla glanced across at her mother. Her eyes, too, were misty—the clear, bright brown orbs that not even advancing age could dim. Then her gaze went unseeingly out of the low window to the distant hilltops.

There were lines of care on the patient brow, graven deep with anxieties and hardships in those long years before her husband's business ventures had blossomed into such unlooked for fruition, bringing ease and luxury undreamed of.

Nell's brisk young voice broke the deepening silence,

"Shan't we go into the parlor, mother? Rill and I have got that duet from Wagner to practice for the club." Her mother drew her gaze slowly from its unseeing view with a little sigh.

"I was thinking, girls," she said, something of the mist that had made her eyes dim, seeming to have crept into her tones—"I was thinking of the time I was married to your father. The talk of Rilla and Lou going off by themselves brought it all back.

"It was in the '50's—just as the valley was commencing to get a little settled, and look like the beginnin' of a town. Your father and me was engaged, and goin' to be married in a few weeks. He'd been puttin' up a cabin on the lot his father give us, right next to theirs, and my folks, and we was just waitin' for him to put the last nail in to go to housekeepin'. I'd got my rag carpet all ready for the loom, and

my wool an' linen all spun and wove, and my calico weddin' dress, that mother'd bought from one of the last immigrant trains that had come in—all made, and we was both about as contented and happy as anybody could be—plannin' for the future.

"Then the talk from the heads of the church all begun to be about settlin' up the desert lands and valleys through the Territory. I remember the Sunday in the old Bowery when the authorities spoke from the stand, and said it was the mission of the young married people to colonize the waste places—to take possession of them for our people, before outsiders come in an' took 'em away from us.

"It wasn't just talk, nor simple advice nor counsel, it was a *call*, an' everybody in the congregation knew it.

"I set with mother and the rest of the family in some of the middle seats, and Ben was up on the stand with the young elders. I hadn't been followin' the speakers much; it was early spring, and I could look outside and see the green grass comin' up, and the little brown twigs comin' out on the young trees, and I guess I'd been dreamin' a little, when the words of one of the speakers fell on me—almost like a thunderbolt.

"'There's a mission to be fulfilled right here in these valleys,' he says, 'by these young men and women who are just married, or going to be. The valleys of the mountains round about us have got to be colonized by our people, or strangers will come in and take our birth-right. It's the duty of our young people to do as their fathers have done—to pioneer the desert lands, and make all these waste places to blossom as the rose.'

"I looked over at the elder's stand and caught Ben's eye—seemed like he could always search me out in the congregation, no matter where I set. We looked at each other a full minute, our hearts full of the same fear. If the call should mean us—with the cabin almost done, and the lot all sowed with crops already beginnin' to show green in the new spring! No one but us two could sense what it all meant. There hadn't been a seed planted nor a log put in the house that Ben and me hadn't planned for—and kind of mooned over,—and then the folks! It's not an easy thing for a girl to cut loose from her girlhood's home and its ties and protection to face a future of responsibility at best; but to be set right adrift—away from sight or sound of home and home faces—well it looked black as night to me.

Ben went home with us after meeting, and the folks and all of us talked it over, and we all agreed that the call would surely mean us—and it would just be a question as to whether we'd put our foot down and say no—or obey counsel.

"After supper Ben and me went out and set on the woodpile at the side o' the house and talked it over, and the end of it all was that we agreed if the word should come to us—we'd go.

"It come—as it did to many another sore heart—and while the most of the others had the consolation of going together in little companies, our call was to go by ourselves—just us two alone. We did not have to go as far away as some—it was about a day's drive from the place we had to take up—but there was no neighbors to live and work and strive with, and at first I thought sure I'd just have to rise up and rebel.

As soon as it was settled, Ben took down the logs he'd put into the little cabin and built our house over at the new place.

"Then, the day after our wedding we took our little stock o' goods, and drove out there to live. It was in view of the Lake—and the first sight of that long waste of salt sea with the lonely stretch of desert land around all choked with sage—and not a sign of grass nor a tree nor roof in sight anywhere—took away nearly all the courage I'd gained with nights and days of fasting and prayer.

"One day passed into another without a thread's break in the monotony, save sometimes when the folks would come to spend Sunday with us, or we went to them. I tell you, girls, goin' to the city in them days meant as much to us as goin' to New York does now. Not that it was much of a town. Houses was mostly logs, and lots of the new emigrant companies even lived in wagons and tents. But that little settlement with the Bowery Tabernacle, and Fort house where the weddin's and dances were held, was as big to us as London with its Westminster Abbey and thousand streets.

"Sometimes when there was a weddin' or big party at the old Fort, Ben and me drove in and stayed over night. But it wasn't very often we dared do that, for the Indians was tricky, and we never knew when we went home but we'd find the house burned down and the few head of stock we owned drove off. Besides, when we went back it always made the place seem lonelier—missin' the folks so, till finally we jest dropped into stayin' home the most of the time.

"I don't believe anybody on earth was ever crazier with happiness than your father an' me when little

Ben come. Seemed like I never knew what company was before I see his little face lookin' up at me from the cradle, and heard his little goo and laugh in that lonesome house. Made the whole place seem full o' people, and that desert sand and sage brush around the house seemed actually to look greener.

"It was the first time in nearly two years I'd had anyone to talk to day times, save by spells, and it seemed almost like paradise just to feel there was a living soul near, if it was only a baby. Your father made a little high chair out of some cottonwood limbs and a piece of a breadboard, and I'd set little Ben up beside me whilst I washed, or spun or wove, and it was more to me than all the parties in the old Fort put together. And your father—well he was like one possessed. He would start off to the fields for the day and long before noon I'd hear his step on the sill, and he'd come in making some excuse about forgetting his potato seed or something or other, and stay there rompin' with the baby for an hour before he could tear himself away.

"Seemed like little Ben took the place of the city and home folks and everything. None of 'em seemed quite so important to us then. Not that it wasn't lonesome—only it stopped my cryin' days when your father was away and I didn't know a sight nor sound but the salt waves breakin' on that desolate shore and felt that I was adrift for good from folks and home.

"Then after a year or two we had neighbors. I shan't ever forget that first morning I got up and saw the smoke from another chimney not more than a few minutes walkin' distance from ours. It meant the same as a whole metropolis to us. Then others come, and little by lit-

tle we grew into a settlement, and we had to plan for a school and for ways to improve ourselves and the place, and provide the best we could for our children, and it all gave us an interest in life something to think of outside ourselves, and for the good of the community."

"Interest!" flashed Nell. "Think of prodding up an interest in a life like that! I'd have taken chloroform at the start, and put myself in proper trim for my surroundings and existence."

"I don't repine at what was my lot then, dear. We've all got some work to do for the world—that's our mission here. In that time and in this, too, there is a law written and unwritten, that we redeem and make bright the waste places of earth. It has always been a matter of great pride to me that I was chosen to be a factor in the redemption of a wilderness into a place of beauty and comfort to posterity. While it was hard in the doing—yet the value of one's life on earth will be measured by just such deeds of sacrifice."

She ceased speaking, and there was a long silence.

The fire had faded suddenly from Nell's eyes, and in Rilla's there was again something that made the gleam of flower and cut glass dimmer than before.

Finally she spoke,

"Lou talks of starting a library and reading room up there, when we are settled," she said.

"I might come up now and then and help you out with theatricals and musical recitals," said Nell firmly, but with a slight blush.

"Oh, Nell—will you, really?" cried Rilla, beaming.

"It seems about the only thing left, since—since Pa has vetoed the project of my becoming the Bern-

hardt of the American stage," pouted Nell.

"There are places that need you more than the stage, dearie," smiled her mother.

"To paraphrase the famous proverb," said Nell, with affected pomposity, "the girl who makes one classical idea to shoot in the mind of the rustic born, is greater"—

"That isn't just it, sweetheart, but almost," said her mother, "use your talent where it will do the most good. None of us pioneers claim to be great, but we feel we've done a work that will stand. The way may seem dull and prosy—but the reward will come back tenfold in fruits undreamed of."

"I'll tell Lou about your suggestion when he comes tonight," said Rilla, happily.

"By the way—when does the settlement begin?" twinkled Nell.

"I—guess—before—very long," faltered Rilla, crimsoning. "Lou is just waiting—for me to say."



"The best possible impression that you can make by your dress is to make no separate impression at all; but so to harmonize its material and shape with your personality that it becomes tributary in the general effect, and so exclusively tributary that people cannot tell after seeing you what kind of clothes you wear. They will remember only that you look well, and how becomingly dressed."



Our sons and daughters need seek no other sect for the ministrations of God, or for the healing of the sick. God has given us as a people these ordinances in their perfection.—Apostle John Henry Smith.



He who deliberately adopts a great end has, by this act, half accomplished it, has scaled the chief barrier to success.—Channing.

SKETCHES.

V.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE; ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

Katherine Arthur.

The interior of Shakespeare's house is decidedly queer, and you may think the exterior is nothing to boast of. It gives you an excellent idea, however, of the architecture of that day. On entering, you find yourself in Mr. Shakespeare's kitchen, though it was used after his death as a sausage shop. "To what base uses do some things descend!" That is not the exact quotation, but it will do. The floor is of many-shaped flagstones, the roof shows the bare timbers that support the floor above. There is the usual great

English fireplace, and a "bacon cupboard." Poor Shakespeare! If he had known the trouble he was going to have with Bacon until the resurrection day, he would have plastered up that cupboard. From this room you pass into an inner one, and from that to what was probably the sitting room. Here you mount a solid oak stair leading into the room in which the poet was born. It is low-roofed, and there is but one window—a large one, however. The fireplace is large, and a massive beam of oak forms the forward top. Great



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

beams of oak project from the walls; there is also a great one across the ceiling. The walls, windows, and ceiling are covered with autographs. Lucian Bonaparte (Napoleon's brother), wrote four lines which some idiot of an owner whitewashed over. But a bit of paper tells you that they were:

"The eye of Genius glistens to admire
How memory haunts the sound of
Shakespeare's lyre
One tear I'll shed to form a crystal
shrine
For all that's grand, immortal and di-
vine."

Which may be a good stanza for him, but it makes you wonder if punctuation wouldn't improve the meaning. It was kind of Lucian to deprive himself of that distinguished tear, though perhaps he doesn't need it where he is now.

Washington Irving has the following:

"The house of Shakespeare's birth we
here may see,

That of his death we find without a
trace;
Vain the enquiring, for Immortal he—"

The rest is erased. The lines in a finished state are:

"Of mighty Shakespeare's birth the
room we see,
That where he died in vain to find we
try,
Useless the search! For all Immortal
he
And those who are Immortal never
die."

The name of Edmund Kean is on the "Actor's Pillar," and one of the tiny irregular panes of glass that form the old-fashioned window bears the name of Walter Scott.

The adjoining cottage has been turned into a Shakespearean library and hall of relics. Here we learned that the largest single purchase made by the poet was a piece of property in the county Stratford, for which he paid £440; a pound at that time equaled £2-7-6 of English money now.

A delightful walk across the fields brings you to Anne Hathaway's cot-

tage. It has one of those deep-gabled, straw-thatched roofs. The walls are made of a framework of timber marked off in squares, which are filled with plaster. It is a most picturesque old cottage.

The garden contains some of the herbs and flowers Shakespeare mentions. Look around at them. There's rosemary—that's for remembrance; there's rue for you; and winking marybuds begin to ope their golden eyes.

The interior is practically the same as that of the Shakespeare

home—the big beams, cosy fireplace and stone floor.

Upstairs there is a wonderful old carved bedstead with trappings that you must not touch.

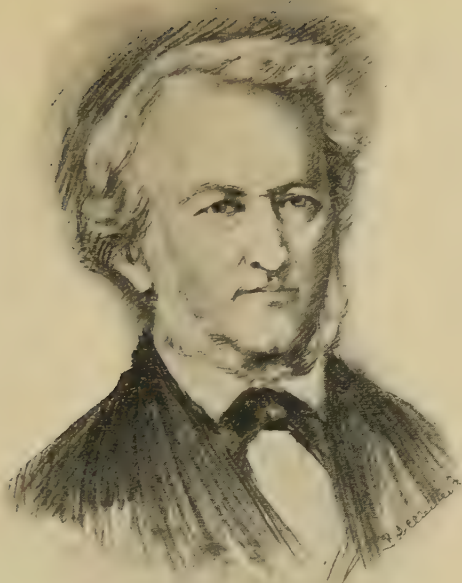
The visit to Anne's cottage is much more inspiring than the visit to Shakespeare's house. That has more bustle, and the sixpence is so greatly in evidence (it introduces itself at every step in the Shakespeare region, by the way) that it spoils the poetry. But who could fail to enjoy a peaceful, happy footpath stroll over an English field? That in itself is joy.

THE CHAPERONE.

Kate Thomas.

A little new moon peeped through the blue,
 A little new moon so fair!
 It looked in his eyes and found them true,
 And smiled in its beauty there.
 Oh, the song on my lips was a glad, glad song,
 And the beat of my heart was light,
 For I knew that my love would be my love
 When the old moon drowned in night.

The little new moon is full of guile
 In its watch-tower in the skies,
 And often comes with its silver smile
 To look in my lover's eyes.
 And when it comes it finds them true
 And smiles in its beauty there.
 A little new moon peeps through the blue,
 A little new moon so fair!



MUSIC AND "THE MASTERS."

RICHARD WAGNER.

Edyth Ellerbeck.

To undertake as late as the nineteenth century to create a new art, must strike most thinkers as a piece of colossal madness, not to say presumption. "There is nothing new under the sun," is a bit of cradle-lore that tinges our view of everything, and a genius who aspires to striking originality is suspected of "petit" or "grand" plagiarism from the ancients, or instantly dubbed insane.

When, early in the "forties" of this century the world was asked to pass judgment upon a new composer—a genius with the presumption to call himself a Reformer!—the critics did not hesitate long in their verdict. Nothing in the past history of music could have been worked over into such forms as the

new artist's compositions offered: the critics could not condemn him with their pet epithet, "Plagiarist," so they straightway called him "mad-man." Years and years of abuse, ridicule and poverty was the lot of the greatest musical genius of our century.

The task he set himself was certainly stupendous,—art is as stubborn as theology to reform,—but his success is summed up in the one word, "Bayreuth." Today the quiet German town is the Mecca of musicians, and the thousands that flock there for the Wagner Festivals, attend in the same reverent spirit that reigns at Ober-Ammergau.

From Wagner's standpoint each of the three great Arts,—music,

poetry, and the drama,—had been brought to its perfection: Music by Beethoven, poetry and the drama by Shakespeare and Goethe. The great new Art was to be the uniting of them all into one harmonious whole, and by the combination accomplish a more profound and overwhelming effect than had been made before, or would have been possible to them separately.

Italian opera occupied the German stage almost exclusively at the time of Wagner's birth in 1813. In the struggle for popularity the Italian school had woefully degenerated,—composers filled their operas with meaningless passages, vocal gymnastics introduced solely for the purpose of showing off the skill of the leading artists of the day. Some of the most popular were merely a jumble of dance tunes. In the best of them the music was paramount, the dramatic element hardly developed, and the words or poem of the opera crude, trivial, worthless.

Wagner was poet, dramatist, and musician all in one, and he made it his life-work to weave one art with the others so as to make a grand climax of beauty. His preparation for such a work was admirable. His step-father was an actor, his sister Rosalie and brother Albert became actors, and Wagner himself was familiar with the stage from earliest childhood. He studied music while a boy, and was a diligent student at school. His first ambition was to become a poet, and he served his apprenticeship by translating at the age of fourteen the first twelve books of Homer's *Odyssey*. He made the acquaintance of Shakespeare's plays in German and later in English, and was profoundly influenced by them. At the age of twenty-one he became

opera-conductor and thus grew familiar with the best operas of all the schools.

His first opera of importance was "*Rienzi*," written from the novel of that name by Bulwer. In 1843 this was produced at Dresden, and its success was such that Wagner was called there as conductor. If the composer had been content to confine his interest to music alone, success might have come earlier. But such a big mind as his must needs expend its vigor in more than one direction. Wagner saw the need of reform in society as well as in Art, and expressed his views in the field of sociology as radically as he had done in music. He became mixed up in a revolutionary attempt and was forced to flee the country. For ten years he was an exile from his native land, and it was owing entirely to the friendly offices of his good angel, Franz Liszt, that his works were produced in Germany at all. The friendship of these two famous artists forms one of the most interesting epochs in the life of each, and their published correspondence is a valuable addition to literature.

It was under Liszt's direction that Wagner's "*Lohengrin*" was finally produced at Weimar, where of course the composer could not be present. Indeed, thirteen years elapsed after the completion of the opera before its creator heard it on any stage. Its success at its first performances was indifferent. What the public cannot understand it will generally eulogize or abuse. The critics took the latter course. For years the newspapers were full of such criticisms as these:

"Richard Wagner is not a musician at all." "*Lohengrin* is an incoherent mass of rubbish." "*Tannhauser* is tedious beyond endurance." "*The Flying Dutchman* is

the most hideous and detestable of the whole."

Such utter inappreciation and wilful misunderstanding nearly crushed the hope from Wagner's heart. In 1854, after several years of hopeless inactivity, he wrote,

"My nights are mostly sleepless,—weary and miserable I leave my bed to see a day before me which is destined to bring me not one joy. . . None of the past years has gone by without having at least *once* driven me to the very verge of suicide. I cannot live like a dog, cannot sleep on straw and drink fusel: I must have some kind of sympathy if my mind is to succeed in the toilsome work of creating a new world."

Notwithstanding all this despair, his genius continued to produce works unmatched for power and grandeur. It would seem that the very circumstances that made life a burden to the man, were the very reason for the sublimity of the passion and sorrow that give his works their strength.

By the time he had completed the four operas that are known as "The

Ring," Wagner had conceived the idea of a national theatre, to be completed regardless of cost and with appointments permitting it to produce great works in a faultless manner. Munich was the first city selected, but the Munich public proving rather fickle, Wagner decided to build the theatre in an inland town, where all his audience would come as pilgrims to hear a great work with proper surroundings. Five hundred thousand dollars were required for the work. To Wagner's friends as well as enemies the scheme looked like a preposterous dream impossible of realization. But 1876 saw the fulfilment of the plan, and today the Wagner Festivals at Bayreuth are accounted the greatest events in the musical world.

Wagner died in 1883, and in the twenty years that have elapsed his fame has been rapidly growing until he is regarded with nothing short of awe. He claimed to be ahead of his times and called his works the "Music of the Future." That future is our present and his prophecy is fulfilled.

NEIGHBORS.

Thrall.

Little Helen, come and listen to me talk awhile, will you? There—that is good of you—nestle closer—and listen, for maybe you don't understand all I say, though it is such a comfort to have someone to talk to who doesn't interrupt me, or leave me when I am in the midst of one of my speeches.

I have been out on an errand for mother, you know, and I've seen

some of the people who live about here and I want to talk about them. I wonder, little Helen, if it is very wrong to gossip like this to such a very little girl?

Well, anyway, the first thing I saw, when I went out of the door, was that little boy who lives across the street. From the way he looks, little Helen, I think he merely exists. And as to what his mother

means by neglecting him so, I cannot imagine. He was swinging disconsolately on our gate and gazing wistfully up at the windows. His clothes were torn and very, very dirty, and his poor little face was scratched and covered with stains. He seized my hand eagerly in his sticky little fingers and together we set off.

The cross woman at the corner looked up as we passed and scowled at him and answered my greeting with a snarl. She was sewing on a dress for a poor woman who is sick, but if anyone were to let it out to her that he knew who her charity was for—or, indeed, that she was engaged in charity—she would be so angry she could not speak. She is like the chestnut burr we had last fall, little Helen, all rough on the outside, but good and wholesome within. Still, little Helen, I am glad that all good people are not so cross.

Sitting on the fence was that poor old gentleman, who is dying by inches and suffers every minute of his life. And, little Helen, what do you think he was doing? Yes, that is right; smiling and whistling and cutting up a little stick with his pocket knife. He raised his head that has grown so white the last few months, and spoke cheerfully, and kindly patted the little head bobbing along beside me. Somehow I felt the tears springing to my eyes at sight of that smile, little Helen, just as I had felt an almost irresistible smile creeping around my mouth at sight of the cross woman's frown. Which is it that is so contrary, little Helen, all the rest of the world, or just you and I?

At the door of the store I met the busy man. He had three of his little boys with him, about six bundles and was talking as fast as pos-

sible about the last election and the coming one, and politics in general. He stopped to speak to me, and then noticing the forlorn little figure at my side, said,

"My gracious, what a pity. I've a notion to take him as my own." And you know, little Helen, somehow I think that with all he has to do and his large family, that the little fellow would be better off than with the woman who is his mother.

The busy man suddenly remembered that he had to hurry, and went whisking around the corner, followed by his happy youngsters and their equally happy dog and leaving a warmer atmosphere than he found.

I remember seeing him plough home through oceans of mud one noon and stopping to inform me that he was not a bit hungry and it certainly was "beastly walking," but—"I came home just to hear the children talk." There, little Helen, lay the secret of his goodness—in spite of cares and worries and disappointments—in spite of his daily contact with the world—he still kept his heart beating to the tune of children's piping voices. When we outgrow that stage—well we have lost something, that's all.

The old man who keeps the store was busy and so I had to wait a few minutes. I wonder, little Helen, how it is that such a soured, perverted and gross soul can dwell in such a gracious form? His hair is thick and soft and white as cotton and his soft, dark eyes are set in a ruddy, pleasant face. But his teeth are stained with tobacco and his soul with atheism and his very words taint the air with sacrilegious blackness.

The young woman who tells all she knows and sometimes more, too, came in just after I did, and began a long tirade against the little boy's

mother. Although I agreed with her, I didn't say anything, and only hoped he didn't understand. For maybe he doesn't find any fault in her and when we first find flaws in the characters we have been used to thinking ideal, it is a sad, sad day for us to say the least of it.

I hope, little Helen, you will be spared that trial and the best way is not to expect too much of others. But there—it is the same as talking to the wind—we cannot help it—this way we have of thinking that some one is perfect. When the halo fades around the head of some friend, we straightway seek a new ideal, out of sheer loneliness, I think it is, little Helen, and clothe some other friend with all the attributes of an angel.

The young woman was in a hurry to get back to her baby and so her turn at the counter came next. I finally secured my parcels and after carefully helping my small companion to select a penny stick of candy we left the store, followed by the words,

"Yes, yes, you can go to church and pray for me on Sunday while I stay at home and rake in the garden."

He takes especial delight in saying something disagreeable to me because I fail so utterly to hide my chagrin.

As I stepped out of the door, I almost ran into his son,—a fine handsome, stalwart man given body and soul to the demon of drink. No nicer or better fellow can be found in all our neighborhood than he when he is sober. But oh, little Helen! he is steeped in alcohol and is a monument to his father's teachings. Wouldn't you think, little Helen, that he would regret it and sorely blame himself? But look at the son of that saintly gray-haired lady we both love so much, and in

what is he better than the son of the old sinner?

I suppose, little Helen, that we must come to realize sooner or later, that a person must be judged by himself, and not by his father and mother.

The little boy's mother came along just then and took him home with her. He went off without a murmur, but the look in his eyes—so lonely, so wistful—is with me yet.

The beautiful girl who is going to be married soon, stopped to show me her bridal gloves and to ask me to do her hair for the reception. Of course I am glad and proud to do it,—who is not pleased to be bidden to a wedding feast, little Helen? But I do wish she were going to marry someone who is a better disposition, for she deserves the best. Still since she is happy, *we* ought to be, and so we will.

The society woman waved her gloved hand to me as she entered her carriage, bound for some club, no doubt. And the home-body next door ran out with a white flower for me "to wear in your hair, dear," she said, and rushed back to set the table for dinner. She is most loveable isn't she, little Helen? But don't you wish she would dress herself up, once in awhile, as nicely as she arranges her home? I suppose her dinner is a perfect dream, but—Is that mother calling us to ours'? Come on, little Helen, and ought we not to be thankful that a good dinner is ready for us and a pretty, tastefully dressed mother waiting at the head to welcome us to our places? Our neighborhood is a nice one and the people interesting and mostly agreeable, but the very best part of it is home and the very best neighbor is our mother, isn't that so? Say yes, little Helen, and come on.

THE FIRST CRIMSON DAISY.

Emily Calhoun Clowes.

The meadow-frog sings of a sweet-clover bloom,
Who fell deep in love with a daisy;
How one day the meadow lay shadowed in gloom,
For 'twas thought he would surely go crazy.

The daisy she loved him, but daisies are shy,—
And the clover's a most ardent lover.—
So one morn she slipped out of sight, with a sigh;
Half hoping her nook he'd discover.

He swayed to and fro, hither, thither, and yon,
With grief and despair he was laden;
And death in the brook he decided upon,
If he found not this white-petalled maiden.

But timidly peeping that night, just at dark,
A mischievous moonbeam espied her,
And beckoned the zephyr, who in for a lark,
Very quietly dropped down beside her.

Then into the arms of her sweet-clover bloom
He pushed her, soft breathing espousal;
He wakened the meadow ; the moonbeam chased gloom—
All was innocent joy and carousal.

The meadow-blooms danced, as meadow-blooms do—
The young blades, the full blown, and older—
And showered the bride with fresh fragrance and dew,
As the breeze pressed them close to behold her.

But the meadow-blooms blinked, as meadow-blooms might,
And rubbed their eyes over and over,
For lo ! she had changed from the snowiest white
To the rich crimson hue of the clover.



LIFE OF VILATE M.,
WIFE OF PRESIDENT HEBER C. KIMBALL,

By His Daughter, Alice K. Smith.

An interesting and romantic little story is told in the "Life of Heber C. Kimball" of his first meeting with his wife, Vilate Murray. He at this time was about twenty-one years of age, and "fast developing into as fine a specimen of manhood as one might wish to behold. Tall and powerful of frame, with piercing black eyes that seemed to read one through." He had settled in Mendon, Monroe county, New York, where he was engaged in the potter's business.

"Meanwhile the sun of love dawned on his horizon. In one of his rides he chanced to pass, one warm summer day, through the little town of Victor, in the neighboring county of Ontario. Being thirsty, he drew rein near a house where a gentleman was at work in the yard, whom he asked for a drink of water. As the one addressed went to the well for a fresh bucketful of the cooling liquid, he called to his daughter Vilate to fetch a glass from the house which he filled and sent by her to the young stranger.

"Heber was deeply impressed

with the beauty and refined modesty of the young girl, whose name he understood to be 'Milaty,' and who was the flower and pet of her father's family. Lingered as long as propriety would permit, or the glass of water would hold out, he murmured his thanks and rode reluctantly away. * * *

"It was not long before he again had 'business' in Victor, and again became thirsty(?) just opposite the house where the young lady lived. Seeing the same gentleman in the yard whom he had accosted before, he hailed him and asked him for a cup of water. This time the owner of the premises offered to wait upon him in person, but Heber, with the blunt candor for which he was noted, nearly took the old gentleman's breath by saying,

"If you please, Sir, I'd rather My Laty would bring it to me."

"'Laty,' as she was called in the household, accordingly appeared and did the honors as before. * * *

"She, however, was quite as favorably impressed with the handsome young stranger as he with her. More visits followed. Ac-

quaintance ripened into love, and on the 7th of November, 1822, they were married.

"Vilate was the youngest child of Roswell and Susannah Murray. She was born June 1, 1806, in Florida, Montgomery county, New York. At the time of her marriage she was only in her seventeenth year.

"The Murrays were of Scotch descent, and came to America during the Seven Years' war. As a race they were gentle, kind-hearted, intelligent and refined. Through many of them ran a vein of poetry. Vilate herself wrote tender and beautiful verses."

In her autobiography Vilate says:

"After our marriage we continued to reside in Mendon, Munroe county, until we gathered in Kirtland in the fall of 1832. About three weeks before we heard of the Latter-day work, we were baptized into the Baptist church.

"Five elders of the Church of Latter-day Saints came to the town of Victor which was five miles from Mendon, and stopped at the house of Phineas Young, the brother of Brigham. Hearing of these men, curiosity prompted Mr. Kimball to go and see them. Then for the first time, he heard the fullness of the everlasting gospel and was convinced of its truth. Brigham Young was with him. At their meeting Brigham and Heber saw the manifestations of the spirit, and heard the gift of speaking and singing in tongues. They were constrained by the spirit to bear testimony to the truth, and when they did this, the power of God rested upon them.

"Desiring to hear more of the Saints, in January, 1832, Heber took his horses and sleigh and started for Columbia, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, a distance of

one hundred and twenty-five miles. Brigham and Phineas Young, with their wives went with him. They stayed with the Church about six days, saw the power of God manifested and heard the gift of tongues, and then returned rejoicing, bearing testimony to the people by the way. They were not baptized, however, until the following spring. Brigham Young was baptized on Sunday, April 14th, 1832, and Heber C. Kimball was baptized the next day. Just two weeks from that time I was baptized by Joseph Young with several others.

"Brigham Young and his wife, Miriam, with their two little girls, Elizabeth and Vilate, were at the time living at our house, but soon after her baptism Miriam died. In her expiring moments she clapped her hands and praised the Lord, and called on all around to help her praise Him. And when her voice was too weak to be heard, her lips and hands were seen moving until she expired. This was another testimony to us of the powerful effects of the everlasting gospel, showing that we shall not die but will sleep and come forth in the resurrection and rejoice with her in the flesh.

"Her little girls Sister Miriam left to my care, and I did all I could to be a mother to the little ones to the period of our gathering to Kirtland and the marriage of Brother Brigham to Miss Mary Ann Angell.

"The glorious death of Sister Miriam caused us to rejoice in the midst of affliction. But enemies exulted over our loss and threw many obstacles in the way of our gathering with the Saints. To my husband's great surprise, some of the neighbors issued attachments against his goods, yet he was not indebted to anyone of them to the value of five cents, while there were

some hundreds of dollars due to him. However, he left his own debts uncollected, settled their unjust claims, and gathered to Kirtland with the Saints about the last of September, 1832, in company with Brigham Young.

"After our gathering to Kirtland the Church was in a state of poverty and distress. The enemies were raging, threatening destruction upon the Saints. The brethren were under guard night and day to preserve the Prophet's life, and the mobs in Missouri were driving our people from Jackson county. In this crisis the 'Camp of Zion' was organized to go to the defense of the Saints in Jackson, Heber being one of the little army. On the 5th of May, 1834, they started. It was truly a solemn morning on which my husband parted with his wife, children and friends, not knowing that we would ever meet again in the flesh."

Space will not permit us to follow her through all the separations, trials and persecutions that this noble woman so patiently bore. But every word she has written whether of herself or of those whom she was associated with, shows her noble character, her true and loving heart.

Her daughter, Helen Mar Whitney, tells most tenderly how she was converted to the principle of Celestial marriage. I quote the following:

"My mother often told me that she could not doubt the plural order of marriage was of God, for the Lord had revealed it to her in answer to prayer.

"In Nauvoo, shortly after his return from England, my father, among others of his brethren, was taught the plural wife doctrine, and was told by Joseph, the Prophet, three times, to go and take a certain

woman as his wife; but not till he commanded him in the name of the Lord did he obey. At the same time Joseph told him not to divulge this secret, not even to my mother, for fear that she would not receive it; for his life was in constant jeopardy, not only from outside influence and enemies, who were seeking some plea to take him back to Missouri, but from false brethren who had crept like snakes into his bosom and then betrayed him.

"My father realized the situation fully, and the love and reverence he bore for the Prophet were so great that he would sooner have laid down his life than have betrayed him. This was one of the greatest tests of his faith he had ever experienced. The thought of deceiving the kind and faithful wife of his youth, whom he loved with all his heart, and who with him had borne so patiently their separations, and all the trials and sacrifices they had been called to endure, was more than he felt able to bear.

"He realized not only the addition of trouble and perplexity that such a step must bring upon him, but his sorrow and misery were increased by the thought of my mother hearing of it from other source, which would no doubt separate them, and he shrank from the thought of such a thing, or of causing her any unhappiness. Finally he was so tried that he went to Joseph and told him how he felt—that he was fearful if he took such a step he could not stand, but would be overcome. The Prophet, full of sympathy for him, went and enquired of the Lord; His answer was 'Tell him to go and do as he has been commanded, and if I see that there is any danger of his apostatizing I will take him to Myself.'

"The fact that he had been com-

manded three times to do this thing shows that the trial must have been extraordinary, for he was a man who, from the first, had yielded implicit obedience to every requirement of the Prophet. * * *

"My mother had noticed a change in his manner and appearance, and when she enquired the cause he tried to evade her questions. At last he promised he would tell her after a while, if she would only wait. This trouble so worked upon his mind that his anxious and haggard looks betrayed him daily and hourly, and finally his misery became so unbearable that it was impossible to control his feelings. He became sick in body, but his mental wretchedness was too great to allow of his retiring, and he would walk the floor till nearly morning, and sometimes the agony of his mind was so terrible that he would wring his hands and weep like a child, and beseech the Lord to be merciful and reveal to her this principle, for he himself could not break his vow of secrecy.

"The anguish of their hearts was indescribable and when she found it was useless to beseech him longer, she retired to her room and bowed before the Lord and poured out her soul in prayer to Him who hath said, 'If any lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.' My father's heart was raised at the same time in supplication. While pleading as one would plead for life the vision of her mind was opened, and, as darkness flees before the morning sun, so did her sorrow and the groveling things of earth vanish away. Before her was illustrated the order of celestial marriage, in all its beauty and glory, together with the great exaltation and honor it would confer upon her in that immortal and celestial sphere, if she

would accept it and stand in her place by her husband's side. She also saw the woman he had taken to wife, and contemplated with joy the vast and boundless love and union which this order would bring about, as well as the increase of her husband's kingdoms, and the power and glory extending throughout the eternities, worlds without end.

"With a countenance beaming with joy, for she was filled with the Spirit of God, she returned to my father, saying.

"'Heber, what you kept from me the Lord has shown me.'

"She told me she never saw so happy a man as father was when she described the vision and told him she was satisfied and knew it was from God.

"She covenanted to stand by him and honor the principle, which covenant she faithfully kept, and though her trials were often heavy and grievous to bear, she knew that father was also being tried, and her integrity was unflinching to the end. She gave my father many wives and they always found in my mother a faithful friend."

There is not one member in the family of Heber C. Kimball but what will testify to this fact. Only two of his wives are now with us, the rest have joined him on the other side. They are Lucy Walker (who was the wife of the Prophet, Joseph Smith and after his martyrdom was sealed to Heber C. Kimball for time) and Amanda Gheen, who was married to him in her seventeenth year. I called on each of them today, and asked them this question:

"After your long association with Aunt Vilate, the first wife of Heber C. Kimball, what is your thought of her life and character."

Aunt Lucy said,

"Vilate Kimball was one of the

noble women of earth. — She was dearly loved by her husband's wives and children as well as by all who intimately knew her. She was as a ministering angel to those in distress, ever ready to aid those who had not been so fortunate as herself in regard to the comforts of life. She never seemed so happy as while seeking to make others happy. Every year it was her custom to invite all the family to dine at her table, and she insisted that it was her privilege to wait upon and make them happy and comfortable. In her last sickness she expressed her regret that she could no longer have the pleasure of seeing the family together, as they had been in the habit of doing. On one occasion when one of her old-time associates was urging her to come often, as she had done in former years, she answered, 'You must excuse me, as our own family has grown so large that by the time I visit them all, I want to begin the rounds again.' This shows the good feelings she cherished toward her husband's wives and children. Too much cannot be said in praise of her example. In her demise Zion lost one of her noblest daughters."

Aunt Amanda said,

"It is my opinion that she was as near perfect as any woman who ever dwelt upon the earth. We all loved her."

The following tender lines were written by Vilate and presented to her husband on the eve of his departure on a mission through the Eastern States:

"Nauvoo, June 8th, 1843,

"My Ever Kind and Affectionate Companion:

"I write these few lines for you to look upon when you are far distant from me, and when you read them remember they were penned by one whose warm, affectionate heart is ever

the same toward you; yea, it is fixed, firm as a decree which is unalterable. Therefore let your heart be comforted, and if you never more behold my face in time, let this be my last Covenant and Testimony unto you; that I am yours in time and throughout all eternity. This blessing has been sealed upon us by the Holy Spirit of promise, and cannot be broken only through transgression, or committing a grosser crime than your heart or mine is capable of, that is, murder.

So be of cheer, my dearest dear,
For we shall meet again
Where all our sorrows will be o'er,
And we are free from pain."

Her husband responded as follows:

'O God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Jesus Christ wilt Thou bless her with peace and with a long life; and when Thou shalt see fit to take her, let Thy servant go with her; and dwell with each other throughout all eternity; that no power shall ever separate us from each other; for Thou, O God, knowest we love each other with pure hearts. Still, we are willing to leave each other from time to time, to preach Thy word to the children of men. Now, O God, hear Thy servant, and let us have the desires of our hearts; for we want to live together, and die, and be buried, and rise and reign together in Thy kingdom with our dear children; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Amen."

Here is another little gem written by Vilate several years later,

"No being round the spacious earth
Beneath the vaulted arch of heaven,
Divides my love, or draws it thence,
From him to whom my heart is given.

"Like the frail ivy to the oak
Drawn closer, by the tempest riven,
Through sorrow's flood he'll bear me
up
And light with smiles my way to
heaven.

"The gift was on the altar laid;
The plighted vow on earth was given;
The seal eternal has been made
And by his side I'll reign in heaven."

It is with a feeling of joy and satisfaction that I write this tender interchange of affection between Heber C. Kimball and his wife, Vilate, showing the great love and confidence that existed between them. This was after they had entered into plural marriage.

Heber C. Kimball loved his wife Vilate, with all the strength of a manly heart; and his other wives, the mothers of his children, were near and dear to him. He was always a loving husband, a kind and tender father, and his wife Vilate was a ministering angel in his household, and to all who were in need.

We read in the life of Heber C. Kimball that during the time of sore distress and famine, "It was Vilate's chief delight to sally forth with a basket on her arm, filled with nicely cooked edibles and little domestic comforts, and seek out some poor, obscure person, in need of help, though perhaps too proud or timid to make it known. She would often go to the houses of some persons, on finding that they were away from home, and provide for their needs in their absence, in order that they might meet a glad surprise on their return, without knowing the good angel who had visited them."

The 22nd of October, 1867, was a day of sorrow and gloom in the homes of Heber C. Kimball. Vilate, his first wife, the companion of his youth, was released from her mission. "God called her home to a glorious rest."

She was in the sixty-second year of her age. She had been a faithful companion to her husband for forty-five years and was the mother of ten children, seven of whom are now with her in the spirit world. President Brigham Young delivered her funeral address, and

during his remarks said that he was reminded of the time when the deceased and Brother Kimball stood by him when his first wife was taken from him. He had known Sister Kimball intimately for nearly forty years, and if any person ever found fault with her it was more than he knew. He said her life, conversation, feelings, kindness to her family and to her neighbors seemed all to come before him, and he could say of a truth that a better woman never lived,—according to her knowledge. He had been cherished and comforted by her in hours of affliction and he knew her kindness of heart. Since he had heard of her death he had experienced none but joyful feelings—for she had lived the life of a Saint. He concluded reiterating affectionate sentiments and assuring the afflicted family that no woman had ever led a more honorable life, and that she had secured her right to a resurrection with the just. What greater tribute could be paid to the memory of mortal woman?

She, like her noble husband, was no accident. "They are emphatically and in the truest sense children of destiny" held in reserve to come forth in these the last days. How necessary at those times such noble characters were to help establish a principle that involved life and liberty to those who obeyed. The historian has said:

"Heber C. Kimball was like the Patriarchs and Prophets of old, whose example he religiously followed. And it is safe to say that no family in Israel, in its domestic relations, better exemplified the true nature and purpose of the polygamic principle, than the family of Heber C. Kimball."

Cruel and bitter have been the persecutions heaped upon the Saints because of their belief in this prin-

ciple, and their prayers and cries have reached the throne of Grace. In 1890 God, through his servant, President Wilford Woodruff, called a halt as far as this principle was concerned, but that has not affected the truth of it. It is just as true to-day as it was the day that God revealed it to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Though our people are not permitted to enter into this holy or-

der or preach it abroad, there is no law against our belief in it, nor against our honoring those who were obedient to the commandments of God. The Latter-day Saints are a law abiding and peace loving people, and it is our determination with the help of our Heavenly Father, to live in harmony with the laws of our country.

TWO NEWSPAPER WOMEN.

Ruth M. Fox.

Two women sat in the church one day,
One was shabby and bent and gray;
Why didn't the old woman keep out
of the way?

The other, they said, was a lady born,
Of gentle mien and lovely form;
She had fairly taken the city by storm.

One sat there alone, none called her
name
Or gave her a smile—'twas all the
same—
She knew nothing better, the poor old
dame.

One was surrounded by friends not a
few,
Wealth and fashion made much ado;
Ah, I wonder if their hearts were true.

The tones of the organ lulled one to
sleep,
For all day long her tired feet
Had traversed the pavement—the
same old beat.

For the other, the melody rose and
fell,
Thrilling her being with its spell,
Winging her soul to where angels
dwell.

One wrote for the newspapers, win-
ning fame,
Stirred men's souls with her rhythmi-
cal vein.

The press of the country extolled her
name.

The other sold newspapers for daily
bread;
Such is life with its toil and dread;
Through heat or cold, it was tread,
tread, tread.

She read that day that the lady fair
Would list to strains of music rare
In the far-famed church, so straight-
way there

She wended her way. On the lady's
face,
Lit up with intellectual grace,
She gazed and wondered, but kept her
place

As a poor old newswoman always
should.
She might be bad, she might be good;
Did any one care? Alone she stood.

Yet each walks the path marked by
His rod,
'Twas a lowly path the Master trod,
And each is owned—a child of God.

"SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND."

George Teasdale.

I have been requested to write a short address to our girls—the gentle daughters of Zion, and I do so very cheerfully, because it is natural that we should take great interest in the prospective mothers in Israel.

I sincerely congratulate the young ladies who are born in Zion for the great privilege vouchsafed unto them of being born of worthy parents, who are the descendants of the house of Israel and heirs of the promises made to the fathers, and of being instructed in the pure principles of the doctrine of Christ. We cannot be too grateful to our Father in heaven, who has appointed the bounds of our habitation, that we are blessed to dwell upon the earth in the dispensation of the fullness of times—the most important dispensation that has ever been ushered in; and that in the restoration of the Church of Christ, with its everlasting Gospel, our Father has made it possible for us to be in communion with Him, that we may not walk in darkness, but that, as the ancient Apostle said, we may walk in the light, that we may have sweet fellowship one with another, and that the blood of Jesus Christ may cleanse us from all sin, and we be fitted and prepared for His Kingdom and coming. The Lord has promised that if we ask, we shall receive; that if we seek, we shall find; that if we knock, it shall be opened unto us. This promise is given to every son and daughter of Adam, and makes it possible for all who desire light and truth to be taught of God and to obtain a living testimony for themselves, to the removal of all doubt.

Our girls will be the future mothers in Israel. Upon them will devolve the duty of educating the children and preparing them for the noble destiny that awaits them, even to be redeemed back into the presence of our Father and our God. We can readily see, therefore, the grave responsibilities that rest upon them, and the necessity of their obtaining this living testimony, which is freely granted unto all who obey the Gospel and live its everlasting principles. Can we not see how much we are honored and blessed in having the privilege of living upon the earth in this important dispensation? And to perform well our part in this great work it is necessary to have the continued fellowship of the Holy Spirit, that we may learn the ways of the Lord and walk in His paths; for we can obtain a living knowledge only by the spirit of revelation, which is the Spirit of God, and which reveals the things of God.

The young people of Zion should be truly grateful for their parents or grandparents who had the moral courage to espouse the doctrine of Christ in foreign lands or in the States where it was so dreadfully unpopular. They certainly should feel thankful for their progenitors who embraced the Gospel under such circumstances, and who left their native country and home to come to a land they knew not of. They knew only that the Lord had commanded His people to gather together. In those days our people were warned against coming here. The most fearful stories were told of the alleged abominations of the inhabitants of Zion, for the purpose

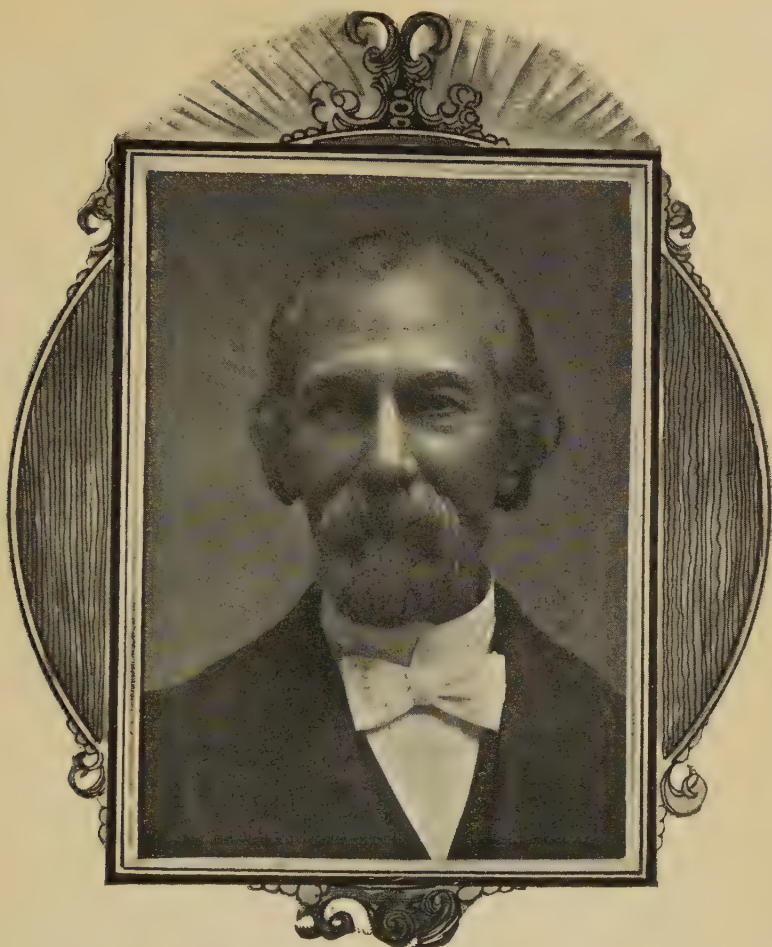


PHOTO BY FOX & SYMONS.

APOSTLE GEORGE TEASDALE.

of intimidating those who embraced the Gospel and trying to prevent them from fulfilling the commandment. It then required a great deal of moral courage to accept the Gospel. Hence I repeat, we cannot be too thankful to our Father in heaven for their integrity and their patient endurance in laying the foundation in Zion for the blessings now enjoyed by the rising generation.

In the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association the daughters of Zion have the privi-

lege of being instructed in correct principles, and gaining an experience as officers and members. They learn the value of a well spent life, and of the nobility of labor. This is essential, because they expect in the future to have homes of their own, and to be enabled to administer to the comfort and blessing of others, as their mothers have done before them. It is a great blessing to be a good housekeeper, and it brings a great deal of comfort and satisfaction to husband and children in the lovely home partially created

by the industrious mother, who is represented in her children and her children's children according to the home education they receive at her fireside. The faithfulness and integrity of our women is manifest in the integrity of their children and their children's children, according to the promises of the Lord to His people, as recorded in the 59th chapter of Isaiah:

"As for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord; My spirit that is upon thee, and My words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and forever."

This is brought about measurably by the mother, who by training the children in the reverence of the Lord manifests her own integrity

and the everlasting benefit she is to her offspring.

Your mothers and grandmothers had faith in the Gospel and in the promises of the Lord. They sought, and they found; they asked, and it was given to them; they knocked, and the Lord opened unto them, and blessed them with the understanding heart, so that they could comprehend the principles of everlasting life, and teach them to their children. The glorious result is manifested today in the nobility and integrity to the principles of eternal life exhibited in their posterity. Therefore, we say to our girls, Be encouraged. Be kind to yourselves. Emulate these noble examples of integrity to truth and righteousness, and, like them, make the record of the well spent life, and so be represented in your children and your children's children down to the latest generation.

THE PRESIDENTS OF OUR NATION.

J. R. Haas.

Since the birth of our nation twenty-five men have occupied the chair of President. Each has fulfilled his trust with signal ability and with unremitting care for the best interests of the people. No other nation has ever produced a line of rulers who possessed equal ability, or who displayed such loyalty and unselfishness in the service of the people. The remarkable success of the method adopted by our nation of selecting a chief from among the people has proved to the whole civilized world that popular suffrage is the safest and most satisfactory way of electing a ruler. Among the greatest rulers of the

monarchies and empires of the world are classed those monsters in whose path blood flowed so freely that the very flowers blossoming by the wayside were variegated by the life-blood of their victims.

Several of our presidents have been born in the wilderness and surrounded from childhood to manhood with hardships. They have had no advantages. Several have had no schooling, and many who did have an opportunity to attend schools were taught by teachers scarcely familiar with the first rudiments themselves. The free, calm air of the woods, the unrestrained freedom of thought and feeling, and

the glorious knowledge that all had a hand in the government, and that each man bore a part of the responsibility of sustaining the government, seem to have instilled into the hearts of all fortunate enough to be born in this land of liberty a greater expanse of soul and a more lasting desire and determination to drink deep at the fountain of learning.

The Presidents of this Union have been men of such sterling character that no one who will conscientiously investigate their actions can remain unimpressed by the noble sacrifices made by many, and the great unselfishness and alert watchfulness of all.

Let us, who stand in the full noon of our progress, surrounded by the comforts and conveniences which our own men have contrived, and living on the land which those who stood in the early dawn of American Freedom bought for us with the cheerful jeopardy and noble sacrifice of their lives, look back over the line of men who have occupied the presidential chair. There is not one for whom we should not feel the greatest admiration and the tenderest reverence. Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, have been assassinated. This was not sanctioned by the people, but rash, misguided men, mistaking their own insatiable desires for ideals, have three times plunged the country in gloom by taking the life of the chief executive. All our presidents are beloved and revered. Every year the people see more plainly the simple purity and sweetness of character animating the majority of the presidents—some have been rougher and more unpolished, but all have displayed a worth and ability which showed that the choice of the people was well placed.

Of all, probably Washington and

Lincoln are more widely known and more loved than any others. They were present during the two greatest crises of the Union, and both forever endeared themselves to the people by their loyalty and devotion. It seems as though their names are linked together in the minds of all,—in thinking of one we remember the other. If one possessed a peculiar talent, a shrewdness, an executive power fitted to the destiny he accomplished, so did the other.

Of the twenty-five men who have occupied the presidential chair, George Washington stands pre-eminent. As a child he was allowed by the other children to lead the games; as a youth he was beloved by his companions for his noble sentiments and manly courage. Skilled in athletics, he was the strongest of the strong; as a horseman he was the delight of his father and the simple country gentlemen who made up the community. As a man, no nobler object of emulation can be imagined.

In looking upon the face of Washington, we are at once struck with the calmness and strength of his features. Kindness and gentleness shine from his eyes; his mouth seems determined, yet delicate; his whole appearance is so filled with majesty; such an air of nobleness and spotless purity seems to radiate from every picture or image of him, that unconsciously the heart is bowed in loving admiration, and every fibre of being seems to tender a grateful acknowledgement of him as "The Father of his Country."

Washington seems to have been a very systematic and methodical man from the first. In his youth he kept a book in which, with painstaking care, he copied all the legal forms and papers which came under his eyes. As a result, in later years he

possessed almost a lawyer's ability in drawing up documents of different kinds.

At the age of sixteen years, Washington had become an able and competent surveyor. The first work he did was to traverse a pathless forest, and set off the vast tract of land which then constituted the estate of a wealthy Virginian named Lord Fairfax.

So carefully did he perform this task, and so accurate were his measurements, that the boundaries he established are still regarded as perfectly correct.

In the month of March, when the snow still lingered on the mountain-tops and whitened the sunless ravines, Washington, with a few attendants, set out into the forest to begin this work. At this time he was just entering his seventeenth year. The hardships which were his lot on this eventful journey would be unendurable to the ordinary young man of today. As the shades of evening settled around them in the forest, and the wild creatures which then abounded stole from their lairs and uttered their startling cries, well may he have been tempted to turn back to his home. After a day's work his only bed would be pile of boughs broken from the trees near the camp. At one time the fire which they had to keep all night to prevent their freezing, set the bed on fire, and Washington narrowly escaped from the flames.

He was often startled from his sleep by the cry of night birds or by the howl of the wolf, who grew bolder and bolder as the campfire grew lower and lower. The season advanced. Around them stretched an ocean of trees and vines; their path lay through a region of solitude unbroken by the foot of man, except where occasionally some

hardy pioneer had penetrated the dense woods and established his home. Occasionally they found shelter in some settler's log cabin; sometimes they would spend a night in some friendly Indian's wigwam, surrounded by the squaws and papooses of the dusky warrior. Life in the forest must have been a great, unending panorama. The sounds of frightened deer crashing through the undergrowth at their approach to some secluded lake; the deep growl of the bear disturbed at his feast; the wild cry of the cougar falling on their ears like the distant wail of a child; the whirl of a part-ridge disturbed for the first time by a human being; the howling of the timber wolves, and all the babel of sounds which fill a forest, startled them from their meditations. Columns of smoke on the horizon; indian footprints in the soft soil; blazed trails; cast-off moccasins, filled them with caution and quickened their sense of danger and perhaps prompted them to change their course. The beauties of the sylvan scenery; the sunlight falling in ripples through the deep gloom of the denser portions; the silvery waves of the lakes and rivers; the gorgeous colors of the song birds; the wild fowl startled by their approach; the stealthy fox flitting from cover to cover; the sunlight in the open places; the free, pure air and light, struck in their human hearts a deep, responsive chord of kinship.

Long, long ago, men clad in the skins of wild animals, looked forth from their caves in the mountains and their homes in the woods and watched the dawn unfold its eyelids and listened to the quickening of life about them—with expanding nostrils they drank in the cool, pure air of the morning—with tender hearts awoke with kisses their loved

ones from their slumbers. At the approach of the bear or the lion they frowned in anger at their danger, and with their rude weapons made battle upon him; their ruder enemies of the human family fought them fiercely, but they, woman-loving, home-loving, worshipful men, were invincible.

After several months of forest life, Washington returned home. He was a fully-matured man in every way; he was very large and remarkably strong; in his face was that look of courage and determination which characterizes a man who has met the world and conquered its difficulties. At nineteen he was regarded as one of the most prominent men in Virginia.

Glancing back over the century which lies between Washington and this generation, his life appears in a halo of glory. He was a noble man; he was a firm and brave soldier; as a patriot he triumphed over tyranny and won the confidence of the people; and as a statesman he left the impress of his character upon the institutions of his country. He was present during the agony of this nation's birth; every pain stabbed his heart like a knife, and made him more thoughtful for his country's welfare. He was no Caesar to conquer worlds; he was no Napoleon to terrorize a continent; he was no Pizarro going forth for adventure and conquest. No! he was a simple, home-loving American, seeking happiness in this country, where his parents had sought it. At the call of duty he sprang from dream-life into the midst of warfare, and in the defense of home, country, and freedom's flag he offered his services and his life, and we may say with deep and heartfelt meaning—there lived no nobler, manlier man.

Today his memory is green in

over eighty million hearts; every year his birth is celebrated by the whole nation; every man, woman or child who gazes on the stars and stripes, waving in the breezes, sees in fancy his image there, and feels the same feeling as do the peasants who bow in prayer at the ringing of the Angelus.

About the name and memory of Abraham Lincoln there clings a mantle of indescribable sadness and melancholy. The difficulties he had to contend with in youth; the bitter opposition he met with at times, the disappointments he overcame, make his career as a whole, seem interwoven with sadness and unending difficulties.

In the dense wilderness of Indiana, where he was raised, teachers were few, and those few were barely acquainted with the rudiments. Lincoln had practically no schooling, but he walked miles after a hard day of work cutting trees, splitting rails and plowing up stumps, to borrow a book to study, and in the midst of such unpropitious surroundings, urged onward with a desire to learn which knew no bounds, he gained his knowledge of grammar and spelling, the foundation which he used, later, for a study of law. And so his words, "Of course when I came of age I did not know much, still somehow I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all," seem infinitely pathetic. He tells us in his writings that the whole advance he made, which he calls "little," with characteristic modesty, was "under the pressure of necessity."

Like Washington, Lincoln devoted a portion of his time to surveying, but it seems that it was only at a time when he had failed in the one business venture of his life, and was greatly in need of money to

keep body and soul together, and inspired by the fact that a friend had offered him a position as surveyor, that he adopted this means of gaining a livelihood. After a period of preparation and study, he began the practice of law, but after five years of this he was led by his convictions to become a politician, and so he gradually drifted into public life. He ranked at the time he turned to politics, as one of the leading lawyers of the state; he became prominent as a presidential elector; he became an eloquent and influential public speaker, and when he was elected as President of the United States, it was because of worth alone. God permitted no mistake in putting the reins of government into his hands, and he, with steadfast soul, took up the burden unflinching.

He became, by his association with the best class of people, and his careful observation of things around him, a brilliant and well-informed conversationalist, and he seemed to have an appropriate anecdote or some droll story, at which he never smiled, to fit every occasion.

He was usually sunny and cheerful by nature, but his disposition seemed to contain an undercurrent of sadness and melancholy. He spent hours in introspection and meditation, completely oblivious to his surroundings. Perhaps his far-seeing mind was traveling into the future and reading the chronicle of events to come; perhaps he was dreaming of all he hoped to be and painting prophetic pictures on the canvas of his mind; perhaps thoughts of the bondage of the world saddened him; perhaps in his soul he heard the call of the slave for freedom. From these spells of abstraction he emerged more silent and thoughtful and more consider-

ate of the feelings of those with whom he came in contact.

He was nobly unselfish always; he resolutely shut his eyes to his own interests when giving opinions to others, and rendered unbiased judgment on the questions submitted to him. He was very shrewd and able, especially at a horse-trade, which was a very common occurrence in those days. He said that he was only beaten once in a horse trade, and that was when he offered to trade horses with a friend of his "unsight and unseen," a term meaning that both were ignorant of the appearance or value of the other's horse. They departed to bring the horse together, and Lincoln pictures himself as carrying in a practically worthless clothes-horse, which would, however, have served for kindling wood, receiving in return a specimen of horseflesh so aged, decrepit and pitiable withal that he felt constrained to have it shot and hauled away.

He was passionate in his denunciation of the slave-traffic, maintaining that although inferior in color, the blacks had an equal right with the whites to put the bread they earned into their own mouths. In that day he was scorned for this sentiment, but today the light which shone upon his conscience and urged him to these sentiments is apparent and appreciated by all. In him was exemplified the saying that

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

He lived the life of a simple, unostentatious citizen, free from petty roguery, intrigue, and all the trifles which beset the lives of public men, and while he was always pleasant and affable, and obliging and accommodating in his readiness to yield to others, he was invincible in his principles.

"So near is Nature to our dust,
So close is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

How many of our youths go forth and battle with the world with strength of purpose and endurance? Many a mother pats her boy fondly on the shoulder, gazes lovingly at him, gives him words of wisdom to guide him, and proudly watches him go out upon the battlefield of Life, to see him fall weakly to his knee at the first encounter, never to rise again to his full height of manhood and moral strength. Today young men invite temptation, court danger, and fall by scores into the devious pathways which stretch along the straight and narrow way like a vast network, turning off at all points along the road, and leading into mazes of sin and unhappiness, disaster and ruin so intricate and tangled that few return to the sunlight and beauty of a pure life. The first hard battle proves to many a young man of high hopes whether he be sound and brave or weak and cowardly. Some men retain their fineness of moral texture, their sweetness and refinement of character, their purity of soul and height of aim through any temptation; others fall almost eagerly into the clutches of the sirens who throng the voyage, singing alluring songs and covering vile, wretched, deformed souls behind fair, passionate faces.

Though surrounded through his whole life with powerful temptations, Lincoln grew ever stronger and more able to combat, and his mother's words, spoken in childhood, rang through his ears with ever increasing meaning.

"Discontent," he maintained, "is at the bottom of all progress." So it is; by it a man is goaded to great deeds, and often one who would

dream away his life behind the plow is stirred into action, and by his mighty efforts changes the destiny of nations.

When Lincoln was elected President the newspapers of the whole country pictured him in their cartoons as an ape, a gorilla, or other uncouth monster of the jungle, but he never faltered in his duty. When he came to Washington the statesmen trembled for the welfare of the ship of state, "for," they said, "he is an ignorant backwoodsman." But he took the helm with a hand that permitted no deviation from the true course, and through the very blackest of the clouds which enshrouded her in their misty embraces, and threatened to destroy her, he piloted her to safety. In that hour men began to see that there was a higher grace than the schools could teach; that behind the homely face of Lincoln there glowed a brain as steady as the Polar Star; that beneath the homespun shirt which covered his bosom there beat a heart bursting with compassion for his fellow-men, and in that hour of relief the sighs of a nation rose like incense to his nostrils. He had never faltered.

He was stricken down in the flower of his manhood by the hand of a cowardly assassin, but the act of the misguided man was reproached by the whole nation and he was hounded to his grave. The whole people bent as mourners above his bier, and had his friends, as some one has said of another, placed a flower upon his grave for every deed of kindness he had performed, he would have slept beneath a wilderness of flowers.

May he sleep undisturbed until the day of judgment, when he will be called to his long reward, for he will be enshrined in the hearts of not only his own countrymen, but of the whole world, forevermore.

"MY CANARY BIRD."

Rosemary.

Twice a year my business calls me to a little country village about ten miles from town. I seldom stay there for more than an hour or so, being able to complete my work and catch the 2 p. m. train back. This time it took me a little longer, and I missed my train. As the next one did not leave until six o'clock, I had several hours to spare. What should I do to pass away the time?

It was a beautiful day, so I decided to take a long walk through the green fields and enjoy myself leisurely. A cool breeze played among the leaves of the beautiful trees which overhung the narrow sidewalks, and there was a fresh sweet perfume in the air from the summer flowers.

Everything seemed so beautiful as I walked slowly along. Such a feeling of peace and contentment came over me. Why is it, I wonder, that in this great world, folks are too busy to even notice, let alone enjoy, the glories of God in nature?

A little stream ran along by the walk. I watched it. Gayly it played along its course, now and then jumping over some slippery pebble, and with a soft pretty gurgle, on again—where? I wondered while my eyes followed it as far as I could see.

Lost in thought I wandered on. I walked perhaps two miles in the summer stillness. But presently I heard sounds of childish laughter which seemed to come from above me.

On the other side of the fence and a few yards distant, stood a large cherry tree so loaded with fruit that it made a most beautiful

mixture of red and green. But there was another color, too—a round curly head, so yellow that it seemed to sparkle even in the shadow of the tree. I stopped to listen for there were two children and the sound of their happy voices gave music to my thoughts. The yellow head belonged to a little girl of about six years. The other child was a boy, perhaps a year or so older. He had a mass of light brown hair which fell in pretty waves over his forehead. His little suit was brown and he had on a red waist that reminded me of a robin red-breast. Indeed these two children made me think of birds nesting in the cherry tree.

"Now Robin"—yes, she called him Robin—"you mustn't touch the cherries with your hands. You must get them this way." And she bent her pretty head forward and took a cherry in her mouth.

I don't know why, but I stood there listening to them and thinking of nothing else save the picture before me.

"You know your mamma told you not to eat too many cherries. If we eat 'em like the birds do we can't eat so many as when we take our hands to pick 'em."

"The birds don't take the whole cherry, Marjie. They just bite a little teeny piece and leave the rest for somebody else. Marjie, would a hundred be too many?"

"Uv course they would. That 'ud make you sicker 'an you was the other time when you et the green apples. We've 'bout had 'nough now, I think.

"O Robin, don't forget to take

some to Nannie! On'y don't put 'em in your pocket an' sit on 'em again."

There was a merry little laugh over this remembrance.

"No, I'll put 'em in my waist pocket this time."

"Then you'll nash 'em when you siide down the tree."

"Bet I won't. I kin slide down 'thout hardly touchin' the tree."

"Well, let's pick Nannie's now."

"Can I use my hands to pick Nannie's, Marjie?"

"Course you can, you silly boy. We ain't birds any more."

This is some of their conversation, but there were many pauses during which plump cherries found their way into two red mouths and little stones came tumbling to the green grass beneath.

I started to go for, much as I was enjoying myself, the time was passing and I had a long walk before me. But I went only a few steps when I saw a man standing by the gate. I had not noticed him before so I do not know how long he had been there. I was going to speak to him when the cherry lips, in more ways than one, began to sing.

Through two verses she went before she stopped and the clatter in the tree began again. I walked up to the man.

"Are those your children?" I asked.

"The girl is mine."

"She has a sweet voice," I said, "and what yellow hair. I've never seen any like it before."

The man smiled. "Yes, that's my Canary Bird. When she was a baby her hair was very light, but it kept gettin' yellower and yellower all the time, and the first time she ever made a little sound that wasn't cryin', it was jest like a bird. So I've

called her my Canary Bird ever since."

"And the boy. Surely Robin isn't his real name?"

"Oh, no, my Canary Bird called him Robin first. He is our neighbor's little boy and the children have been fast friends nearly all their lives. His mother says that he wants to wear a red waist all the time. He says, 'If I'm Canary Bird's Robin I must have a red breast.' They've about lived in that tree for three weeks, and do every summer while the cherries last."

I looked at my watch and for the second time started to go. Just then the two birds slid down the tree and I heard a happy little voice call out, "Good night, Robin. Come over tomorrow."

And Robin Red-breast had hopped through a hole in the fence.

* * * * *

All this happened fifteen years ago, and I have not thought of it many times since. Why, then, am I telling it now?

Today I found myself walking through the fields of that same little village, thinking of many things but not once remembering my walk of fifteen years ago, until, all at once, it came to me like a flash—for there stood the large cherry tree loaded with gloriously red cherries, and the man at the gate,—but where were the birds?

I hesitated—half fearing to ask about them—for who can tell what the years bring forth—and yet I wanted to know if they had grown up beautiful,—yes, and good.

I walked over to where he stood. "Does the boy called Robin still live next door?" I asked.

"No," he answered.

"Well—the little girl—your little girl—is she well?"

"Yes."

He seemed to be thinking. But

I wasn't satisfied with the information he had given me, so I tried again.

"Does your little girl still sing?"

"Yes, and more beautiful than ever. It was all right when I said she was a canary bird." His face was radiant when he spoke of her.

"And does Robin still wear his red waist?"

At this he laughed. "No," he said, "but he still calls himself Canary Bird's Robin."

It was my turn to smile now, for I was beginning to see into things.

There was a little pause, in which my friend gave a deep sigh that I hardly understood. Then he took me by the arm, turned me around and pointed to a pretty new house about half a block away.

"That's Robin's cage," he said in a voice half sad and half happy, "and my Canary Bird sings there all the day."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY AT HOME.

CATERING.

Alice Merrill Horne.

You need money and you don't want to leave home to earn it; have you ever thought of catering? To young girls such a profession offers many advantages over other means of making a living.

It is not necessary to devote every day to catering and it would be possible to spend some time in study or rest. Again the privacy of the home circle would not be interfered with, as in keeping boarders. And for the time spent, more money is to be made than is commonly earned by young girls in other lines of work. But never undertake the business of catering, if you have no especial pride in good cooking. It is something which requires as much earnest devotion and concentration of thought as school teaching or stenography.

Yesterday Sue salted the potatoes, but today she served them saltless—though she has numerous excuses for her carelessness, she won't do.

Caroline's cooking is sometimes good and sometimes bad, so that

you can never feel sure of her. With fresh yeast and thorough kneading she makes the best of bread, but occasionally she ignores her own knowledge of the laws of cooking, lets her yeast run out and makes the bread hurriedly, hoping all will be right in the end. But alas, for the bread and the cook! Sour yeast can only make sour bread, and hasty kneading will not produce a fine grain. This lack of method would prove disastrous to Caroline's cookery.

Fannie will not "think" enough. She is wonderfully careful in preparing her sweets for the oven, but about half of them are spoiled in baking. If Fannie would make a study of her stove and fire she could be a successful cook. But you should see her pile coal in a fire-box already closed up with ashes and coal, smouldering and choking for lack of oxygen, and if by chance the ashes are pushed aside and a draft be made the fire will burn up and her pies and cakes will share the same fate, while poor Fanny

will never know, nor even guess, how it happened.

On the other hand there is Olive, who goes at cooking as if it were a science, as it is. She is interested in her work and takes great pride in serving up nice meals. Her "menus" are tempting and "good digestion seems to wait" on her simple, but delightful luncheons and teas.

A hostess today offers a dainty refreshment, rather than the old time "good square meal," and the two fundamentals of good catering seem to be perfect cooking and dainty serving.

The difficulties of filling the roles of hostess and cook in one evening are many, and if competent girls were available to undertake the cooking and serving they would not need to look long for employment. There are many of our girls who could make such work not only say well, but furnish pleasurable occupation. One success would bring other customers. One will ask you to make the salad and furnish the cakes for a large party. A second desires as dainty a luncheon for twelve people as you can serve for 50 cents a plate. A third orders a dinner cooked and served for six people, and so on.

Cake making would pay well. One might contract to furnish say one cake each Saturday to twenty people; perhaps chocolate cakes one week, delicate cake and gold-cake the next, sponge cakes following, and so on. By good management twenty cakes could be made in ten hours and should bring at least five dollars clear of expenses.

There are so few people who make good doughnuts, but a successful maker of the good old-fashioned kind would be handsomely patronized and well paid if she would inaugurate a Doughnut day.

Pastry, such as shells for pat-

ties and tarts, is in demand and would bring a good price to an adept in that line.

In winter, good mince-meat, either made up into pies or in jars ready for use would be profitable.

In summer, jellies, preserves and fresh fruit could be put up for numerous families who go to the mountains and miss the fruit season.

Good-paying and popular as well would be the business of putting up lunches for the lake and other picnic parties.

Christmas cakes and plum puddings, rolls, marmalade, lemonade and juices for drinks and various dainty delicacies might be furnished by those who are specially gifted in one or more lines of cooking. But dear girls, in all work that you may attempt in the line of catering keep the following general ideas in mind:

Keep yourself neat and tidy. Good calico and gingham are suitable for kitchen work. Keep your workshop, the kitchen, orderly and clean. Wash your dishes as you use them, never let cooking utensils collect for washing. Remove ashes and soot often from your stove. Arrange your cooking materials and utensils as near as possible to your work table. Learn to save your time and energy in all work that you do. To do this you must be methodical in your work. Never resort to guessing at a recipe. Hold your attention on your cooking. Linen to serve with, should be spotless white and silver and glass bright. Do not hurry nor yet be slow. Serve everything daintily, quietly and in order. You can not afford to use anything but the best materials to cook with.

Suppose Mrs. S. has engaged you to serve light refreshments for 24 persons. You are going to serve

an ice, coffee, (of course you wouldn't offer coffee yourself, but Mrs. S. wants it and you must know how to furnish it), chocolate, and delicate and gold cakes.

On your work table should be 24 each of napkins, plates, tea and coffee spoons, and cups; three dishes of sugar; a pitcher for pouring coffee and one for chocolate, also a coffee pot, and small granite iron kettle in which is a cake of chocolate; a few glasses and a pitcher for water.

In a cool place you have (1) a delicate cake, (2) a gold cake, (3) 1 gallon of ice cream, (4) one cup of thick cream in a bowl ready to be whipped for chocolate, (5) a farina kettle in which are 9 cups of water and 9 of milk for chocolate, (6) a pitcher of cream for coffee, (7) a can tightly covered in which is 18 dessert spoons of coffee.

Half an hour before serving put on fresh water in a clean kettle to heat for coffee and put your farina kettle on to heat your milk and water.

Pour over the cake of chocolate a cup of water and stir until it is all melted and comes to a good boil, then add to the milk and water, put in a pinch of salt and sweeten to taste.

Warm the coffee pot, pour in the coffee and enough boiling water to make eighteen cups, set it where it will keep hot but not boil.

At the moment of serving, dish the ice cream on the plate with a dainty piece of delicate and gold cake, also a tea spoon and coffee spoon.

Into coffee cups pour first cream and then coffee.

Pour the chocolate then add whipped cream.

Send to the dining room, first the napkins, then plates served as directed, after which coffee and choc-

olate, sugar and pitcher of water and glasses.

While on this subject it may be opportune to mention briefly some of the advantages gained by study of fire building and fire mending as so few people seem to have made a study of these things. There is nothing, perhaps, that makes or mars the cooking so completely as the fire. Underdone or overdone are terrible words in the cook's ears. White pie crust or burnt pastry breed indigestion and steal the appetite. So let us talk about the fire.

First let us clean the stove. It is good economy, a dirty stove eats up so much fuel, and tries the cook's temper and spoils our good-ies.

Empty the ashes so our fire can have oxygen to breathe. To start the fire throw in a little paper, loosely crushed and wrinkled with our hands, over this lay the kindling, not piled closely together, but with the sticks at various angles so that a draft can be made. After lighting and when the kindling has caught fire, sprinkle a shovel of coal over and when the coal ignites add enough coal to make your stove hot.

If you intend baking, spread out your red hot coals over the entire fire box. This thin layer of coal affords the best circulation of air making the hottest fire and giving a steady heat. Of course this kind of fire will soon drop out and requires an occasional sprinkling of coal to keep it steady. Have you noticed how the fireman of a locomotive keeps his fire? He keeps a thin hot bed of coals, never a pile of coal to smoulder. A cook should know as much about firing her stove. You must learn how to keep a fire that will produce an even temperature for hours at a time.

Fire for Roasting Meats.—The

fire should give an intense heat when the roast is put in the oven; this closes the pores of the meat and preserves the juices. A continuation of this great heat would burn the viands, so the fire must be left to moderate to the "sissing" point; after which the temperature should not vary. Never open the door after the meat is put in except twice, once to salt, and once to remove from the oven. Salt quickly so that the change of temperature will not cause the meat to be robbed of its rich juices. The old way of basting meats with grease or gravy is neither necessary nor wholesome.

For delicate cakes the fire should burn clear and bright across the entire fire box, so that uniform heat

will radiate in all parts of the oven. A slight difference in temperature will cause the cakes to fall.

For pastry. A sudden change from cold to hot is necessary to produce a light and flaky crust. Take your pies from the ice and slip them into as hot an oven as they will stand without burning. Never open the oven on cakes or pastry until they are ready to come out, the change of temperature induced by opening the door is ruination to good pie crust as well as to delicate cakes. To be able to do your baking and roasting without looking into the oven will necessitate close and accurate study of your stove and fuel, but this knowledge you must have before you solve the problems of successful catering.

ONE LIFE.

Annie Pike.

Only one little life that is no more :
 A sigh, a tear, a closing of the door ;
 A voice forgotten and a vanished smile—
 (The lips that live must laugh a little while),
 'Tis but a leaf sunk in the infinite sea ;
 The sea rolls on, rolls on eternally.

Only one little life, but, ah, to me
 What hope of years, what faith, what ecstasy,
 What strength to meet the struggle and the strife
 Lost in the black eclipse of that one life !—
 'Tis but a leaf sunk in the infinite sea ;
 The sea rolls on, rolls on eternally.

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN ILLNESS.

VII.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

Burns are wounds made by dry heat; **scalds** are those made by moist heat, such as steam; and **eschars** are burns made by strong acids or alkalis, such as strong carbolic acid or lye.

Burns are divided into three classes according to the depth. A burn of the first degree is one in which the surface of the skin only is burned, causing a painful redness. In a burn of the second degree, the two layers of skin are involved, with the formation of blisters. A burn of the third degree is one in which the flesh, as well as the skin, is burned.

Scalds are serious according to the extent of the body affected, it being usually fatal if more than two-thirds of the body are involved.

Treatment.

The first and most important thing to remember is to exclude the air from the burn, for that will usually lessen the pain.

If the burn is very serious the patient may suffer from "shock," so-called, and may lie in an apparently senseless, exhausted condition. It is necessary to rouse the patient, if possible, as death may take place while in this condition. Place the patient with his head low. If a stimulant can be taken, administer it as follows: one teaspoonful brandy in half a wineglassful of hot water every ten or fifteen minutes. Strong tea or coffee may also be given. Heat may be applied over the heart and the pit of the stomach. Brandy soaked cloths placed near the nose to be inhaled—everything to insure the continued heart action.

If you have help you may direct the further treatment while you are caring for the "shock."

In a burn of the first degree, thickly cover the affected part with common baking soda; cover this with moist gauze or linen; wrap cotton around this and hold in place with a bandage. Do not apply the powder if the skin

is broken, as it will form into cakes which are hard to remove.

In burns of the second degree, or in burns where blisters have been formed, prick the blisters at the base with a new pin, sharp knife or scissors, and take up the moisture with absorbent cotton or wads of clean linen. It is necessary to keep the skin so soft and moist that it will not pull off until the new skin has formed underneath; for this use an abundance of sweet olive oil or carbolyzed vaseline. Saturate absorbent cotton or clean gauze with the oil or vaseline; cover with cotton and hold in place with a bandage. Change often enough to prevent any unusual odor.

If the skin becomes accidentally removed and a yellowish liquid issues from the burn, it should be dressed once or twice daily, as follows: prepare a solution of boric acid (one teaspoonful to one cup of hot water) and another of hydrogen peroxide (half peroxide and half water), and with a piece of absorbent cotton sponge the part first with the boric acid and then with the peroxide. Then dust freely with the boracetanile powder, cover with absorbent cotton and bandage firmly enough to keep the dressing in place. If it sticks to the sore, moisten well with the boric acid solution before trying to remove. This dressing heals and cleanses the wound better than any oil or ointment can do. Of course it is unnecessary where the skin is not broken.

In all cases of burns of the third degree, or burns that cover a large surface of the body, it is imperative to secure the aid of a physician if possible. If that is impossible the following hints may prove helpful.

Cut away the clothing; if it is stuck to the skin, do not try to remove it. Cut it as near as possible to the burn and it may be removed during the process of dressing. In some parts of the country they give frequent warm water baths in which boric acid has

been dissolved. These are cleansing, and excellent for their stimulating effects and for allaying the pain. Keep the affected parts moist with an abundance of linseed oil and lime water, equal parts, or carbolicized vaseline; or if pus is given off, with the boracetanile treatment as described above. Plenty of cotton must be placed around the bandage to exclude all the air possible, and the dressing held in place by a bandage.

When part of the flesh has been removed, the healing occurs by means of granulation, as described in the lesson on Wounds. In some cases, an excess of granules may be formed thus causing the wound to become so rounded that the skin cannot properly form over them. In time a sore results in such a manner that healing is almost impossible. This excessive formation of granules is called "proud flesh." Call a physician at once for such a sore neglected may in time become the seat of a tumor.

The diet during recovery from a burn must be easily digested and mostly in a liquid form. An abundance of gruels, broths, soft cooked eggs, and milk may be given. All tendency toward constipation must be avoided.

In the treatment of eschars or burns from strong chemical caustics, the first thing to do is to lessen the strength of the caustic. If the burn

is from a strong acid, wash with a solution of soda and water, or apply dry powdered magnesia or chalk. Leave it on for a few moments, rinse with boiled cooled water and treat as an ordinary burn. If the burn results from lye or any strong alkali, rinse well with lemon juice or vinegar diluted with water and then treat as other burns.

If as the burn heals it is seen that the natural shrinking is going to deform the part, it may be necessary to apply splints or to keep the part in the natural position, although it may not be the easiest one.

In accidents from fire, the one point of paramount importance is to keep the mouth shut; the greatest danger comes from inhaling the flames. If you are the victim roll over and over on the floor, trying to keep the mouth resolutely shut, and the nose and face as far away from the flame as possible. If a friend is in danger, wrap him in a blanket, rug, or any heavy woollen thing to smother the flame. Begin at the head and keep the flame as much as possible from the face. Warn him constantly to keep the mouth closed tightly.

If the air passages have been scalded or burned, some relief may be obtained by breathing the steam from lime water, if it is not too hot.

THE COOKS CORNER.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

Norwegian Recipes.

The recipes in the following article were prepared by Mrs. Anna C. Widtsoe.

Fish Pudding and Fish Cakes.

- 1 quart scraped fish.
- 1 quart milk (boiled and cold):
- 3 tablespoons butter.
- 3 egg whites or 3 tablespoons corn starch.
- 1½ tablespoonful salt (or according to taste.
- ½ of a nutmeg grated.

The despised sucker is of all Utah fish the one best used for this dish. Bass may be used but while it is many times more expensive than the sucker, its flavor is not any better.

The fish is freed from all skin and the larger bones, and is then mixed with the salt and ground two or three times in a meat mill. It is very important that the salt be added at the beginning of the grinding, for if this is omitted the mass will not adhere and is therefore a failure.

The fish and the butter are now placed in a bread pan, and the milk worked in with a potato masher. Four tablespoonfuls of milk are added at a time, and are well worked in each time. Last of all the egg whites or starch and the nutmeg are added, and well worked in.

From the beginning until it is ready to be placed in the mould the fish must be stirred continually—otherwise a failure results.

A mould, smaller at the bottom

than at the rim (a lard bucket will do) is covered well with cold butter and strewn with bread crumbs. Into this prepared mould the fish is ladled, and the mould and contents placed in boiling water, and cooked for two hours.

From this fish dough fish cakes may be made. These are made round with a spoon, and are fried in butter until brown, over a slow fire. Dripping should not be used, for the cakes then lose their delicate taste.

As a sauce for the pudding and cakes, melted butter is used. Or a gravy of milk, butter and flour may be used, but it must be good, for this is a fine dish, the "royal" taste of which is easily lost by the use of anything inharmonious. For eight persons.

Meat Pudding and Meat Cakes.

- 1½ quarts chopped meat.
- 1 cup suet.
- 1 cup bread crumbs.
- 1 quart milk.
- 1 tablespoon salt.
- 1 teaspoonful ground ginger.
- A little nutmeg.

The meat must be entirely freed from skin, gristle, bits of bone and everything except the lean meat. If a meat mill is used it should be passed through three or four times. If no mill is used it should be chopped by hand until it is very fine. The ordinary so-called "Hamburg Steak" provided by the butcher will not do at all for this dish; it is much too coarse. The fat is chopped fine and then they are thoroughly mixed together, then the salt, spices and bread crumbs are added, after which the milk is worked in, with a wooden potato masher a little at a time, as in the case of fish pudding. (If necessary the meat may be left standing without stirring for some time without injury). The bottom and sides of the vessel to be used for the pudding are now covered with the meat paste. Macaroni (1 cup) which has been cooked in water with a little salt and one spoonful of butter and later partly or wholly cooled, is brought into the space made in the meat. It is then covered with meat (a little meat must be reserved for this purpose), and the vessel placed in a suitable oven and baked for one hour. It should not be very brown.

Gravy. The liquid which remains in

the pudding mould mixed with flour and butter and water.

This is also a very fine dish, which is used in dinners as the first meat course, followed by roast.

It is also used sliced cold at "cold lunches," and makes excellent sandwiches.

From this dough small cakes may also be made. They are made round with a spoon, and are fried in a pan over a brisk fire, but care must be exercised that they are not burned.

To be at their best they must be fried in butter. For eight or ten persons.

Cream Sauce For Fish.

One tablespoonful corn starch is rubbed in a spoonful of butter. This is thinned with milk until it is of correct consistency. One cup of sour cream is beaten with one teaspoonful sugar, and stirred in. The mixture is boiled, and one tablespoonful vinegar and one-half nutmeg added.

This sauce is suitable for nearly all kinds of fish. It is excellent for boiled or fried salmon.

Norwegian Omelet.

Melt a heaping tablespoonful of butter, stir in four tablespoonfuls flour, thin with a quart of milk, add a trifle of vanilla, and bring to boiling. When lukewarm stir in quickly four beaten egg yolks, last four stiff beaten whites are slowly stirred in. Bake in the oven one-third of an hour at a moderate heat.

It is eaten warm with cold fruit sauce. For six persons.

Aubin.

- 4 cups cold meat chopped fine.
- 4 eggs well beaten.
- 1 scant cup bread crumbs.
- 1 cup milk.
- ½ teaspoonful pepper.
- ½ teaspoonful nutmeg.
- 2 teaspoonfuls salt.

Work all this well together with a spoon or a potato masher. Make of this dough round or long rolls or cakes, fry them in dripping or butter over a brisk fire. This is a very good dish, which may be offered anyone. For six to eight persons.

Princess Pudding.

Two tablespoonfuls of butter are melted in a saucepan; and into it are

stirred four full tablespoonfuls of flour (or as much as can be brought in). Thin with two full cups milk, and one cup thick, sour cream and add one-third cup sugar. Bring to boiling. Let it get lukewarm again, and stir in five beaten egg yolks; the five whites are beaten stiff and stirred in just as the pudding is to be placed in the mould. Add one-fourth teaspoonful cardamom* and one-half teaspoonful minced citron peel.

A lard bucket is well buttered and the mass poured into it. It is now placed in a kettle of boiling water and cooked continuously for two hours. Invert over a suitable dish. It is eaten warm with cold fruit sauce. This is a delicious dessert. For six or eight persons.

Sweet Rubin.

- 1 quart water.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ quart strong fruit juice.
- 1 cup tapioca or sago.
- 1 scant cup sugar.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cardamom.

Boil the water, juice, tapioca or sago and sugar until the tapioca or sago is cooked. Stir in the cardamom. Pour into a suitable vessel and allow to cool.

It is eaten with whipped cream. For six or eight persons.

Cream Mush.

- 1 pint thick sour cream.
- 1 cup flour.
- 1 quart milk.

The cream is boiled slowly eight or ten minutes with constant stirring; flour is then strewed in, and boiled with constant stirring until the fat is separated. (No burned crust must be formed in the kettle, since it prevents the fat from coming out.) The mush is next thinned, a little at a time, with milk, which must be boiling hot.

This mush is used chiefly for supper.

It is beaten with sugar and cinnamon. For four persons.

* Cardamom is a spice used largely in the old countries as a flavoring. It is used in this country chiefly to perfume the breath of habitual smokers. It can be obtained in the drug store. The little black seeds are taken from the husks and then pounded in a cloth until powdered. Its flavor is delicious and needs to be used once only to be continued.

Fruit Sauce For Desserts.

- 2 cups fruit juice.
- 2 cups water.
- Sugar according to taste (1 cup).
- 1 heaping teaspoonful corn starch.
- Let boil; then cool.

Raspberry and currant juice or raspberry and cherry juice are best.

Less delicate juices cannot be used for fine puddings or *oreletes*; for they do not harmonize with the fine taste of such dishes.

Trondhjem's Wreaths.

- 3 hard boiled egg yolks.
- 4 raw egg yolks.
- $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of butter.
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts flour.
- 4 spoonfuls of cream.

Knead to a dough, from which is rolled long cylinders about the thickness of the little finger. Pieces about five inches long are cut from them and formed into a wreath with the ends crossing.

These wreaths may be kept a long time.

From this portion about fifty wreaths may be made.



A clean, comfortable dwelling, with wholesome meals, is no small aid to intellectual progress.—Channing.



Let us study the uses of solitude and of society. Let us use both, not serve either.—Emerson.



The conscience of clean linen is in and of itself a source of moral strength second only to that of a clean conscience. A well ironed collar, or a fresh glove, has carried many a man through the emergency in which a wrinkle or a rip would have defeated him.—E. S. Phelps.



"They are never alone," said Sir Philip Sidney, "that are accompanied by noble thoughts. The good and true thought may, in time of temptation, be as an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul. It also enshrines the germs of action; for good words almost invariably inspire to good works."

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She was a princess, "king descended, daughter of a royal line," and she held the honor and happiness of many in her hand. ~~One little hand so slender and white, used to plucking only flowers by the wayside!~~ She had always had her freedom and she wandered at will, loving all because they almost worshiped her and ever sought her happiness. ~~In pleasant bowers~~ she dreamed of the great crowning love that would come into her life,—of her soul's own mate, with whom existence would be a constant joy. And her girlish fancy painted again and again glorious pictures of the bright hued future.

One day as she stood where the brook and river meet, a sudden awakening came. Her land was threatened with devastation, her people with ruthless slaughter. Her country, a small one, and weak in comparison, was to be seized by a monarch who claimed that "might was right." One way of escape was pointed out. The king of a neighboring realm, seeing opportunity for extending his power or that of his successor, offered protection and succor, if she, the princess,—heirress to the throne, would wed his son, the prince, they one day to rule the united kingdom. She refused, and was rejoiced to hear that the prince did also.

The days sped rapidly and lamentation arose in the land. She shut

her ears and resolutely turned to her happy fields.

Her father was in despair. He loved his child, but he loved his people also. He sought the advice and counsel of an old priest to whom had been entrusted her early training. The old man said, "place all in my care, and she will yield." This was done and she was sent to a pleasant country villa.

The father confessor had, it seems, been tutor also to the prince, in reality a fine youth, who now wrote to the instructor of the ~~dilemma~~ and expressed a wish to see the maiden without her knowing of his identity. Immediately the old man wrote for him to come to —, the place where she was staying, introducing himself as Count —, a friend of the prince.

The young people met and loved.

Mingled with ~~his~~ joy was the fear that she might hate ~~him~~ when she learned of his deception. The old priest's warning kept him silent.

At first ~~her~~ love knew only the realization of her brightest dreams, but day by day the mourning in the land increased. There was the sound of clinking steel, mingled with martial music, and the wailing of women and children,—then came news of the first slaughter and the fearful haunting knowledge of what the widows suffered. The love in her own heart taught ~~their~~ pain and her waking hours were filled with torture. She saw the thousands of

homes her persistent refusal would make desolate, and she knew the price of their ransom was her happiness. Sleep fled, and she walked the earth, a human being racked by the endless fire of conscience, and vainly did she strive to quench its flames; it smouldered, now in silence, again bursting forth in maddening fury, leaping higher and higher toward the calm blue dome of heaven.

At last she sent her lover forth and falling in her father's arms she cried,

"I see it all and I will save them. Do with me as thou seest best."

And the prince relented, too, and agreed to do his parent's bidding.

The time of the marriage was hastened. The fateful day arrived. With throbbing pulses the prince stood in a holy place prepared to receive his bride. Hundreds of eyes were upon him, and few could know the anxiety within his breast. Would her love cling to him, or would it renounce his own? Had he caused her unnecessary suffering?

The music announced her coming and the many eyes noted her pale face and drooping lashes. Her father held her hand, guiding the faltering steps along the way she could not see. Her senses were numb with pain, but a mighty sympathy for her people bore her up. She could not see the Prince for the blinding tears. He pressed a kiss upon her quivering lips—a sudden joy enrapt her, light leaped to her eyes, and her sorrow fell from her like a worn-out mantle. Deep, unutterable joy thrilled through her being, and the curtain fell upon the final scene of the play.

"Only a play," you say! Yes, but one true to life. For does not the

great Heavenly Father watch over the destinies of His children? Does He not hold all in the hollow of His hand? And if the human advisor and counsellor with his limited knowledge, could so plan life for one of his fellow-beings, how much more can the great and all-wise Being whom we worship rule and over-rule all for good. "He knoweth the end from the beginning."

Yet we little earth creatures, afraid to trust to His care, bruise our lives on the rocks in the way. Then at last, when we conform to His plan, we find a happiness far greater than the old, and looking back can say, "Father, I thank Thee." And the Great Heart rejoices and we go on, step by step, into the clearer, better light, away from the darkness and din of doubt and fear.

Oh, sweet Faith! illumine our pathway, shine into the dark recesses of our lives, dispel their gloom and make us pure and true,—fit receptacles for the Holy Spirit which we hope to have constantly with us.

\$25.00 PRIZE.

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Address, "Young Woman's Journal, No. 536 Constitution Building, Salt Lake City, Utah."

EIGHTH GENERAL CONFERENCE M. I. A.

Saturday, May 30th, 10 a. m.

Conjoint Officers' Meeting.

The Eighth General Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints convened in Barratt Hall, Salt Lake City, May 30th, 1903, at 10 a. m. The session was a conjoint one, and Elder A. Owen Woodruff presided, Counsellor Maria Y. Dougall conducting a portion of the exercises.

After singing "We Thank Thee, Oh, God, For a Prophet," prayer was offered by Sister Alice K. Smith. Singing "Oh, Ye Mountains High."

In the absence of President Elmina S. Taylor, Counsellor Dougall gave a few words of greeting to the officers.

President Joseph F. Smith apologized for coming in late, saying he was not master of his own time, being in his position a servant of the people. He extended a most cordial welcome to the officers. "Our mission is to save, to redeem, to awaken all that is noble in men and women, to enlarge their understanding and instill an earnest and lively desire for their own welfare, happiness and advancement; so that the whole people may be made better. It is an important work, and one worthy of the energy and devotion of all who are assisting in the cause of mutual redemption and mutual improvement.

"We are organized bodies. One of the principles that ought to claim our careful attention is the principle of government—the rules by which order is maintained and good will and love one toward another preserved. There is no necessity for difference of opinion among us on any of the elements which breed dis-union in the world." Referred to the remark of one of our enemies that our church organization is the most perfect in existence unless it be the German army. "There is one great difference between the German army and the church;—the one is held by force of arms and rigid rules,—the Church is moved entirely by that higher law, love. We should always be actuated by love and forgiveness; rather suffer wrong than do wrong. We have no strife among us

if we are governed by the rules of the Gospel. It is the spirit of God which leads us to perform our duties and to carry out the will of God in this life. Many men have as great a knowledge of the gospel as I have, but they have not the spirit of it, therefore they are found arrayed against it."

Speaking of government, President Smith said "the priesthood after the order of the Son of God is the ruling, presiding authority in the Church." Spoke of the different quorums and councils of the church and the organizations auxiliary thereto, each with special duties and callings, not clashing with each other, but all harmonious and united. "These organizations always exist with the view of accomplishing some good. They proceed as independent organizations, always mindful of the fact that they are such by virtue of the authority of the holy priesthood which God has instituted.

"Where the Y. M. and Y. L. meet conjointly the Y. M. officer presides and should direct the meeting, even though he does it through the Y. L. officer, but he should not forget that she is entitled to perfect consideration. There is a head whence the authority springs; it must be so. There never will be under God's direction two equal heads at the same time. All should work in harmony; discord can not be permitted in the organizations of the church. God has provided courts that all difficulties may be adjusted without ill feelings."

In answer to a question of Counsellor Dougall, as to whether or not the young men and young ladies should alternate in conducting the meeting, President Smith answered, "Yes, this is right and proper. If I were presiding, I should certainly give the sisters an equal chance with the brethren."

In conclusion, President Smith said, "Don't go and tell the fault of your presiding officer to others, that will not correct it. It will breed destruction to yourself first and then to as many more as will listen to you. If I have done wrong, come right to me. We can settle it. We will then be at

peace, and union and harmony will still exist."

Solo, "Wait" Miss Ethel Best

Sister Aggie Campbell gave a spirited address in favor of conjoint opening and closing devotional exercises. Advised all officers to be ten or fifteen minutes early for meeting, to meet the members, shake hands with and welcome them. "Let the opening song always be by the congregation and be a lively one; don't sing funeral hymns for such occasions. Sometimes it would be well to have a trio, quartette or duet for the second number. Fill the assembly with a good spirit; you can do this with a good hymn. Then pray as you sing, considering the fitness of your words to the occasion, and not forgetting to ask a blessing upon those who are to take part."

Elder Douglas M. Todd followed upon the subject of preliminary programs. Stated that the two General Boards had agreed upon having a conjoint program where the two associations meet on the same evening, but that it was left to the local officers to decide whether it should be before or after the class exercises. Urged a thoughtful consideration of each other in all conjoint work, saying "it is far better to be united upon a poor plan than to be divided upon a good one."

Secretary Ann M. Cannon announced the decision of the General Boards to hold annual stake conventions of both the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. in the same settlement and at the same time. Read the dates appointed by the General Boards for said conventions. No objections being made, the appointments were approved as follows:

M. I. A. Conventions, 1903.

August 31st—Panguitch.

September 6th.—East and West Alberta (together), Alpine, Beaver, Benson, Bingham, Box Elder, Casasia, Emery, Granite, Juab, Malad, San Luis.

September 7th.—Kanab.

September 13th.—Teton, Union, Bannock, Big Horn, Tooele, Jordan, Nebo, Weber, Oneida, Pocatello, Parowan.

September 14th.—St. George.

September 20th.—Fremont, Morgan, Salt Lake, Star Valley, Hyrum, Uintah, Utah, Wasatch, San Juan,

North and South Davis (together), North and South San Pete (together).

September 27th.—Bear Lake, Cache, Woodruff, Summit, Wayne, Millard, Sevier.

The date for Arizona Stakes and Juarez to be arranged later.

Elder Frank Y. Taylor spoke upon conjoint officers' meetings, saying there should be at least one each month both of stake and ward officers. In the stake meetings, part of their business is to plan for the Quarterly Conjoint Meeting of the M. I. A., which is held on the Sunday evening of Stake Conference. Advised a special effort to make these meetings interesting and successful. Suggested also that in planning the visits to Ward associations it would often be of mutual benefit for the Stake officers to arrange to travel together. Preliminary programs and all conjoint matters should receive careful consideration at these meetings.

Elder Nephi L. Morris addressed the assembly on the subject of amusements. Urged the officers to take an interest in the amusement of the young people and to welcome the new comers into the wards. Suggested the appointment of an amusement committee, composed of members from the various associations of the ward. "The successful soul-saver is one who enters into the social life of those in his care."

Elder B. H. Roberts spoke of the courtesy and consideration of the Presidency of the Church in giving the Sunday evening session of the Quarterly Stake Conference to the M. I. A. Urged the Stake officers to prepare carefully for it and show courtesy to one another in the conducting of the same. Said in regard to amusements that the Church offered the greatest latitude for pleasure,—legitimate amusement. There is no need to go outside to obtain it.

Questions were handed in and were answered as follows by President Joseph F. Smith:

Ques.—What should be done in associations where the young men are dilatory and backward in commencing meeting?

Ans.—The young ladies would be justified in going ahead if urging is of no avail.

Ques.—Is it necessary for a young man holding the office of an elder to be

set apart to preside over an association?

Ans.—Yes.

Ques.—If at the time for commencing a Conjoint Meeting, none of the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. are present, and the president or other officer of the Y. L. M. I. A. is present, should she call the meeting to order, or request some member of the Y. M. M. I. A. to take charge?

Ans.—If the Y. M. M. I. A. officers are not there, and the officers of the Young Ladies are, the Young Ladies should take charge and go ahead with the meeting.

Roll was called showing stakes represented as follows: Y. M.—48; Y. L.—42.

After singing "Lord Dismiss Us," benediction was offered by Elder Reed Smoot, of the Quorum of the Twelve, and meeting adjourned.

May 30th, 2 p. m.

Separate Session of Young Ladies.

The General, Stake and Local officers of the Y. L. M. I. A. met in the Fourteenth ward Assembly Hall May 30th, 1903, at 2 p. m., Counsellor Martha H. Tingey presiding.

"Singing, "How Firm a Foundation."

Prayer, Sister Julia M. Brixen.

Singing, "Love at Home."

Roll called, showing 45 Stakes represented.

Counsellor Tingey welcomed all the visiting sisters in behalf of President Taylor, who sent her love, sympathy, and blessings. "I'm sure Sister Taylor is with us in spirit, although not able to be here in person." Emphasized the fact that the General Board's desire to hold preliminary opening and closing exercises where the Y. L. and Y. M. meet on same evening.

Solo, "The Heavenly Dream," Miss Sarah Patten.

A Guide lesson from Doctrine and Covenants on Faith was then given by Sister Alice K. Smith.

Reports were then given of the work in Juarez Stake by President Dora W. Pratt, in Minnesota by Sister Ray, in Cassia Stake by President Rosabel A. Brim.

Emily C. Adams, second counsellor in Salt Lake Stake, reported briefly and in conclusion said: "We feel that we are more favored than some of our sisters in the far away Stakes, and that we ought to advance more rapidly. I know that those who are placed at the head are inspired and I have proven that when we conform to the instructions of the General Board things come out right in the end. We should seek to work harmoniously one with another and seek our Heavenly Father earnestly to find the purpose of our being here, and then work diligently to bring about a consummation of his purposes."

Counselor Maria Y. Dougall,—"I wish to say a few words to the young people, do you realize what Mutual Improvement means to you? After listening to the speakers this morning and afternoon, I can see the progress and improvement and what it has done for each and every one of us. It is giving us a knowledge of the Gospel, it's making us better wives and mothers, better sisters and daughters, and more intelligent workers all along the lines of civilization and progress. Let us appreciate the blessings it brings to us by being more faithful and diligent in the future in promoting its interests."

Benediction, Sister Alice Reynolds, of Utah Stake.

(To Be Continued in Next Journal.)

GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

USAGES AND PROPRIETIES OF GOOD SOCIETY.

LESSON XII.

CONDUCT IN PLACES OF WORSHIP.

When we discuss proper deportment on the street, in the ball-room, at the table, shopping, etc., we have two points of consideration: the duty of the individual to himself,

and his duty to society. The subject of proper deportment at places of public worship must necessarily be the most important of all, for we have not only to consider duty to

the individual and duty to society, but also duty to the Creator of the universe. Subjects discussed hitherto have been purely ethical, that which is approved by the best society of the civilized world. We have now reached that dividing line between the purely ethical and the religious, for with regard to our conduct in sacred places we must say, "What is my duty to myself? To my associates? To my Heavenly Father?"

When we visit the house of a friend we try to please that friend; when we visit the house of God we should try to please Him. We are not unnecessarily noisy in the house of a friend; we do not get up and leave without apology while others are talking to us; neither should these things be done in the house of the Lord. Wherever we worship that place is sacred; we have asked that His spirit shall dwell therein, we have carried our hopes, our fears, our prayers, our thanks to Him there—sometimes it is there we have said the last words over those who have gone before us. The grounds, the building, the furnishing, have all been dedicated to God, and should be approached with reverence.

We have not been as considerate of these things in the past as we hope to be in the future, for the hard conditions under which this country has been settled, made necessary the using of meeting-houses for entertainment and pleasure as well as for worship; and the sacredness of the place was sometimes forgotten. Happily, amusement halls are being built, and it will not be long before our meeting-houses will be places of worship only.

The house of God should be approached with reverence. The grounds are not appropriate for

gossip, visiting, loud laughter and loud talk, either before entering or after coming out. One should enter quietly and leave quietly.

Whispering in the church should never be indulged in, and even greetings should be exchanged either before or at the close of the services. No matter if the speaker cannot be heard or the sermon seems dry, a lady will not talk. Conversation during service is most annoying to those who care to listen, and shows a lack of proper devotion. In ordinary conversation we would pay at least a respectful attention even though we were not interested in the subject discussed, and this because we know it would be rude to do otherwise: then, if we take the liberty of conversing while a public speaker is talking to us, how can we expect to gain or retain the reputation of a lady? And by annoying him, we may prevent the speaker's giving forth his best thought. If we were thus disrespectful we might possibly make it right with the speaker, or with those about us whom we have annoyed, but how shall we make it right with God?

To be late at church is to annoy a great many people, and to occasion unpleasant comment, which every lady wishes to avoid. It is a very serious thing, indeed, to interrupt sacred services. It is impolite to turn around to look at others or to appear anxious to see who is coming in or to too closely scrutinize the clothing people wear.

Perhaps the worst breach of all is to get up and leave before services are over. Except in case of sickness, or for some imperative reason, this act shows a disregard for others and a shocking lack of reverence. At a theatre we have a right to leave at any time, if in doing so too much discomfort or an-

noyance is not given to those present. The seat is paid for; we go there to be amused; if we care to leave it is not a breach of etiquette. But church is not a place of amusement; people do not go there for pastime; it is a place to commune with God uninterruptedly, and if anyone interrupts the services it is a breach against the congregation and against Him. Church etiquette demands that we remain until the end of service.

We wish to emphasize the fact that it is now customary in our church for women to remove their hats. This has been requested by the First Presidency, and they have even promised that where we will do it we will receive an increased portion of the Holy Spirit. It is particularly desired that those who take part in singing or speaking should remove their hats. And we should not create a disturbance by commencing to don them as soon as the speaker has finished; they should be left off until after the benediction.

In visiting outside churches, conform as far as possible to the customs of the worshippers. We may kneel, rise or sit as they do and thus avoid being conspicuous. If anything is done that appears absurd or even grotesque, no smile while in the service should give indication of it. Remember that "We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may."

The furnishings of a house of worship are sacred. No one would think of marring a friend's furniture or using it improperly—God is the greatest friend of all, and we have dedicated this property to Him. The vessels for the sacrament should

never be used for any other purpose—they are sacred.

To enter quietly, to leave quietly, to regard the services with respect and all pertaining to God's House with reverence is absolutely necessary to be pleasing to Him and our associates.

To get the best good as well as conform to the best usage, we should listen carefully to what is said, follow the prayer in thought so that it may rise strengthened by our petition, and partake of the sacrament reverentially with our Savior in mind. Any breach of the rules named not only robs us of a spiritual joy we might have gained, not only makes us obnoxious to those about us, but shows, even though it be through thoughtlessness, a deplorable lack of respect and reverence for our Father in Heaven.

QUESTIONS AND REVIEW.

- 1—What three-fold duty regulates conduct in places of worship?
- 2—Show the correspondence between good manners in a church and in the home of a friend.
- 3—Name the things which make our places of worship sacred.
- 4—What improvements, by way of buildings, will increase reverence for our meeting houses? Why?
- 5—Mention practices which are improper in a worshiping assembly.
- 6—How may we assist the speaker or prevent him from giving forth his best thought?
- 7—Point out the difference between leaving a sacred service before its close and leaving a theatre before the play is ended.
- 8—What must women do with their hats to conform to good usage in our church?
- 9—What rule should guide us when visiting outside churches?
- 10—Why should we show reverence for the sacrament vessels?
- 11—Show how we can get from a religious service the most good and conform to the best usage.



FOREST SOLITUDE, by John Hafen.

"There's a pleasure in the pathless woods."

Awarded Medal of Honor at Exhibition of Utah Art Institute, 1900.



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No. 8.

AN EVENING AT HELEN'S.

A ONE-ACT PLAY

by Kate Thomas.

CHARACTERS;

HELEN
 JANET
 NORA
 ALICE
 ETHEL
 WINNIE
 GLADYS

Time, winter. Scene, Helen's room.

[A plainly furnished room. Stove R.; small bed L. back; table L. front; door L. back; window back R. Voices behind sing "Juanita." They begin softly before curtain rises, become louder, and die away in the distance to the music of sleigh-bells. Curtain rises discovering Helen asleep over the book she has been reading. She sits with her feet on the stove. The singing is louder. The book falls to the floor and Helen wakes. She listens for

a moment, and begins her soliloquy while the singing is growing fainter. Helen may rise and go to the window, or introduce any other business she chooses.]

Helen: What a good time they are having! How stupid it is here! Work, work, work, all day long until you are ready to drop, and go to sleep over a book in the evening! It's a jolly way to spend one's whole existence. Sometimes I wonder if life is worth living. La, me, I'm infringing on the property of Samuel Smiles. I wonder what kind of a man he was. He wrote so hopefully, and had such a cheerful name, that no doubt he was of a very melancholy disposition. But all these little spurts of advice that you don't live up to yourself, do a great deal of good—to the world. Sammy wrote many noble things.

This is a fairly good criticism, considering that I never read any of his books. I suppose I think I'm funny! Dear me, how dull it is! Whoever would think it is my birthday? Not a flower, not a book, a bite of candy, nor a card of remembrance! When you once turn the marriageable age, and still remain single, people think they ought to forget your birthdays out of regard for your feelings. Even Harry—*(breaks down)*. Oh, what a goose I am! As if I care! How insufferably lonely I am!

(A knock. Before Helen can reach the door it is flung open, and the six girls scream "Surprise!")

Helen: Oh, my goodness! Why don't you frighten the life out of me!

(The girls are draped in sheets. Their faces are covered with white cloth masks. They file in and stand in a line.)

Girls *(chanting in unison.)*

We are the seven goblins of Dundee,
Who wear our fingers where our toes
should be,

And use our mouths to see with, and
our eyes

To eat our hot tamales and mince
pies.

Whene'er we laugh the tears run down
our cheeks;

We never feel so strong as when we're
weak;

Whene'er we yawn we shut our
mouths up tight;

When we are gay we nearly die of
fright;

We always sit whene'er we go to rise,
And when we stand we kneel; and
our neckties

We wear about our ankles. When we
meet

A girl we take our hats off with our
feet;

Whene'er we smile we do it with our
ears,

And when we weep our chin is full of
tears;

O'er every sea, and over every land,
You couldn't find a queerer goblin
band.

We are the

Janet: One,

Nora: Two,

Gladys: Three,

Ethel: Four,

Winnie: Five,

Alice: Six,

All: Seven goblins of Dundee!

Helen: Dear spooks, I am so glad to be haunted by you. Won't you take off your faces and stay awhile?

Ethel: You must guess who we are first.

Helen: As if I don't know your voice, Ethel!

*(E. throws off mask and sheet. All the girls have coats and fascina-
tors on. As each one's turn to un-
mask comes, she takes her ghostly
drapery off first, then her outdoor
clothing, which she puts on the
bed.)*

Girls *(pointing at E.)*: One!

Helen: And that tall one is
Alice. *(She un.masks.)*

Girls *(pointing)*: Two!

Helen: That one on the end is
Winnie. Miss Vanity, your sheet
isn't long enough. I can see your
high-heeled shoes.

Winnie *(unmasking)*: My, what
sharp eyes Miss Common Sense
has!

Girls *(pointing)*: Three!

*(Janet and Nora now make
themselves as short as possible, join
hands and step forward a few
paces. Janet speaks in very high
voice, Nora very low.)*

Janet and Nora:

Who are we?

You can't tell

From our voices

Very well.

*(Suddenly rise to full height and
stand very stiff.)*

Helen: Ladies and gentlemen,
let me introduce you to the ghosts
of the tragic muses. I think the

lady of the Eiffel Tower tones is Nora. And the voice from the depths of the unmentionable place must belong to (*pause*) Elizabeth Bond.

Nora (*unmasking*): Wrong! I am she of the (*low voice again*) "depths of the unmentionable place, (*natural voice*) and my companion in despair is—(*J. unmasks*).

Helen: Janet!

Janet: I feel hurt to know that you could mistake (*high voice*) my silvery tones for those of another. (*Gulps back a tear.*)

Helen: Where is Elizabeth?

Alice: She couldn't come, and we couldn't change our poetry at the last minute.

Winnie: It took us two weeks to write it.

Nora: If we changed "seven" to "six" we should have spoiled the metre, and the electric light man would object.

Helen: Mob in the distance—

Girls (*in hard tones*): Put her out! (*Nora retires crushed.*)

Helen: I'd be a ghost myself if I had to guess many more of you. So, sixthly, and, therefore, last of the seven, let me bend my argus eye on you. This little spirit has a peculiar wiggle of its own, even when it stands still. I am afraid that one of you has brought a small sister along. Now you know that it is quite out of place to have little girls—

Gladys (*hugging her tight*): Oh, don't send me home! I don't want to go home!

Helen: Found! No one but Gladys has that vigorous hug. Here, you young boa constrictor, you are crushing my life out. Hands off, and let me have a look at you. (*Takes off her things, and examines her critically.*) You'll do fairly well. Your hair is smooth, your knuckles washed and your fin-

ger nails clean. But, really, girls, do you think she ought to stay to a grown-up party? Hadn't we better send her home?

(*Girls nod assent; say "Perhaps we had," etc.; Gladys disappointed.*)

Gladys (*earnestly*): Honest, Helen, I'm not near such a child as I look!

Helen: In that case, perhaps it will be proper for you to stay.

Gladys (*hugging her more vigorously than ever*): Helen, you're an old tease! You meant to let me stay all the time.

Helen (*freeing herself*): Gladys, if you hug me again, I'll send you home for sure. It's like having a house fall on you.

Janet (*By door, ringing small school-bell and calling like street-crier*): Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Prepare the banquet hall. Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.

Nora: What's that you're going to dye tomorrow?

Janet: (*Calling as before and ringing bell*): Two silk waists and a skirt, or rather, mother is going to do them for me. Oyez!

Nora (*with commanding air*): Slaves, do your duty!

(*Winnie wheels Helen's chair by stove farther down R., and places it facing L.; its side towards audience. Alice places her hands on Helen's shoulders, and forces her gently into chair. Gladys crowns her with dunce cap and gives her poker for sceptre. Winnie stands stiffly a little to the back of the chair. Alice, after seating H., takes one step backward and kneels with bowed head. Gladys and Ethel stand like posts L. front. Nora stands back center; Janet between her and Ethel. Gladys is on the left of Ethel.*)

Nora (*haughtily to Janet*): En-

quire of her most gracious majesty what her most gracious majesty will deign to eat for supper.

Janet (*haughtily to Ethel*): Enquire of her most gracious majesty what her most gracious majesty will deign to eat for supper.

Ethel (*haughtily to Gladys*): Enquire of her most gracious majesty what her most gracious majesty will deign to eat for supper. (*Walks back to place.*)

Alice (*raising head*): Are you ready for the question? (*Drops head.*)

Helen (*with queenly air*): We be.

Alice (*raising head*): What will your most gracious majesty deign to eat for supper? (*Drops head.*)

Helen: Our most gracious majesty will never (*crushing emphasis*) deign, we always dine. However, we will consult our lawyer. (*Consults Winnie.*) After due consideration of the subject, we have resolved to eat anything that comes handy. (*Waves her sceptre over her head in a queenly manner, Winnie dodges; brings it out in front of her, Alice dodges. Gladys walks stiffly over again and receives her orders.*)

Alice (*raising head*): Say that (*drops head*) her most gracious majesty will deign (*pronounces it "dine"*) to eat anything that comes handy. (*Gladys back to place.*)

Gladys (*to E.*): Say that her most gracious majesty will deign (*pronounce "dine"*) to eat anything that comes handy.

Ethel (*to Janet*): Say that her most gracious majesty will deign (*dine*) to eat anything that comes handy.

Janet (*to N.*): Her most gracious majesty will deign (*dine*) to eat anything that comes handy.

Nora (*to J.*): Ask her majesty when she will eat. (*J. turns stiffly*

and looks at E. without speaking; E. turns stiffly and looks at G. without speaking. G. walks stiffly over to Al., pats her on the shoulder. Al. raises her head. G. looks at her a moment. Al. drops her head. G. goes back to position. Al. raises head, is about to speak when a little unconscious movement of the poker causes her to rise stiffly, take another step backward and kneel out of reach, dropping head.)

Alice: Will your majesty consult your majesty's lawyer and tell us when you will eat?

Helen: That is a subject upon which we consult no one. We rely upon our own womanhood alone. (*Dramatically*) We eat—now! (*Ethel and Gladys right wheel, Winnie and Alice fall in behind, Nora and Janet behind them. They march out of the door to re-enter immediately, N. and J. pulling a children's express wagon loaded with bundles, W. and A. with a clothes basket, and E. and G. with an ice cream freezer.*)

Helen (*springing up and waving her arms excitedly*): Oh, girls, how perfectly lovely!

Nora (*narrowly escaping the poker*): I say, Helen! The sceptre shows the force of temporal power, and I'm a bit "skeery" of it.

Gladys (*sternly*): If you don't put that poker down this minute, I'll hug you. (*H. puts it down hastily.*)

Helen: Let me open the parcels. These are apples, I can tell by the feel of them. (*Looks in bag.*) Potatoes! Now, who could have played such a mean—

Alice: Nora, of course.

Nora: Not guilty. (*Gladys has turned her back on the girls and is crowding her handkerchief into her mouth in her effort not to laugh.*)

Winnie: Look at that child!

Janet: Is it a child, or a jelly fish?

Alice: Gladys, you're shaking the floor so that we will all be falling through into the cellar.

Helen: She put the potatoes in herself! Oh, Gladys, Gladys, to think that so young a girl could be so practiced in deceit! (*Gladys, still laughing, comes towards her with outstretched arms. H. puts wagon between them.*) Keep away, keep away! I forgive you. (*Going on with the parcels.*) How good that pie looks! (*The girls must divide the business. One puts on the tablecloth, another puts the things on the table, another cuts the cake, etc. The pie is on a plate; the sandwiches in a pasteboard box; the apples in a paper bag; whoever puts them on the table simply tears the bag open and lets it serve for a plate.*) Sandwiches! Apples for sure this time. (*Opens a smaller bag.*) Jelly beans! Who thought of the candy?

Winnie (*pompously*): I had the great brain.

Helen (*gratefully*): Bless you, my child. Why didn't you get chocolates?

Winnie: There's gratitude for you! Simply because I wanted to see if you'd know beans.

Helen: They didn't have chocolates!

Winnie: Yes, they did. I didn't have money.

Helen: How much did the jelly beans cost?

Winnie: Fifteen cents. And you'd eat three times as many chocolates as jelly beans. So I bought jelly beans. (*Pats herself on the head.*) Great head!

Gladys: What a wife you'll make for some man!

All (*except G.*): Listen to the kid!

Winnie (*quoting solemnly*): Out of the mouths of babes and—

Alice (*pushing her playfully*): Run along, run along! The man that marries you will be gray two weeks after the wedding.

Winnie: Unless he is gray before. You know I love old things.

Alice: Pshaw! You'd turn his head, so that it would grow brown again.

Winnie: Aren't you contradicting yourself a bit?

Nora: I have a brother who is up to the shoulders in love with you now, Win. Every day I tell him what a crank he is.

Helen: That's just the way to make him more in love than ever.

Nora: I know it. That's why I do it. Somehow I can't help thinking what a nice little sister Win would be.

Janet (*by table*): The apples are getting cold.

Helen: We must come back from the land of romance to plain practicability. What's in the pail?

Ethel: Lemonade.

Helen: I haven't any glasses.

Janet: We'll drink out of the bucket.

Ethel: Pass me the bucket.

Janet: Nope.

Ethel: I'm so thirsty.

Janet: You must conquer the appetites of the flesh. (*Gladys takes the pail and passes it to Ethel.*)

Gladys: Her stomach isn't flesh.

Janet: What is it, then?

Gladys: Rubber.

Ethel: You insulting little wretch!

Gladys: I'm as tall as you, if you are forty years older.

Helen: And she twits us on our age, too. She's getting precocious.

Gladys: I don't know what that word is, but I'm getting hungry.

Janet: (*calling as they do on*

trains): Second call for breakfast!

Helen: We've emptied the wagon. (*To Gladys*): Slave, remove the dray. (*G. takes it away.*)

Nora: You must turn your back for the next.

Helen (*turning her back to them*): Be quick, for I'm curious. (*The girls take out of the clothes basket a great cake covered with candles, which they light and put on the table.*)

Nora: Ready! Turn! (*H. turns.*)

Helen (*delighted*): Oh! (*Suddenly.*) What have you put so many candles on for?

Janet: They're for the years, you know. One candle for every birthday.

Helen (*in consternation*): Good gracious, take some of them off!

Ethel: After we had such trouble making them stick on?

Helen (*counting*): One, two, three, four, (*counts silently for a moment*). I've counted twenty-eight already! When I began, I was in the heyday of my youth. Now, I am waxing old. By the time I get to the end, the worms will be eating me. (*Pause.*) Girls, I positively refuse to be thumped for my number of years.

Alice: You shall only be kissed.

Helen: Even that sounds horrible.

Gladys: When are you going to get to the ice cream?

Helen: If there's anything I adore, it's ice cream. Who likes ice cream? (*Girls simultaneously lift hands as high as possible.*) Who doesn't like ice cream? (*Girls slide hands down side. Both gestures are given with the force and precision of a gymnastic exercise.*) It's sweet of you girls to go to all the trouble of making it.

Winnie: Let's take the ice off

outdoors. Then we won't get it all over the floor.

Alice: Thoughtful Winnie!

Nora: Before it goes let's take a long look at it. (*Girls form semi-circle around freezer and look at it.*)

Nora (*after a pause, sighing*): Anticipation is always better than the reality. Let us express our opinion on ice cream in unison. One, two, three,

Girls (*all together*): We just love ice cream! (*Join hands and dance around the freezer in a circle, singing.*)

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush.

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
at nine o'clock in the evening.

(*Circling the other way.*)

What grows on the mulberry bush, the
mulberry bush, the mulberry bush.

What grows on the mulberry bush
at nine o'clock in the evening?

(*Changing back.*)

Ice cream grows on the mulberry
bush, the mulberry bush, the
mulberry bush;

Ice cream grows on the mulberry
bush, at nine o'clock in the
evening.

(*Break up, laughing heartily.*
Nora and Winnie take the freezer out.)

Helen: What a crazy lot we are!

Gladys (*correcting her*): What a crazy lot you are! You must remember that I don't belong to your set.

Alice: What can we do to keep this child's mouth shut?

Gladys (*saucily*): Offer me a piece of the cake you made.

Ethel: Good, Gladys, good! I'd die before I'd open my own mouth to that.

Alice: In five minutes from now, you'll be breaking your word.

Wait till the ice cream comes.

Helen: How pleasant that word sounds!

Nora (*rushing in excitedly, followed by W.*): Girls, there isn't any ice cream!

Girls: What!

Nora: Oh, that brother of mine! It was hard work to get him to turn it. Billy Jones was there with him, and they've simply taken every bit of the cream, and packed in the empty tin!

Girls (*groaning*): Oh!

Nora: They're having a party themselves, and I suppose they think this is a good joke on us.

Girls: Oh!

Nora: And mother has the audacity to say that little brothers are blessings from heaven!

Helen (*solemnly, after a pause*): I'm so glad we had a long look at the freezer.

Gladys: The mean things! (*Doubling her fists.*) I wish I were a boy!

Helen: Well, I'm glad you're not, or we wouldn't have had any cake or lemonade left either. Pass me the bucket. (*Drinks.*)

Nora: Pass me the bucket. (*Drinks.*)

Janet (*weakly*): Me, too. (*Drinks, and passes it on till each crestfallen creature has revived herself.*)

Helen: There's no use in grieving. Let's begin.

Winnie: Where are we going to sit?

Helen: On the bed, of course.

Alice: It's Helen's birthday, so she must have the chair. (*Pushes it towards R. center.*)

Ethel: Let's move the table nearer. (*They bring it center.*)

Helen: Now bring the bed over. (*They push it down L.*) And here we are. My dignity in the chair, Gladys seated picturesquely

on the floor at my feet. (*G. sits on the floor directly in front of table.*) The rest of you take the bed, if you can get on it. If not, you must hang over. Don't you all wish it were your birthday, so that you could have the chair?

Janet (*in mock horror*): I wouldn't have a birthday for anything on earth!

Gladys (*seriously*): Please pass the sandwiches.

(*The girls all look at each other, then burst out laughing.*)

Helen (*passing G. the pasteboard box*): Here.

Gladys (*taking sandwich*): What's the joke?

Helen: There isn't one, dear. You don't have to wait for a joke before you laugh.

Gladys (*biting*): I do.

Nora: You're so different, you know. Pass the sandwiches. (*Each girl takes one.*)

Ethel: These are awfully good. Who made them?

Alice: Win.

Nora (*to Win.*): I'm more resolved than ever that my brother—

Winnie: Bother your brother!

Nora: You do. If it wasn't for you, he'd be right in his head.

Ethel: By the way, Win., what has become of that Boley boy who used to go red every time you turned the corner suddenly?

Winnie: Don't spoil my supper, Ethel.

Gladys: Please pass the sandwiches.

Helen: Pass Gladys the sandwiches. (*They are passed.*) And somebody pass me the pail. (*Drinks.*) What a drink, Al?

Alice: Thanks. (*Drinks.*)

Helen (*seriously*): Girls, it might sound as if I think myself important, but, do you know, I simply love my birthday. It is the best holiday of all, for I am so glad

that I came into the great, beautiful world. Oh, I know that sometimes I feel a bit blue and lonely, because it seems to me that I haven't done what I might have with my little life, but, perhaps, I can make it up if I work hard.

Janet: You do as much as any of us, Nellie mavourneen. We aren't half as good as you are.

Helen: Oh, my dear! There isn't one of you that isn't far ahead of me. There isn't one of you that has let opportunities slip by you as I have. There isn't one of you that has my faults and failings. And yet you love me.

Nora (*with feeling*): Well, rather.

Winnie: You're the sweetest thing on this earth, Nell. I'd rather have you and your faults than a dozen other girls with their virtues.

Helen: But why is it? Why is it? How can you care for me so? But I tell you, girls (*choked with emotion*) there isn't a minute of the day that I don't bless you for it. It's your love that makes me even the poor specimen I am. (*Girls affected.*) When I am tempted to do a mean thing, I think, What would the girls say if they knew? There isn't anything that keeps you straight like thinking of those who love you and have faith in you. My father has said to me many a time, "Nellie, child, I'd have gone to the dogs long ago if it hadn't been for my mother and your mother. But, somehow, they thought me such a hero that, God bless them, I couldn't bear to disappoint them. They never knew what a common piece of clay I really was." It's the same with us all, girls. We are pretty poor things. But if we have a friend that thinks we are great and noble,—well, life's a whole lot sweeter, that's all. (*The girls sit thoughtfully gazing into*

space. They are greatly affected. A pause.)

Gladys: Pass the sandwiches:

(*Girls wake up, look comically at each other.*)

Girls (*all together*): Pass Gladys the sandwiches.

(*General burst of laughter. Gl. looks offended.*)

Helen (*passing sandwiches*): That's all right, girlie. You saved us from a tearful birthday party. Have some lemonade too. (*They pass the pail to G., who drinks.*)

Nora: I have a new conundrum. (*Girls look interested.*) If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in —(*Girls groan.*) Don't do that, it's a new one!

Alice (*witheringly*): It must be. I'm sure none of us ever heard that beginning before.

Girls: Never.

Nora: It's the end that's new.

Winnie: Then let's get to the end as soon as possible.

Ethel (*taking her last bite of sandwich*): I'm to the end now. Let me make another beginning. (*Takes sandwich.*)

Nora: If a hen and a half—

Helen: Wait a minute: (*Passes sandwiches to Gl., who takes one.*)

Nora: If a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, how long will it take to ride from New York to Boston in six hours?

Ethel: The sooner the quicker.

Nora: Nope.

Janet: The higher the taller.

Nora: Nope.

Girls: Give it up!

Nora (*triumphantly*): Because no matter how thick a pane of glass is, you can always break it with a sledge hammer! (*Girls laugh.*) I told you it was a new one. That's one of my brother's original ones.

Winnie: If you ever mention

your brother to me again in any matrimonial way, look out!

Janet: Pass the pail. (*Drinks.*)

Helen: We ought to ask Nora some riddles now, in return for her kindness. Can you tell a phone when you see one?

Alice: Did you ever hear a bed tick?

Gladys: Did you ever see a cow slip?

Ethel: And did you ever see a cow hide?

Winnie: Did you ever take the clock upstairs and let it run down?

Nora (*fingers in ears*): Oh, girls, mercy, mercy! Mine did have something new to it. (*Helen, who has been looking after the wants of Gladys, passes the box to her. Gl. shakes her head.*)

Helen: No more? (*Gl. shakes head again.*)

Janet: What do you think I did yesterday? I met Lily White and she asked me if I'd ever heard the story of the flea. (*Girls laugh.*) I wasn't noticing what she said particularly, so, like a goose, said no and actually allowed her to ring in that old "One on the dog" on me! (*Girls tickled immensely.*)

Ethel: Didn't you bite easily!

Janet: No, the flea bit.

Gladys: It seems to me that you're the slowest crowd about eating that I ever saw. Aren't you ever going to have any cake?

Helen (*dramatically*): Bring forth the cake.

Girls: The cake, the cake!

Nora: Helen, this cake is a sham and a fraud. The top of it is pasteboard, to which the bits of candle are glued by their own wax. That's nicely worded, isn't it? And this lovely, fluffy, sticky looking frosting simply covers it all up. So that when you take the top off bodily, so (*lifts it*), the cake (*gives E. the top to hold*) is much smaller

than you thought. (*Finishes with exaggerated gesture.*)

Helen: It's big enough. We'll never eat half of it as it is. Nora, you do make the bestest cakes.

(*Nora cuts it. H. slides around so that she sits with her back to the audience, and watches the cutting.*) Who speaks for (*holding it up on knife*) the first piece?

Winnie: Helen, of course. (*H. receives it and gives it to Gl.*)

Helen: I resign in honor of the youngest member.

Gladys (*pushing it back*): No, you keep it, Helen, I'd just as soon wait.

Helen: Here's another piece for me. You take this from me at the very second I take the other from Nora. Ready, one, two, three, take it. (*Both take it.*) One, two, three, bite. (*Each bites her piece at the same time.*) So there wasn't any first about it. (*All the girls are served.*)

Janet: Um! This is good!

Helen: Personally, I prefer my frosting without candles in it. How do you always get yours to set so nicely, Nora?

Nora: I don't know. It's like your spelling, seems to come naturally.

Helen: Don't talk about my spelling. It is getting to be something terrible. Last night I was writing about the throes of anguish, and I spelled it t-h-r-o-w-s. Imagine the "throws" of anguish!

Nora: That's the kind you do have, if it's a sea trip. (*Girls stop eating and push their food away.*)

Helen: Oh, Nora.

Alice: At the table, too!

Janet: Don't make your fond recollections of home so painfully pathetic.

Gladys: Please may I have another piece of cake? (*Girls simply shriek with laughter.*)

Nora: Gladys, you're my friend. You shall have a nice, large piece, (*gives it to her*) and as many more nice large pieces as your little "tummy" will hold. (*Girls resume their eating.*)

Alice (*longingly*): Wouldn't that ice cream have gone good with this! (*Girls look at her fiercely.*)

Girls: Take her away—to—jail!

Alice: I didn't mean to, really, girls. It just slipped out. (*Passing pail.*) Here, drown your troubles in drink.

Nora: We haven't glasses, so I propose a toast in jelly beans. Pass the candy. (*The bag goes the round. Each girl takes one bean, which she holds between her thumb and first finger straight out in front of her.*) The toast is, All little brothers be—

Winnie (*Interrupting*): All except mine. He's a little jewel; does anything on earth for me.

Ethel: That's because you'd do anything on earth for him.

Nora: Well, then, out of regard for your feelings, all little brothers, except Winnie's, be—hanged!

Girls: Hanged! (*Put beans in their mouths simultaneously, look straight ahead, and chew vindictively.*)

Janet: Pass them air beans over this way. (*They are passed.*)

Alice: How are you going to have your party dress made, Helen?

Helen: I don't know. I'm awfully fond of tiny tucks, but the dressmaker doesn't like my taste.

Janet: I like your style. You always look so neat and simple.

Helen: That's exactly what Mrs. Slade objects to. (*Mimicing.*) A little more tone, my dear! A dressy effect! Something that stands out and is noticed! (*Natural voice*): Oh, we do have quarrels!

Nora (*mimicing a child's whine*): I wants a napple. (*H. tosses one. She catches it and throws it to Gl., who tosses it back again. N. tosses it once more.*) One strike!

Gladys (*tossing it back*): Two strikes!

Nora (*tossing it back*): Three strikes! (*Gl. throws it back.*) Out! (*bites.*)

Ethel (*eating apple*): Are we going to name them?

Alice: Certainly. Whoever heard of not naming them!

Janet: She's so anxious to hear Will Somers' name every minute that she can't see straight. Well, (*leaning over and flipping E's apple*), Will Somers. (*Real names may be substituted if the players choose.*)

Helen: It's sure to be eight they both love.

Winnie: Name mine (*with emphasis*) Nora's brother!

Nora: Smarty!

Gladys: Name mine.

Helen (*flipping G's apple*): Little pug-nosed Jimmy Sanders.

Gladys: Oh, you mean thing!

Helen: Don't you like him, Gladys? Why, he gave you a dead kitten and three crystals.

Gladys: What good was a dead kitten?

Helen: It was alive once, you know.

Ethel: Gladys likes Joey Stewart. He took her for a sleigh-ride. (*Gl. looks conscious.*)

Janet: Why, just look at that child blush!

Winnie: Gladys is in love!

Helen: Now, don't tease. It's a delicate subject, isn't it, Gladys?

Alice: When's the wedding coming off?

(*Gl., almost crying, hides her head in H.'s lap. H. shakes her head at girls.*)

Helen: We're only joking. We know that you don't like Joey Stewart one bit.

Gladys: I do, too!

Helen: Oh!

Gladys (*earnestly*): We only play together. We're not grown up enough to like each other the way you and Harry do.

Janet: One on Helen!

Helen (*trying to cover her confusion*): That's right. And you go on playing with Joey if they do tease you. It's wrong for grown-up folks to put nonsense into children's heads. It just spoils them.

Nora (*mischievously*): Don't change the subject, Helen. Let's come back to Harry.

Helen: Now, Nora, I'm not going to have my birthday spoiled.

Janet: What do you think I heard about Hester Williams today?

Ethel: No gossip allowed.

Janet (*clapping her hand over her mouth*): Oh, I forgot. (*She goes on eating. A pause.*)

Ethel: Well, aren't you going to tell us what you heard about Hester?

Janet: You just reminded me that it's against the rules.

Ethel: I know I did. It was my duty. But if you insist on breaking the rules, I can't help it, can I? What did you hear?

Janet: She's going to marry Blind Fred!

Winnie: Never!

Helen: Oh, it can't be true, Janet!

Ethel: Do you really mean it?

Janet: Yes. She says she's so tired of having people complain about the things they find in her cooking, that she's going off to live with somebody that hasn't any eyes.

Alice: It's a good thing for poor Fred!

Winnie: I don't know. Think of all the things he'll swallow!

Ethel: He won't know anything about that. He'll be just as happy as if he'd seen them.

Janet: And as Hester says, What's the use of making a fuss over a poor little fly? It's God's creature as much as a chicken is. He made them both.

Helen: But in your soup, Janet!

Janet: Well, of course, from my standpoint! But Hester takes a different view. And she is always particular about removing the fly before she eats the soup.

Helen (*half sick*): It's a good thing, after all, that the boys stole the ice cream.

Ethel: What time is it getting to be? We mustn't stay too late.

Helen: Why not?

Ethel: Because it isn't proper for ladies to be out late alone.

Helen: Not disputing the fact, what reason is there for (*emphasis*) you all to hurry?

Winnie: Well, isn't she complimentary!

Helen: In other words, who are (*emphasis*) you?

Nora: Who are—? Well, I like that! Companions in humiliation, who are we?

Girls (*forming line as on entrance*):

We are the seven goblins of Dundee,

Who, etc.

(*Recite as on entrance. At the end, Alice throws herself full length on the bed, Ethel sits on the side farthest from the audience, and talks with her. W., Gl. and N. talk together back L.*)

Janet (*perching on the arm of H.'s chair*): Girls are silly, aren't they?

Helen: When they are in a bunch. But they are very sensible if you take them one at a time.

Janet (*doubtfully*): Maybe. (*Whispering*), I want to tell you something.

Helen (*whispering*): What is it? (*Janet glances round to see that the others are not looking, then, with some little trouble, pulls a ribbon about her neck into view and shows a ring to Helen. The conversation is all an aside.*)

Janet: There!

Helen: Oh, Janet! Who is it?

Janet: Richard.

Helen: I'm so glad! When did it happen?

Janet (*tucking ribbon back again*): Last night. I came over to tell you this morning, but you weren't here. But who do you think was?

Helen: I can't imagine.

Janet: Harry!

Helen: Harry! Here?

Janet: He was writing a letter to you. He looked so tragic that I knew he was asking you what Richard asked me.

Helen (*blushing*): Nonsense, Janet.

Janet: Oh, but he was. I can read the expressions of men's faces perfectly ever since last night.

Helen (*anxiously*): I didn't find the letter.

Janet: What a pity!

Helen (*with assumed carelessness*): It doesn't matter.

Janet (*indifferently*): Oh! In that case, I needn't have played such a trick on you.

Helen: What trick?

Janet: Harry left the note on the table, and just so you shouldn't see it until after we'd gone tonight, I hid it under your pillow. (*Helen makes a quick start for the bed, sees A. and E. there and returns to chair.*)

Janet: I thought it didn't matter? (*Arms about H.'s neck.*) You sweet old thing!

Helen (*half crying*): Don't, Janet. It won't be anything after all but "Many happy returns." I shan't read it!

Janet: I suppose not! We shan't be out of the room one minute before your hand will be under that pillow.

Helen: Indeed, you're mistaken.

Nora (*coming down*): What are you two whispering about?

Helen (*smiling*): We were discussing the "dago" invasion of our country and wishing that the government would shorten our supply of peanuts.

Nora: Of course I know that that is a perfectly truthful answer. You were probably saying that Ruth Jones's dress would look better if it wasn't always open at the back.

Alice: I'm falling asleep. If we don't start for home this minute, I am going to stay right here.

Winnie: Well, get up, lazy-bones and put on your wraps. (*Girls put on wraps.*)

Ethel: We'll let you do all the tidying up, Helen.

Helen: I should hope so. It won't take me five minutes to clean this up.

Nora: You'll have indigestion unless you take longer than that, for there are three sandwiches, four apples, and half a cake left.

Alice: Hurry up, Gladys, and get into your fascinator.

Helen: Do you like grown-up parties, Gladys?

Gladys: They're foolisher than children's, but I liked it real well.

Winnie: Good night, Helen, we've had a perfectly splendid time.

Helen: Indeed we have. I'm so grateful to all of you.

Ethel: I want one parting mouthful of lemonade. (*Looks in pail.*) Oh, it's all gone!

Helen: Shall I get you some water?

Ethel: No, thanks.

Nora: Good night, Helen, old girl. Many happy returns.

Helen: Good night, Nora. (*General leave-taking*). Good night everybody. Come again. (*Girls go, saying Good night to the last. As the door closes, H. rushes to the pillow and snatches letter.*)

Janet (*flinging open the door*): I told you so!

Helen (*with her hands behind her*): I didn't, I didn't!

Janet: I dare you to turn round. (*H. turns round slowly. Janet laughs triumphantly, then, impulsively; comes down and kisses her. They embrace.*)

Helen: Oh, Janet, you're so happy! I'm glad you're so happy!

Janet: I want you to be happy too.

Helen: Don't worry about me, my dear. I'm all right.

Janet (*going*): God bless you, Helen.

Helen: He does, Janet, every minute of the day. I don't deserve all I have. And if (*fingers letter*)

this—doesn't come—well, I guess I can stand it. Good night.

(*J. exits. The girls outside, a little down the road, begin to sing "Love at Home." The song grows fainter, until, as the curtain falls, it can be scarcely heard.*)

Helen: (*reading letter*): "I have to go over to Sego Valley to see about Joseph Winter's land. Will be gone a week. I came to see you, but you were not here. I can't go now without telling you what I came to say. Helen, I love you with my whole heart and soul. When I come back I shall tell you so again. Don't say no, my girl." He loves me! He loves me!

(*Curtain.*)

Note: The dialogue must be spirited and full of action. All that the girls say is in pure fun, and no ill-tempered touch must be put on any remark. The scene between Janet and Helen must be sympathetic. The costumes are ordinary winter dresses. When the girls sit on the bed they may pile their coats on to the windowsill, or the floor, or any other place. Do anything that is easy and natural.

WOUNDED.

Annie Pike.

I have been hurt.

You cannot see the wound—it lies too deep;
I smile—see how I smile—I shall not weep!

An answer curt,

A thoughtless act—and so I cannot rest,
For memory stabs and rankles in my breast.

I have been hurt;

The wound will heal after a little while—
It is too deep for tears—I only smile.

TRIBUTE TO BRIGHAM YOUNG,

PRESIDENT OF THE QUORUM OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

Heber J. Grant.



S I now recall the quarterly meetings of the Apostles held during my visit home just prior to the April conference, 1902, the one thing which I most

earnestly of all others supplicated the Lord for in my prayers was that the life of President Brigham Young might be spared to the Quorum of the Apostles and the Church for many years to come.

Inasmuch, as in the allwise providences of the Lord He did not see fit to grant this request, and not being permitted to be present at the funeral to pay my last respects to the memory of my president, I desire to express my love and admiration for him through the columns of the Young Woman's Journal. His sister, Susa Young Gates, was the Journal's first editor and was with it during all the dark days financially through which this magazine, in common with nearly all successful publications, had to pass. These dark days, I thank the Lord, are now gone, I hope forever. It seems fitting that what I desire to say respecting my late president should be said in the Journal, which his sister labored so long and faithfully in aiding to establish.

There are many men in this world who have been over-estimated all the days of their lives, and others who have never had their full share of credit. I feel that

the late Brigham Young was one of the latter class.

His illustrious father was one of the greatest men the world has ever known, and this fact, of necessity, placed his children, and particularly the son bearing his name, at a great disadvantage, comparatively speaking.

The prophet Joseph Smith highly commended humility, devotion to the truth, loyalty to the Priesthood and integrity to God. My late president stood among the foremost of those possessed of these noble qualities.

Just before the April conference in 1902 I had received word that Brother Young had gone to Mesa City, Arizona, and that his health was such that there was little or no hope of his recovery. One of the main reasons why I wished to return home from Japan was to make a trip, after the April conference, to Mesa, as I felt that I could not allow my president to pass from this life and not have my congratulations and expressions of love and confidence. He had been acting as president of my quorum for some time, but not until after the death of President Lorenzo Snow and the selection of President Joseph F. Smith as the head of the church, was he in fact the President of the Apostles. The Journal readers can well imagine my joy and gratitude when, upon arriving at Salt Lake City, I found President Young there, looking and feeling better than I had had any idea I should ever again have the pleasure of seeing him.

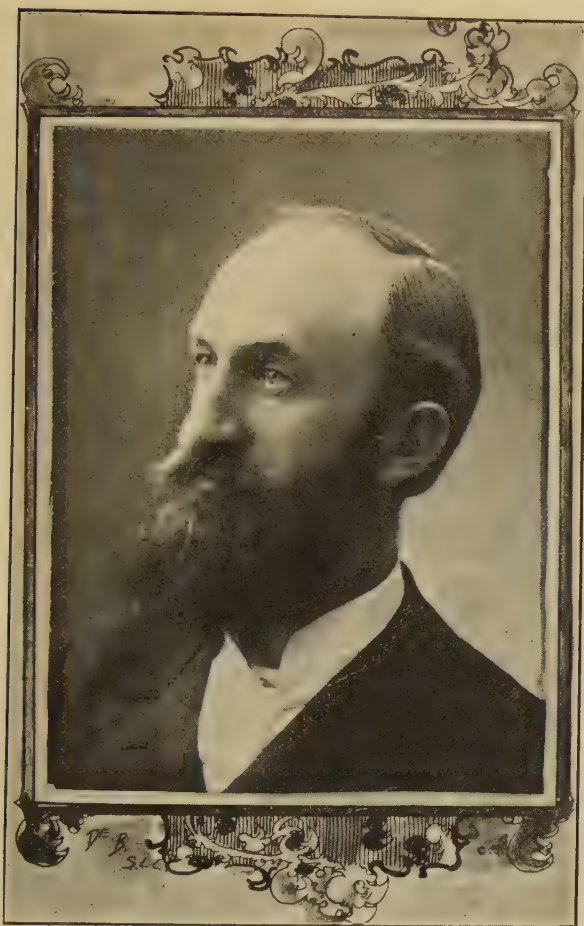


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APOSTLE HEBER J. GRANT.

The quarterly meetings of the Apostles are among the most precious in my life. I have pleasure in quoting from my Journal of April 1st, 1902, some of the good things said at one of these meetings by my late president. I was so glad to see him and so pleased to listen to his remarks that I made quite full notes of what he said.

President Young said that he did not know how to be thankful enough that he was permitted to be there that day. He referred to having attended a fast meeting during

the previous Sunday, held in the Temple, where he had felt so overjoyed at being present that he could not express himself. He had exhibited his weakness by shedding tears. He had the same feeling at being present that day. He could not possibly express the joy which he felt at being again permitted to meet with his brethren. He considered it a great privilege to meet with the servants of the Lord. He had often been in the Mansion House in Nauvoo, and had often seen the Prophet Joseph Smith and

the leading brethren of the Church in their gatherings from time to time. Whenever he was separated from the leading brethren, he always experienced the feeling that he was losing some blessing. Three weeks ago he had talked for half an hour at the funeral of Elder Henry Rogers. He had talked very quietly, but notwithstanding this the exertion had been such a great task upon him that it was several days before he could sleep, and he could eat but little. It seemed as though his entire physical organism had collapsed. But about two weeks ago he started to mend quite rapidly, and the same vigor which he had experienced prior to attending the funeral of Brother Rogers came back to him. He told the Lord that he desired to come to this conference, if He would continue to bless him, and he felt to testify that the Lord had done so, as he had started to improve from the minute he made up his mind to come to conference. He had suffered from dropsy, his legs and feet had swollen very much indeed, so that he had very little use of them. He not only expressed his gratitude at being present, but said he felt very thankful that Brother Grant was here.

He felt that we should counsel together regarding the establishing of other missions; said the missions that are now established should be fully looked after; and that there was an immense work for us to do. Particularly there was a great work to do among the nations that speak the Spanish language, and also in Germany. He was not certain but that it was our duty to establish a mission in Africa. He felt very strongly the spirit that the people of Japan should have the privilege of hearing the Gospel. He said that the establishment of new missions

had been constantly resting upon his mind, and he felt exceedingly anxious to have us hurry up the labor of warning the people of the world regarding the restoration of the Gospel to the earth and the judgments which are to come. There was a pressure upon him so great that it had almost made him unhappy; sometimes he felt that he was under condemnation for not being more active in missionary matters. He had lain awake nine hours at a time night after night, while in Arizona, and therefore had had a good chance to think, and foremost of all things in his heart during his recent sickness was the necessity of spreading the Gospel among all nations of the earth. He said he had absolute and perfect confidence in our Heavenly Father, and felt that He would guide and overrule all for the good of the cause.

Brother Brigham had acted as an Apostle under the Presidency of his father, also of John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow and Joseph F. Smith. He knew the Prophet Joseph Smith personally, and, as stated, it was the one special desire of my heart and the burden of my prayers in the Temple that his life should be spared for many years, as it seemed to me we needed his wise counsels and his experience; but the Lord doeth all things wisely and well, and I hope ever to be willing to bow to His will in life or in death, in joy or sorrow, in prosperity or adversity.

What I have quoted from the remarks of Brother Brigham shows his strong desire that the Gospel of life and salvation should be given speedily to all the world.

I wish I could remember what he said at a meeting held many years ago in the office of the Presidency. I know his remarks would

strengthen the faith of all who might read them.

He spoke on that occasion with wonderful power; his words thrilled every part of my being. I had an assurance that his every word was inspired of the Lord. His talk was directed to his brother John W., who was charged with neglecting his duties as an Apostle and devoting his time, which should have been given to the Lord and the advancement of the Church of Christ, to an effort to make money. There was one remark in that very powerful talk that struck me with more force if possible than any other, and has never been forgotten. He said to his brother that if he did not devote himself with more energy to the work of the Lord in the future, that the Apostles would not have to lift their hands to cut the cord which bound him to them, but that he, John W. Young, would do this himself. The meeting resulted in a positive assurance on the part of Brother John W. that he would do his full duty in the future; and I feel sure that this was the sincere and earnest desire of his heart. But the temptations to make money were too great for him, he broke his promise, and some years later, acting under the direction of the Presidency, the Apostles met in the Gar-do House to take action in his case and drop him as a counselor to their Quorum.

I remembered the inspired words of Brother Brigham and it was a great disappointment to me that we were to take action in this case. Some trifling matter engaged our attention for a time, and we did not seem to be able to get at the business for which our meeting had been called, but just as the President said, "We will now take up the special business of our meeting," a knock came at the door and a letter

was handed in which had just arrived from England, and had been sent to us by the Presidency. In this letter Brother John W. Young tendered his resignation as a counselor to the Apostles. I then knew why there had been a delay, and why the Lord had caused a trifling matter to prevent our taking action on the business for which we had met. The Lord had said years before, by the inspiration of His Spirit through Brother Brigham, that John W. Young would cut the cord which bound him to the Quorum of the Apostles, and He would not allow one word which had been uttered under the inspiration of His Spirit to fall to the ground unfulfilled.

This meeting had opened, I am free to confess, almost as a trial of my faith, but it turned, I am thankful to record, into an additional testimony of the inspiration of the Lord to His servants, and once more confirmed my faith that our Father in Heaven will not allow their inspired words to be uttered in vain.

So far as the public may know, there are many men who live a lifetime without it being known that they are possessed of great qualities, as no opportunities come whereby they can show to the public the greatness of their characters. I can truly say that on all great occasions I never knew President Young to fail in any particular. Many times I have said, "Brother Brigham is always on the right side and is always great on great occasions." His humility was great, but no greater than his moral courage.

I never knew a more cheerful and happy man, or one who had a more perfect trust in God and His overruling providences. He was one of the men whom I loved to see come

into my home in the hour of sickness or sorrow. He got very near to God in the humble and sincere prayer which he offered. During the last sickness of my son Heber, he often called at my home, and I shall never forget the loving and sincere prayers offered for the recovery of my son. I know that those of my family who heard these prayers had their hearts go out to him in love as they had never done before; they having assured me of this fact. It is a glorious thing to be able to talk with our Father in Heaven in a way to warm the hearts of those who listen. The love of my folks for Brother Brigham was intensified by his devotion and solicitude for me during my severe sickness which followed some years after the death of my boy.

When I was first made a member of the Quorum of the Apostles it fell to my lot to travel through Arizona a number of times, and once into Old Mexico, with President Young, and I have endured some little hardships with him, but I never recall hearing him utter a word of complaint; on the contrary, I recally many a jolly remark, which was a blessing, as it made our circumstances seem less disagreeable. I could relate many interesting items of my experience with him, and they would go to show the noble character of the man; but I feel that my article is long enough, so I will simply add that I ever found him to be in very deed a man of God, and that his love for the work of the Lord and for the Saints was unbounded. He was beloved by his most intimate associates. The Apostles knew him best and loved him most, and I feel that no higher tribute could be paid him than to say this for the men over whom he presided.

Do I wish to carry the impression

by what I have said that he was a perfect man and without weaknesses common to humanity? Not at all, as there are none of us perfect; but I do say that if we are as true to God, the Priesthood and people of God, and as loyal citizens of our country as Brigham Young was, when our life's labor is done we will have a royal welcome from our Father in Heaven. That my President has received such a welcome I have no doubt. May his family love the Lord and be as true to the Gospel of Jesus Christ as he has been. If they do so, I promise them an eternity of joy in the life to come, and that they may secure this great blessing is my earnest prayer.

Tokyo, Japan, May 26th, 1903.



Here's a sigh to those who love me,

And a smile to those who hate;

And, whatever sky's above me,

Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,

Yet it still shall bear me on;

Though a desert should surround me,

It hath springs that may be won.

—Byron to Thomas Moore.



"There is a pleasure which is born of pain;

The grave of all things hath its violet.

Else why, through days which never come again,

Roams Hope with that strange longing, like Regret?"



Not only does a person influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts.—Channing.



It is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming human being.—Eliot.

LITERARY MERITS OF THE BIBLE.

Alice Louise Reynolds.

Persons of keen literary perceptions have at all times recognized the value of the Bible as a work of art; and have always accorded to it a high place among the literary productions of the world. Yet it is safe to say that at no other time has so much scholarly attention been given the Bible, as a literary creation, as at the present time.

Professor Richard Green Moulton, of the University of Chicago, has contributed much to the world's fund of information on this subject, through his books and carefully prepared lectures. Professor Moulton's name perhaps deserves to be placed first in the rank of those who have proved the general assertions of many as regards the literary superiority of the Bible. Nevertheless, many other men recognized as men of ability as critics are writing much of a highly appreciative nature concerning the literary merits of the book known long to the world as the book of books.

The Bible is rich in song, story, wise saws and sayings, orations, and even the drama is found within its lids.

Let us first give our attention to the story. And at the beginning I want to make clear the difference between narrative and story. Narrative merely rehearses facts, in a sort of chronological order without any appeal to the imaginative or emotional qualities of the mind. Story makes an appeal to the imagination and emotions. Now a story may be of the author's own creation, or it may rehearse facts that might be merely history, if their presentation lacked those qualities

that entitle it to be ranked as literature. If facts, well known to history, are touched with a human touch; if they awaken the emotions incident to the story; if they cause the reader to live again all that has been lived before; they are lifted from the realm of narrative into that of the story. Obviously the Bible stories belong to the latter class.

Many of the Bible stories are worthy of note, but I shall call attention to only two, both well known and considered among the best of Bible stories,—the story of Joseph and the story of Queen Esther.

There is something in the situations in which Joseph is placed that gives opportunities for the most telling climaxes. Joseph is sold to foreign merchants by his own brothers; he is exalted from a prison to a throne almost, within a few hours; and finally becomes the savior of those who sought to kill him. Certainly the events of his life are of an unusual character; certainly the bonds of affection existing within the family circle are racked to the uttermost; the emotions of hatred, envy, jealousy, filial and fraternal love each in turn playing their part.

The story of Esther abounds in all those elements that make for the good story. Professor Moulton has called it the best story in the world's literature. Think for a moment of its marvelous atmosphere; the glamor and glow of the august monarch's court; the height of suspense attached to Esther's presentation; what dire results might follow if she should not find favor in

the eyes of the despotic king. Added to this, remember the fate of her much loved nation that lay trembling in the balance. Bear in mind these and many more facts that might be cited, and you may form some idea of why the story of Queen Esther is held in such high regard by persons of literary taste.

The best examples of lyric poetry in the Bible may be found in the Psalms of David and the songs of Solomon. One must be dead to all that is beautiful, within the gift of words to bestow if he does not respond to the literary beauties of the psalms. Professor Moulton has called Solomon's song the song of songs, referring to it as "the great honeymoon poem of universal literature."

As an example of oration in the Bible, the orations of Moses force themselves at once upon us. Unfortunately, those who have edited the Bible have not always regarded the laws of unity, so that much of its literary effectiveness is lost to one who cannot supply defects or in some way bridge over the difficulty. Read some of Moses' masterly speeches, and you will note in what a wonderful manner he relates to Israel all that is in store for her people, if they obey the commandments of the Lord; then note his forceful presentation of the ills that have already befallen them, and must perforce in the future befall them, if they are disobedient. Whether or not Moses was conscious that the law of contrast as he used it added much to the force, power and effectiveness of his discourse, matters not, the fact remains that such method heightens the literary quality of his great addresses. Again, I beg leave to make reference to Professor Moulton, this time because of the personal element that enters into the criti-

cism. Mr. Moulton said in substance, "I wanted to make a fair test of Moses' orations when brought in contrast with others of the world's greatest orations. So," said he, "I read first Demosthenes and Cicero of the ancients, and Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster of the moderns; then went back to Moses. And after such test, I am free to confess that no orations held me and influenced me as did those same orations of Moses, antedating the composition of any of the others." Might not the divine character of Moses' writings account in a degree for this result?

Rich beyond compare is the Bible in the proverb and words of wisdom. And, while on the whole, the Old Testament surpasses the New, in its literary qualities, for the wise sayings to be found within it the New Testament compares favorably with the Old. We make a few citations from the Old Testament relative to wisdom:

"To fear the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

"To fear the Lord is the fulness of wisdom."

"To fear the Lord is the crown of wisdom."

"To fear the Lord is the root of wisdom."

Perhaps there is no better example of the wisdom element of the New Testament, than the famous Sermon on the Mount, with which it is presumed our readers are acquainted.

The Book of Job is classed as a drama. To give an idea of the book as viewed from the standpoint of literary criticism would require a separate article of considerable length. Suffice to say, critics accord to it the first place as a literary production. I call to mind a very noted author who said,

"If we agree to call the five greatest

works of literature the 'Iliad'; 'The Divine Comedy'; the 'Dramas of Shakespeare'; 'Paradise Lost,' and the 'Book of Job,' the 'Book of Job' must come first in the list."

Of this book another critic writes,

"It is comparable only to Aeschylus' 'Prometheus Bound,' and even to that there are characteristics in which it is vastly superior as a literary creation."

I shall conclude with a quotation from Arlo Bates, which though lengthy, is worthy, because of its appreciative point of view. Mr. Bates writes:

"There are certain works which inevitably come to the mind as soon as one speaks of the classics at all; and of these perhaps the most prominent are the Bible, Homer, Dante, Chaucer, and Shakespeare. If it were asked which of the classics a man absolutely must know to attain to a knowledge of literature even respectable, the answer undoubtedly would be: 'The Bible and Shakespeare.' He must be familiar with the greatest plays of

Shakespeare and the finer portions of the Scriptures. I do not, of course, mean all of the Bible. Nobody, no matter how devout, can be expected to find imaginative stimulus in strings of genealogies such as that which begins the Book of Chronicles, or in the minute detail of the Jewish ceremonial law. I mean the simple directness of Genesis and Exodus; the straightforward sincerity of Judges and Joshua; the sweetness and beauty of Ruth and Esther; the passionately idealized sensuousness of Canticles, the shrewdly pathetic wisdom of Ecclesiastes; the splendidly imaginative ecstasies of Isaiah; the uplift of the Psalms; the tender veniality of the Gospels; the spiritual lithyrambics of the Apocalypse. No reader less dull than a clod can remain unimpressed and unthrilled in the presence of that magnificent poem which one hesitates to say is surpassed by either Homer or Dante, the Book of Job. The student of literature, may be of any religion, or of no religion, but he must realize and realize by intimate acquaintance, that, taken as a whole, the Bible is the most verile, the most idiomatic, the most imaginative prose work in the language."

LOVE A LA MODE.

Josephine Spencer.

They sat together on the stair

After the waltz's dreamy whirl;

He begged from out her crown of hair

One silken, tempting, truant curl.

She wore the bud from his lapel—

A fond exchange; the keepsake's sight.

Each vowed in absence would retell

The romance of that fateful night.

They parted with a farewell glance

Whose tale a thousand vows might
shame,—

So tender was her blue eye's trance,

So melting was his brown orb's flame.

* * *

At home, alone, in her boudoir,

She pulled the petals of the bud,—

And smiled as round her on the floor

They drifted in a pale pink flood.

"To night it ends" she softly said.

"He really carries it too far;

But then, he doesn't dream, poor Fred—

That I'm engaged to Will De Marr.

* * *

At home still clad in evening dress,

He watched the ruddy embers burn

The spiral of her auburn tress

To quite another kind of turn.

"Poor little thing! she loves me so!"

Amused and musing murmured he;

"'Twill be an awful sort of blow

When she finds out that I'm not free.

"I wonder how the shock she'll bear?

This very moment, I suppose,

She's building castles in the air

On every petal in that rose."



MUSIC AND "THE MASTERS."

JENNY LIND.

Edyth Ellerbeck.

Of all great singers of the past,—the "Queens of Song,"—whose names call up successes and triumphs that fairly dazzle the imagination, there is none more familiar than that of the "Swedish Nightingale," Jenny Lind. It is doubtful if any singer that ever lived has kept her name fresh in the public mind for so long a period. And yet as a mere artist many have surpassed her. The reason for her great fame lies deeper than her art,—it lies in her worth as a sterling-hearted woman whose first thought was for the claims of humanity, and whose first action was to use her gift to uplift and help the poor and suffering.

We are familiar with the names of Malibran, Nilsson, Patti and

Melba, but their fame and lustre belong wholly to the footlights. They excite unbounded admiration,—but admiration only. Jenny Lind has our affection.

Her parents were a poor, struggling couple of Stockholm, and Jenny, born October 6th, 1821, was a plain, sickly child whose only solace for long, lonely hours was singing. She shot upward into an awkward, insignificant-looking little girl with but slight prospect of lifting herself out of her parents' humble sphere. One day, however, she attracted the attention of a famous prima donna who happened to hear the child singing to her cat. Delighted with the silvery sweetness of little Jenny's tones, the singer tried to persuade the

Linds to give their child a musical education. Mrs. Lind had a deep prejudice to the stage as a career, but finally the tears of the small songstress overcame her opposition, and she allowed the child to be placed by her patroness under the care of Croelius, a well known music-master. Count Pucke, the head of the Royal Opera, to whom the proud Croelius presented his pupil, could hardly be prevailed upon to listen to the "small, ugly, broad-nosed, shy, undergrown girl!"

"This is a theatre," he exclaimed angrily, "not a nursery!"

He did listen, however, and to listen was to be conquered. Her gift was considered so remarkable that the government undertook her musical education. At seventeen she made her debut as "Agatha" in Weber's "Der Freischutz," and from the night of that performance she was the favorite of the Swedish public. She worked indefatigably to improve her vocalization, and in her youthful zeal strained her voice, which of course was not fully matured. The catastrophe afterward proved to be timely, for it led her to continue her studies with the famous teacher, Garcia. After a stay in Paris of about fifteen months the young singer returned to Stockholm a new being, and the welcome accorded her had all the fury of a great popular excitement.

Her success in Copenhagen was even more pronounced. Jenny Lind was the first singer to whom the Danish students gave a serenade; torches blazed around the hospitable villa where she was staying, and the delighted prima donna expressed her thanks by singing some Swedish songs impromptu. Anderson writes of her at that time:

"On the stage she was the great artist who rose above all about her; at home in her chamber, a sensitive

young girl with all the humility, and piety of a child. Her appearance in Copenhagen made an epoch in the history of our opera; it showed me art in its sanctity: I had beheld one of its vestals."

Her success in Germany followed soon afterwards. She had barely sung the opening bars of her first important solo, when the audience was electrified. The fervor, sweetness, passion, novelty of treatment and glorious breadth of voice and style completely enthralled them. They broke into a thunder of applause, and that was the beginning of the "Lind madness" which ran through Europe with such unparalleled enthusiasm. Offers came pouring in on her from London, Paris, Florence, Milan and Naples. Her tour in 1844 through Germany and Scandinavia was like the progress of a royal personage. Mendelssohn engaged her for the musical festival at Aix-La-Chapelle, where he was conductor, and was so delighted with her singing that he exclaimed, "There will not be born in a whole century a being so largely gifted as Jenny Lind."

In London the "Lind fever" raged like an epidemic. The struggle for admission to hear her sing threatened more than once to become a panic. Vast crowds spent hours before the doors of the opera house on the chance of a place in the pit.

Yet with all this flattery and adulation which would have turned the head of a weaker woman, Jenny Lind remained the same quiet, simple-hearted, shy woman as of yore. The anecdotes of her munificent charity, piety and goodness filled the papers and so fed the popular imagination, that it is no exaggeration to say that she was *worshipped*.

Is our world growing too pro-

saic, or have we no great singers, that we hear of no such dizzy triumphs? Or is it that the prima donnas of today descend to such sensational means to capture the public attention—scandals, daring exploits, the divorce court,—that our hearts cannot warm to them?

Jenny Lind had a great aversion to boisterous publicity, and this feeling, together with religious motives, caused her to withdraw from the stage in the very zenith of her glory. Song and oratorio appealed to her as higher, purer forms of art than the opera, and in 1849 she finally abdicated the throne she had filled so triumphantly. From this time she devoted herself and her art to needy and suffering humanity. Many artists have been noted for generous deeds of charity, but for wholesale bounty, for princely munificence, none have climbed to the heights of Jenny Lind.

America owes its opportunity of hearing this great singer to a much abused man,—P. T. Barnum. Whatever may be said of some of the methods of this noted showman, there is no doubt that for bold enterprise and knowledge of his public, his equal has yet to be born. A wag of the day wrote concerning the diva's contemplated appearance:

"But in the last few years there's
been a slight decline

In the living alligator and anaconda
line;

Even Tom Thumb exhibitions are getting
rather slow,

And my factory for whales was burnt
a while ago,

And the Mammoth Boy and Girl
are getting rather thinned;

As sure as my name's Barnum and
yours is Jenny Lind,

I must provide the public with some
new exhibition,

For I hold my popularity on that express
condition,

So I thought of you, Miss Jenny, the
Swedish Nightingale."

On her arrival in New York in September, 1850, both the wharf and all near-by streets were thronged with people eager for a glimpse of the great singer. Thirty thousand people surrounded her hotel at midnight, and she was serenaded by a band of a hundred and thirty musicians, led by several hundred red-shirted firemen. Costly presents were sent to her anonymously—the public went to the wildest limits of extravagance. One instance of her stay in Baltimore shows how literally she was "adored." While standing on the balcony of her hotel bowing to the shouting multitude,—the whole audience had escorted her home,—her shawl dropped among them, and it was instantly torn into a thousand strips—each one to be preserved as a priceless souvenir.

During her engagement at Boston she was married to Mr. Otto Goldsmidt, the pianist of her company. It was a true love-match, and the result was a life of happiness for them both. She withdrew from public life and thereafter sought only the glory of a perfect domestic life. The same fervor and devotion that art had won from her was now expended in making her home life beautiful, and it is the artist's most glorious triumph that her most perfect roles were those of wife and mother.

Her life was beautiful and true. She adorned the stage and left it a legacy of spotless purity and devotion to ideal aims. On November second, 1887, surrounded by all her loved ones, children and grandchildren, her calm and peaceful spirit passed away.

Her memory remains unsullied by an unworthy deed. She was a great artist, and as such deserves unstinted admiration; but our greatest praise is due for this: "She was a noble woman."

WHEN ALL OUR DREAMS COME TRUE.

H. W. Naisbitt.

He was a quiet dreamer who in ecstasy could soar,
Above earth's momentary clouds which change for evermore;
Amid the ether fields of space like light he onward flew
A Poet-Prophet to His race, a dreamer of the true!

Though all unlikely, burning words burst from His lips—His pen—
Men sneered and scoffed, some called Him mad, they crucified Him then;
He calmly took the martyr's crown, for in His soul He knew
That time would vindicate His name and find His dreams come true.

Of Fatherhood divine He spoke, He claimed to be "a son,"
He conquered death, He burst the grave, a victory grand He won;
The world's attention to the Christ, by power bestowed He drew,
He homage claimed and pointed out, dreams made already true.

His death and resurrection proved, that keys of power divine,
Were held by Him for purpose grand—to heaven and earth combine.
And when the angels welcomed Him, a chosen faithful few
Were called to tell the earth the truth, in making dreams come true.

All through the nations, how they toiled, let history's tablets tell,
Enduring bravely, e'en to death—as 'twere the hosts of hell;
A few received the joyous truth, "the old, yet ever new,"
And many a martyr's soul went out in proving dreams come true!

They wrought for peace, for saving truth, beneath the spell of love,
As righteousness increased on earth delivered from above;
Error and evil stood amazed, as triumph they could view,
Their reign destroyed, their power cut short if these strange dreams came true!

Oh, how in maddened rage they fought, they marshaled all their skill
The hoary methods known of yore, these daring souls to kill.
Their aim in this to power retain they thousands vainly slew,
Of consecrated teachers, bent on making dreams come true!

'Twas conquest at the moment for the priesthood was recalled,
The Gospel lapsed as 'twas foreseen, men's souls remained enthralled.
The myriad hosts of Satan laughed in glee this message threw,
"We've foiled the enemy today," our dreams may yet come true!

But Wisdom's purpose never fails, sin dreams, and pays the cost,
For ages few as Satan cried, "Truth played for game and lost,"
The latter dispensation dawned, as Gods and Heaven foreknew,
When Priesthood's rule to earth returned to make old dreams come true.

Adown the slopes of time at last there rings the glorious song,
A prophet's voice is heard once more proclaiming loud and long,
Repent! The day of power is here, the day foreseen by few,
When God himself will work to make His servants' dreams come true.

We may not see them all fulfilled while dwelling here in clay,
But as "Truth's Herald" we shall hear of its triumphant sway,
While victory shall through Christ, the king, call all his saints to view
Each prophecy in turn fulfilled and all old things made new!

Ail who may learn their sphere of work, will find in worlds afar
Each soul engaged in loving toil where gates are all ajar;
Oh, what a day of glory, when the universe may view
The once despised, but Heaven inspired whose every dream comes true.

A HELPMEEET.

"And the Lord God said, 'It is not good for man to be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.'—Gen. II, 18.

Girls, have you time to pause a few moments—you who are in the busy whirl of the excitement that attends the preparation for your bridal day—you who are enjoying the sweet dignity of young wifehood, and—yes, you, too, whose hours are filled with duties for the treasures entrusted to your care, for are you not also still girls at heart? I want you all to consider with me the deep significance of the one word "Help-meet"; defined thus: "One who is fit to help, a companion, a partner, a wife." How the last word thrills the heart of the dear little bride, that is to be! How sweet are the thoughts with which the hours are filled, as she makes her plans for the bright future which she feels so sure will be hers! But of what do her plans consist? Is it not true that for the most part her thoughts are centered upon the embroidering or hemstitching of her bed and table linen—how many sets she shall have;—on the dainty bits of fancy work and how they will appear in the new home;—on the personal trousseau and the actual event itself, with its brightness, and beauty and fragrance? While the great question is left to be solved after the busy times are over.

Is there, think you, one girl in every hundred, who sits down to face the problem in all its seriousness, and to question her own heart as to her fitness to be a helpmeet to the man of her choice? Does she consider his standing in the church

and the possibilities of the sacrifices she must make of his companionship, if his duties be performed honorably? Does she take into consideration his evidence of thrift or lack of such, his business connections and what they may mean to her? And does she determine to be brave if reverses come, to encourage and not to hinder, to prove herself no drawback, but to be in very deed a helpmeet unto him? If all this is done in sincerity, with an earnest desire for divine guidance, then may she expect with hopeful trust for a happy future.

But of the one whose thoughts extended only to the wedding day! Of course the first few weeks will be filled with the delight of fixing up the new nest, and brightened by the presence of many friends, but the "settling down" days must come. Perhaps no other events will ever occur that shall so thoroughly test the ability of the wife to prove herself a helpmeet as shall these first few months, and wise indeed is she who begins aright.

So many think they must see mother every day or so, no matter at what inconvenience, when perhaps before marriage they had spent months away at school, or weeks visiting with friends, and scarcely had taken time to write to the dear home folks.

If perchance the husband's home or occupation be in another city, the wife was aware of this fact before marriage, and she has now no right to make his life miserable by her complaints and break up his plans and jeopardize his future financial success by her persistence to remove to her own home town. Such

a course is selfish in the extreme, and would never be entertained by one whose desire is to be all that a true wife should be. It is easy to look upon the dark side—to give up and say, “I can’t stand to be away from the folks, and what is more, I won’t,” but the brave soul will exclaim, “I have given myself to him—we are one flesh, his interests are my interests and his people are my people, my joy shall be in bringing brightness into his life and into the lives of those about me; I will be to him a helpmeet—a companion, a partner, a wife”!

The girl who is offered sixty, seventy-five or eighty dollars a month to teach school in another city, seldom hesitates because it will separate her from the home friends; she accepts and frequently finds that the greatest joy comes not so much in seeking her own pleasures as in imparting unto others. Shall money be stronger than love in inducing us to subdue selfishness and develop our resources?

Think of the courage possessed by our pioneer mothers who not alone separated themselves from their kindred, but were oftentimes compelled to forego the companionship of husbands who were sent to the mission field! Think of the young girls, who for the Gospel’s sake, leave all that is dear to them and make their way alone in a community where the language and the people are alike strange, and see if one is justified in rebelling against a fate which has separated her from former associates, though in exchange she is provided with a kind husband, a good home and people who would gladly offer their friendship. Thus frequently where the young husband expected co-operation and help he meets discouragement and hindrance. If he yield to her entreaties and sever his business

connections and change his home, it may take years to obtain the same footing in a new locality where his interest and abilities are not known. If then the financial outcome is not what was expected before the marriage, in whom does the fault lie?

But it is less of temporal than of spiritual conditions that I would write.

In these first days of married life when all is so new and strange, it is so easy to make a wrong beginning. The husband may feel a trifle backward, perhaps his father has never requested the members of the family to pray aloud, and it seems such a hard thing to do—so easy to let pass—this first family prayer. A girl is supposed as a rule to be more spiritually minded than a boy, and while it is not her right to lead, yet at such a time she can encourage and sympathize and express her desire that the new life begin aright.

Next perhaps will come the trial of having him go to quorum meeting. Thus far they have been able to attend the public meetings together, and when the time comes for her to spend the first evening alone, there may be a temptation to both for him to remain at home. But if she be wise she will not alone refrain from suggesting that she will be lonely and would like him to stay, but she will have a plan to read some interesting book or invite a friend to spend the evening and do all in her power to encourage him to meet this obligation in the priesthood; otherwise his neglect of one important duty will deprive him of a portion of the spirit of his calling, and ere long he will feel justified in neglecting the Improvement Associations, then the sacrament meetings and perhaps the Sunday school, scarcely noticing

the gradual change that is coming over him.

I would not be understood as favoring the thought that a woman's place is always at home and that the husband alone needs spiritual strength and food. I think there should be co-operation, and if both cannot leave he should share these great privileges with her, but when she must remain at home, I think the occasions should be rare when he is asked to neglect his duties in the church.

Few wives realize what an incentive to progression these spiritual duties are to a man. If he be not religiously inclined it needs but a word of approval from his wife to cause him to neglect many duties "for her sake." If he prefers not to attend his priesthood meeting he is very solicitous about her being left to worry with the children alone, whereas if inclination would take him out with his friends the case assumes a different aspect; she must be careful therefore to use her influence on the side of right, even though it may sometimes mean a sacrifice to her.

One case in mind may serve as an illustration. A couple were married under favorable auspices; he—president of the Mutual, teacher in Sunday School, and holding a high office in the Priesthood; she—bright and capable but selfish, and not very religious. After a short time she began coaxing him not to leave her alone, and ere long she was outspoken in declaring that she would not be left. Rather than have a scene each time, he began yielding to her demands. Neither seemed to realize that his prominence in the ward depended upon the interest he showed in these things; but gradually the retrogression took place, until in less than fifteen years he has changed from a leader, to what

might almost be termed a nobody, and she is dissatisfied and feels that she was sadly mistaken in ever thinking he was a fine man. In whom lieth the fault?

If a woman shall fill the measure of her creation in its truest, broadest sense, she will strive to make herself all that is implied in the word helpmeet—partner—co-operating with him in the business of home-making, he to provide, she to care for. The interest of that partnership should be the peace and rest and joy that can be found nowhere outside the home. Companion—"not man's supplement, but his complement," she should seek to furnish by her companionship relief from the cares and worries of his out-door life. As a wife let her be true to her higher, nobler self and to him.

"His house she enters there to be a
light,
Shining within when all without is
night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presid-
ing,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares
dividing.
Winning him back when mingling
with the throng
Of a vain world, we love alas, too
long,
To fireside happiness and hours of
ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty
to please,
How oft her eyes meet his! Her gentle
mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts in-
clined;
Still subject, ever on the watch to
borrow
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his
sorrow."



Changed! There the epitaph of all the
years
Was sounded! I am changed, too.
Let it be.
Yet it is sad to know my latest tears
Were faithful to a memory—not to
thee.
—Owen Meredith.

SKETCHES.

VI.

WHERE SHAKESPEARE IS BURIED.

Katherine Arthur.

As you approach Stratford, next to its charming situation on the bank of the beautiful, clear winding Avon, you notice the tall spire of the Holy Trinity church. It towers above the other buildings just as Shakespeare towers above other poets. Only you must remember that Stratford-on-Avon is a quaint little town, not a city of magnificent houses. The church is of good size, very old, and with its surroundings, exceptionally beautiful. You could sit all day in its shadow, or pace, happily, for hours between those two long, glorious lines of lime trees that embower the walk from gate to door.

Of the interior, judge from this picture of the chancel. Do you see

the small dark spot in the floor near the door and immediately in front of the sarcophagus? That is the flat stone which shuts in the bard of bards. So great poet, yet he lies so low! On this tablet is his command:

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Biest be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my
bones."

In the wall above the grave is a bust of Shakespeare colored to represent life. The poet has rather a portly bust. His face is full and round, his head magnificent. His eyes are hazel, his hair and beard auburn; his expression happy, as if he enjoys being up there.



INTERIOR OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

VERGE PLEIN GENIO SOCRATHE ARTE MARONEM
ERRA TEGIT POPULVS HARET. OLYMPIVS HABET

SIRY BRINGER WHY GOEST THOU BY SO FAST?
DEADER THOU CANST, WHOM ENVIOUS DEATH HATH PLAST,
WITH IN THIS PRISMENT SHAKESPEARE, WITH WHOME
OUR NATURES ARE WIDOW NOT DOO DECK Y TORROR
DUNN KIL TEN COST, SEEH ALL Y ME HA FV WRITT
LEAS LEANG ART, INVITAGE, TO SERVE HIS WITT
OUR AND BE TALK
STATVS AS BE SHAK.

HIERNE LYETH INTERRED THE BODY OF ANNE WIFE
OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE
6 DAY OF AUGV 1613 BEING OF THE AGE OF 67 YEARES

Vbera tu mater tu lar, vitam dedisti
Vx mihi pro tanto munere saxa dabo
Quam mallem amoueat lapidem bonus angl' ere
Exeat christi corpus imago tua ego
Sed nil vota valent venias cito Christo, reuerent
Claus licet tumulto mater et astra petet

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DICG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE:
BLESE BE Y MAN Y SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Y MOVES MY BONES.

If you have Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" handy, read what he says about Stratford-on-Avon. One paragraph reads:

"As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an overwrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices, and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these facetious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration,

no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood."



It is not 'mid splendor, prosperity,
mirth,

That the depth of Love's generous
spirit appears;

To the sunshine of smiles it may first
owe its birth,

But the soul of its sweetness is
drawn out by tears.

—Moore.



No man receives the true culture of a man in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded.—Channing.



One likes to have old ties strengthened by fresh sympathies.—Eliot.

DIANA OF THE TERRACE.

Marjorie Liske.

The roses tossed lazily in the morning breeze; through the date-palms that flanked the drive gleamed a fountain flinging up diamonds into the sunlight of a California February; from over in the meadow came the sheen of mustard, a yellow, shimmering sea.

Captain Adrian drew a deep breath of the spring incense, and gazed in wondering admiration over the landscape that stretched for miles below the terrace, away to the bay that was now only a bank of blue mist.

The immaculate, white-aproned Jap had taken his card, and now the captain paced the terrace and waited. His alert, soldierly bearing showed the man in his prime, yet the hair below the vizor of his cap was quite gray, the lines of his face deep and firm, his complexion the dark bronze of a seafarer.

He was lost in a reverie when his hostess appeared. She had touched him lightly with the ivory handle of her riding whip before he became aware of her presence. Immediately he drew himself up with military erectness to salute her.

"Fair goddess," he said laughingly, as he took her outstretched hand, "whom go ye forth for to slay this morning?"

Beautiful in a riding suit, she warranted his epithet. The dark bottle-green of her close-fitting habit outlined a figure of splendid proportions, fuller than that of a girl, yet supple and graceful as that of her patron goddess. A small hat flaring from her face was wound with a filmy, white veil that fell to one shoulder with a careless sweep that would betray, to the initiated, the most artistic care. An audacious knot of red gleamed on her bosom, seeming to add its glow to the clear, olive skin, the deep, dark eyes.

She replied in the same bantering tone,

"No one less formidable than the giant, Despair." She smiled, but there was a hint of trouble in her eyes.

Captain Adrian grew serious.

"Ned is already in his clutches," he said with deep meaning. A wave of painful color mounted to her brow, and the look of trouble deepened.

"That is why I came—to intercede for my boy," the captain continued, laying his left hand over the ungloved fingers that still lay in his right. She drew her hand quickly away.

"You might spare us both," she returned firmly, "for it is quite useless."

"He loves you desperately, Diana," he urged, his fine, handsome face now profoundly earnest.

"I am years older than your son," Diana Crawford exclaimed, half impatiently, "he will laugh at his infatuation in a few years."

"No man could laugh at a passion he had ever cherished for you,—you know that. I loved your mother once."

"Yet you married young!" she challenged.

"But not until after she did. Life offered one of her rare consolations. My motherless boy has missed all that a woman—mother, sister, or wife,—can give. Be as kind as you can. He is young—in years,—but you are the sort of woman whose youth is eternal. And he has not much to offer you. He is only an ensign, an insect, we call it in the navy,—but rank is certain, if slow."

"I care nothing for that," she exclaimed with a touch of haughtiness. "Pray do not misjudge me. It is only that,—you are wrong about my youth. I am old, old! I love him—no, hear me,—I mean not as a—as he would wish, but in a sort of maternal way. Don't smile. I mean it so. I would spare him every pain, give him the devotion of a sister, a mother"—She stopped, then, with a little nervous laugh, resumed,

"It's rather trite, isn't it—to offer to be his sister? But I should be a loyal one. Men have always denied me their friendship, and I want it so!"

The captain looked away thoughtfully. Every fresh glance at the radiant beauty of this girl, every new revelation of her womanliness made his heart ache for his son. From her

attitude he knew the cause was hopeless, yet with the determination of a soldier he fought on.

"I dread to take him this answer. His misery makes my own. Diana,—listen to a doting father just this once. He is a manly fellow, if I do say it. He could make a woman very happy—he has his mother's unselfish disposition. I, I am selfish. I confess that his cause is doubly my own because I am lonely. It is my dearest wish to have a daughter, and you, Diana,"—

"Don't," she said, almost harshly. "This is what I wished to be spared. Do you think it is easy for me?" She regarded him with indignant yet misty eyes.

"Forgive me," he said, "I would not grieve you for worlds. There is only one thing more. You may not care for him now,—I believe you do not,—but in a year or so you may change. If there is no one else?"—his eyes sought hers insistently.

She flashed a hurt look at him as she turned away, and he saw that she was trembling. He placed his hand gently on her shoulder, but she shrank away. There was deep silence for a moment.

The wind blew a wisp of her veil across his face, and he gave a sudden start. Then a stern, iron line came about his mouth. His gaze compelled her own.

"Why do you make me tell you?" she cried, turning on him at last, "I have told nobody. Yes, there is some one! There has always been some one, and there always will be." She faced him, her cheeks as white as her veil.

Captain Adrian gave a short sigh. "Then you may know how Ned feels," he said briefly, no longer protestingly.

"How Ned feels! He is an impetuous boy, and I—I am a woman. He has at least the relief of utterance, and that would be my shame!" She placed one arm against a pillar and leaned her hot face upon it.

Captain Adrian turned away from the suffering in her attitude, and his heavy brows met in a puzzled frown. Incredible that this girl should love without return! A sudden thought brought him to her side again.

"Child," he began, hesitatingly, "no man could know you and not care for

you. It can't be you love where you should not?"

"No, oh, no!" she cried, dashing the tears proudly from her eyes. "Don't imagine such a thing. But it is just as hopeless. He is years older than I,—and he will not see!" Her bosom heaved, her sensitive lips worked nervously.

The Chinese "boy" appeared on the drive with her horse. Captain Adrian bowed to his hostess,

"Let me assist you," he said, and led her down the steps. Composure had returned to her, and by the time they reached her horse she could say calmly,

"Forget this scene, please—I don't often lose my grip on myself. And don't tell the worst to Ned," then, with a sudden return to banter,—*"I will cure him—I will mount my high horse and he will hate me for a heartless Diana—of the Chase!"*

She paused a moment to adjust a lock of hair that had blown across her eyes, then placed her foot in the captain's hand to mount. An exclamation of admiration escaped him.

"So like your mother's," he explained. A faint color came back into her cheeks.

She rested one hand on his shoulder and prepared to spring. Half way to the saddle she turned without warning and fell into the captain's arms, burying her face on his shoulder, and clung there trembling.

"Did I let you slip?" he exclaimed, self-reproachfully.

"No—I myself fell—from my high horse!" she cried with a hysterical laugh that ended in a storm of tears.

With a face full of concern and perplexity, he tried to soothe her, horrified at the deep sobs that shook her whole form.

"My dear little girl," he said, tenderly, "you grieve me to the heart." He raised her quivering face and laid his own bronzed cheek against her soft, pale one. "What can I do—what is your want?" he asked.

One slim white hand went swiftly up and pressed his cheek close, hard against her own.

"This, this is what I want!" she cried with reckless abandon, "and you would not see!" Then, tearing herself away, she hid her shamed face in her hands.

Perplexity, amazement, consternation, and then complete exultation fol-

lowed one another across his features. With a cry of reawakened youth he caught her within the circle of his arms again.

"Diana, Diana, how could I guess?" he exclaimed when he could find words again.

"Do you despise me utterly?" she asked, hiding with her lids the story her eyes told too plainly.

"Despise you!" he cried, "Despise a goddess who gives me youth again?"

Diana, what have I to offer in return? She let her eyes tell their own story.

Not a cloud dimmed the radiance of the flooding southern sun; through the date-palms the fountain still flashed and bubbled; over in the meadow the mustard rippled, a golden surf. Not a disturbing breath marred the peace of the morning except the captain's one short cry,

"My poor boy!"

THE BEAUTY BRIGADE.

Maud Morton.

Will the Beauty Brigade fall into line, please. You see, I take it for granted that by this time, "looking pleasant" has become such a confirmed habit that even an August day and shoes that are—well, say, a bit snug—cannot affect the "lightness" of your expression. The present styles in "Cinderellas" are very dainty and attractive in the windows, but they lose some of their charm when, after three or four wearings, the stilt-like heels show a mischievous "inclination" sidewise and a most ungallant desire to pitch their fair wearers on their beautiful, classical (sometimes) noses. And of course we all know that they have a "most worstest" effect on our health, but we still—some of us, at least—endanger our beauty (for "health is beauty," you know), for the sake of a passing whim of fashion. And most of the high-heeled shoes are provided with such thin soles that we cease to wonder at the "dill-pickle" expression on the faces of most of the women we meet, whose poor little "Trilbys" are brought into such close contact with the hot pavements. Try wearing lower heels and thicker soles for a while (except, of course, for very dressy occasions), and see how

much easier it is to "look pleasant."

Of course, the feet should be bathed at least twice a day this warm weather. A cupful of salt, or a teaspoonful or so of the ammonia solution recommended for baths, in a bowl of cold water, allowing the feet to remain in the water until they feel cool and "comfy," then drying them with a coarse towel, and afterwards putting them up on the back of a chair for a few minutes, will be found an excellent remedy for "that tired feeling" following a walk these hot days. The latter part of this advice was the suggestion of a prominent physician, who happened to be present when a small child was reproved for "having her heels higher than her head." The doctor laughingly remarked, "That child's sensible. She's been on her feet on the hot ground all day, and she's instinctively taken the best way of resting them." Then, more seriously, "Really, women would be less nervous if they'd take off their shoes and stockings and let their feet rest—whimsically, on the mantel or center table, for instance. Try it some time when you're much fatigued, and see."

But, to continue—after the semi-

weekly hot bath, remove any callous spots that the thin-soled shoes may have encouraged, by rubbing gently with pumice stone or fine sand paper. And if there should be corns—encouraged by the high heels—a few applications of a bit of sulphuric acid on the end of a tooth pick will soon cause them to disappear. And the stockings should be changed at least once a day. I don't mean that it's necessary to purchase a supply sufficient to have a perfectly fresh pair each day, but we can all afford to use one pair today and another tomorrow, while today's pair are treated to a sun-and-air bath to freshen them up for day after tomorrow's wearing, and so on. The same way with shoes. They will last much longer and retain their shape better if one can af-

ford to purchase two pairs at once, and wear them on alternate days, especially if they be put on a shoe last or filled with soft tissue paper on their "day off."

I forgot to say that ingrowing nails (usually caused by the pressure of tight shoes on the big toe) can be cured by cutting a small V in the center of the nail with sharp scissors or the cuticle knife. This causes the nail, in the effort to grow together in the middle, to grow up, instead of down, at the corners. Hang-nails on the toes should be treated the same as recommended for those about the finger nails.

For our own pleasure and satisfaction, let us see that our feet are as well cared for and dainty as our hands.

THE COOKS CORNER.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

Canning and Preserving.

Fruit is one of the most healthful articles of diet there is, and Utah is a land blessed above many others in the quantity of fruit yielded yearly. In order that fruit may be kept and used in the winter months it is canned or preserved.

Let each reader ask herself the question, why does fruit have to be boiled and sealed or cooked with such a quantity of sugar in order for it to keep? The casual reader will observe, because it will spoil if it isn't so treated. But why does fresh fruit spoil? Why won't it keep indefinitely? We all know that it will not do so, but we don't know just why.

Again we must refer to the tiny living organisms whose life work is so important in the economy of living things.

The bacteria, so-called, have the power of entering and feeding upon fruit as upon other things, and because of their life activity, causing the

fruit to decay or to be changed from the solid into the gaseous condition.

To preserve fruit for any length of time we must do something that will prevent the activity of bacteria. They cannot live in an intensely sweet nor in a very salty medium. That explains why fruit will keep if it is boiled some time in a very thick syrup. The boiling kills the germs in the fruit, and the excessive sweet prevents other germs from finding a feeding ground. Fresh meat will spoil very quickly in warm weather, but that which has been sufficiently salted will keep indefinitely. Again, germs cannot live except in the presence of moisture. That explains why fruit that is exposed to heat sufficient to evaporate a good share of the moisture it contains can resist the action of bacteria. Thus dried fruit will keep indefinitely while it is dry.

The germs themselves are killed by being boiled, but oftentimes their spores or seeds can resist the temper-

ature of boiling water. Such substances, notable among which is corn, must be boiled many days in succession. During the interval the spores develop into living bacteria, which are killed by the next day's boiling.

Cold renders the germs inactive, but does not kill them outright. Thus, as soon as they are raised to normal temperature, they begin their life work again.

Germs of decay are ever present in the air we breathe, and on account of their very minuteness can gain entrance wherever the air can be admitted.

It is clear now why we go through the process we do in canning fruit. First the bottle and lids are washed so thoroughly that not one speck of last year's fruit can be left anywhere on the inside, for in that speck of "dirt" thousands of living germs may be lurking.

Next the fruit is boiled long enough to kill all the germs present, and then while it is still boiling hot, it is sealed that no air, and consequently no germs can gain admittance.

If fruit spoils during the winter you may be sure that either some germs were left in the lid or bottle in a place where the germs or their spores were protected from the heat, or else that the air has been allowed to enter to some degree.

Before beginning your work be sure the jars are clean. Keep them in hot water until ready to use. Then, placing them in a small kettle of still hotter water near your fruit kettle, dip the fruit out. Some prefer to wrap the jar, while being filled, with cloths wrung out of hot water. Use whichever method is most convenient.

Have the lids and rubbers clean and handy, and when the jar is filled to the brim so that there can be no air space left in the bottle, wipe the juice from the edge, place on the rubber and seal as quickly and securely as possible. Take a knife or spoon handle and press the outside edges of the lid snugly against the bottle. Turn the bottle upside down and if any juice escapes you may know that it is not air tight. The fault may be with the lid or with the rubber or both.

Steamed Fruit.

Fruit will keep its color and shape better if it is steamed instead of stewed. An ordinary wash boiler may

be used as a steamer. Saw out a board to fit the bottom of the boiler inside; bore a number of holes through the board. Fill the jars with fruit and set them on the board with enough warm water in the boiler to come half way to the top of the jars. Make a syrup by boiling the amount of sugar and water you will use, and while it is hot pour it over the fruit until the jars are filled. Let the water around the jars boil ten to fifteen minutes; then remove the jars and seal them.

Delicious Canned Berries.

All fruit is more delicious if canned in its own juice instead of water. Take twelve quarts of berries and two and one-half quarts of sugar. Mash and heat three quarts of berries and strain through a cheese cloth. Place the juice and sugar in the kettle and when it is boiling hot, add the whole berries; simmer fifteen minutes and seal in jars as before directed. Or, if the fruit is to be steamed, make a syrup of the juice and sugar instead of water and sugar. Fill the jars with the syrup and cook as before.

The ordinary rule for canning strawberries is to allow one cup of sugar and one cup of water to every quart of the berries. Place all together in a large kettle over the fire and let them boil ten minutes, and while boiling hot pour into the jars.

Raspberries require less sugar than strawberries. Raspberries of all fruits are best when steamed rather than stewed.

The juice of English currants may be used in making the syrup for raspberries; only, of course, more sugar must be used with the currant juice than without it.



Our minds are apt to pine and starve by being imprisoned within what we have already attained.—Channing.



To educate a child perfectly requires profounder thought, greater wisdom, than to govern a state.—Channing.



He who is ruled by the love of money is tempted to sin.

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN ILLNESS.

VIII.

DROWNING AND SUFFOCATION.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

A very common and often serious accident is that of drowning, and often it may be possible to save a life if we know how to act promptly in such an emergency.

It is well understood that the impure blood in the body is sent to the lungs where it is united with the oxygen of the air (which is taken in with the breath), and thus it is made pure again. If anything interferes with the passage of the oxygen laden air to the lungs for a certain length of time death must ensue.

In the case of drowning, water has entered the passages of the lungs, thereby excluding the air; and, as a result the body has become more or less cold. *The two important things* to do are to enable a *supply of fresh air* to reach the lungs, and to *supply heat to the body*.

The lungs must be supplied with air by *artificial respiration* if natural respiration has ceased. There are many methods of doing this, but the one most commonly used is presented here. It is called "Sylvester's ready method."

Cut and tear the clothing from the upper part of the body, so that the movements may be unrestricted. If not too cold, keep the patient in the open air; if necessary to be removed to the house, be sure that windows are open so that a free circulation of air is possible.

Place the body face downward with the head resting on the hand, so that the mouth is clear of the

ground. Stand over the body and grasp it at the hip raising it two or three times so that the water may run out of the windpipe. Or place a roll of clothing under the hips to elevate the base of the lungs and then forcibly press the chest two or three times to force out the water.

Next turn the patient on his back with the roll of clothing under the shoulders. Wrap a handkerchief around your fingers, and remove any mucus that may have gathered at the base of the patient's tongue. Pull the tongue out, lay over it a piece of dry cotton, then tie it back of the neck, otherwise the tongue may slip back into the throat and close the passage.

Kneel at the patient's head and grasp an elbow in each hand. Bring the arms together above the head, so that the elbows touch the ground and hold them there while you count one, two, three, slowly. By this action the chest is expanded and air rushes in to fill the space thus made in the chest cavity; it corresponds to taking in the breath.

Next grasp the elbows again and bring them slowly down until they meet over the chest, making a slight pressure there while you count three slowly. This empties the chest of air.

There will be a tendency through excitement to perform these movements much too quickly. This must be guarded against, as more frequent movements tend to retard rather than hasten natural respiration. They must be repeated reg-

ularly and slowly at the rate of about sixteen to the minute, which is the normal number of respirations. Continue for at least two hours, unless natural respiration begins before that time. Watch for the attempt to breathe naturally while the above process is being carried on. A slight change of color in the face, a fluttering in the pit of the stomach, or feeble gasping, are all favorable signs, and the operator should stop at once lest he drive out the air when the patient is feebly attempting to draw it in. Dash hot and cold water alternately over the chest and apply ammonia or smelling salts to the nostrils.

The supplying of air to the body is the most important thing, but if you have any assistants whatever, direct them to take the next most important step, that of supplying heat to the body.

Remove the rest of the wet clothes, and, by means of hot water bags, bottles filled with hot water, bags of hot sand, hot bricks, heated plates, or anything practicable, supply heat to the body. Have blankets heated to wrap around the patient, and rub the limbs vigorously toward the heart, to restore heat from natural circulation of the blood. As soon as the patient can swallow, give him brandy in hot water, and as soon as natural breathing is restored place him in bed. He must be watched carefully until the breathing is strong and natural again.

It would be a wise thing for every one to practice the movements in artificial respiration until they are perfectly familiar. For if we know well just how to act immediately, we may be empowered to save a dear life. If the Elders are near when the accident happens, send for them that they may invoke divine

aid in your feeble attempts at saving life.

Suffocation.

Suffocation results from the breathing of impure gases, such as illuminating gas, carbonic acid gas, coal gas from stoves or the fumes from charcoal. The face becomes grayish in color and somewhat swollen. If the breathing has not stopped entirely, the respiration will be slow and labored. There is not only a lack of oxygen, but the blood may be poisoned by the absorption of the impure gas.

If one is poisoned by the illuminating gas, and is lying shut in a closed room, you must act quickly. Break the windows from the outside of the room if they are within reach. If not, cover your mouth and nose with a towel wet with water or vinegar and water, open the door, rush to the nearest window and open or break it. Put out the head and take a good breath; then cover the mouth and nose again, rush to the next window and so on. Remove the patient to fresh air as soon as possible. If he still breathes, slap the chest with a towel wrung out of cold water, or pour hot and cold water alternately over the chest. Place a warm plate or hot water bag over the heart and rub the limbs vigorously to aid circulation. Let him inhale the fumes of ammonia.

If breathing has stopped perform artificial respiration. As soon as the patient can swallow give stimulants in hot water.



The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity, is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. —Lowell.

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"There is a very serious charge made against you sisters," the tone was jovial, yet it held an under-current of meaning which made us all face around toward the speaker. Yes, he was joking, still he meant something by it.

"What do you mean?" one questioned.

"That too many of our boys are no better than the men in the world, and that the girls are largely to blame for it."

"Oh, yes! It's the old story of Adam and Eve," one of the women replied.

"The woman hasn't enough of her own to answer for, but she must be blamed with the man's shortcomings, too!"

"What a pity 'tis!" added a third, —all as if the speaker were to answer personally for the failings of men in general.

Still he stood his ground,

"Now, we're all working for the welfare of both the boys and the girls, aren't we? And the girls wield a power that they do not comprehend. If they require that the boys live up to a certain standard in order to gain their company, the boys will do it."

"The girls are doing it, and we're raising old maids in consequence," one matron replied, glancing meaningly at some of us, whereat we all laughed. Bro. ——— proceeded,

"Few women know the influence they have over men. Their power for good or ill cannot be over-esti-

mated. Let the girls refuse to associate with boys while they drink, smoke or chew tobacco, and the boys will reform."

✽

And I went to thinking about it. One or two girls can't do it all. It must be a united action. To be sure we've had the hearty support of most all, but we need *every one*. We want to treat the boys who have weaknesses, in a way to make them live up to their higher, better natures, until they find out the joy and happiness which that life brings. But, girls, you can not do it by marrying them while they have these bad habits. If they will not reform for you before marriage, they will very, very seldom do it afterward. Ah, there's the loop-hole! And you think your case will be the exception. No! little girl, it will not. Many and many a woman has deceived herself with this fond hope, and found misery and despair through it. Teach your friend that he must come up to your level, that you can never love a man who does not hold your respect. And if he turns to some one else? Well, let him go. There are others worthy of your love and confidence. But if we all took this stand there would be none to whom he could turn and gain a different reception.

And it is not only the boy of the above mentioned habits who is to be tabooed. With sorrow we learn that some of the evil habits

of the world are creeping in. And can we tolerate them? No, a thousand times, no! There must be but one moral standard for both man and woman. And it is in our power to make it. Think of the horror of anything else! You who have pure, noble-minded fathers and brothers do not realize that there is anything different in the outside world. You can not believe that honor is so lightly held. But it is in many communities. Many a woman in the world confesses that she has no faith in mankind—she thinks them all moral lepers, yet she goes on tolerating them, and the social evil grows worse and worse. This is not mere hearsay, little girl. I have talked with many, many worldly women, and they accept of this as a necessary evil, never believing that there is a community where it is different. You know, as I do, that it has been different among us. Will you help to keep it so?

"Thou shalt not commit adultery" is as binding upon the man as the woman. Did you ever know a man who, no matter how vile he, himself, might be, would marry a moral degenerate of a woman? No, I think not, at least not more than one in ten thousand.

I'm not going to preach any more, but I want you to think it all over. Look at your girl friends who have not taken this stand, and see where they are. Does their fate tempt you to join their number?



One dear friend I had, who took the risk. Day after day her misery grew. At first he was good enough, though I never visited her without leaving with the heart-ache. Yes, he was "lovely" to me, but he knew she had taken him in spite of his bad habits,—he smoked a little, drank a little (only at the table, you

know)—Ah, well,—you read the rest, though she did not—his standard of morals was different to hers—and she had accepted him as he was. He was never openly unkind, but he disregarded her wishes in so many ways; yet he paid respect to the feelings of others. It made me so unhappy that I ceased to visit her when I would be likely to meet him. I knew her true, loving heart, and that she loved the truth above all else, that she would never stoop to sin, and that she shrank from it with horror. I saw her fade, saw the despair in her eyes, the hopelessness in her actions. Yet she told none of it.

Night after night she sat alone in her beautiful rooms—she kept house in part of the old home—while her widowed mother kept lonely watch in the other. Night after night did that mother listen in agony for his coming. And when toward daybreak she would hear him enter, what was her feeling? Death, a thousand times death! rather than bring such sorrow to those who love you, such wretchedness to yourself.

And when God in His mercy had relieved her of her burden, and she put her head in my lap sobbing out her pent up disappointment and longing, only these words told the tale—"Oh, I have suffered the tortures of the damned."



Yes, little girl, it's a sorrowful tale. But it's true, every word of it. And you are no better than she was—you could not be. She paid the cost and so will you. Pause, before it's too late. Better some wasted affection than a blighted life and desolate home. And in the end, God will send you comfort for your sacrifice and a joy beyond any your mind has conceived.

EIGHTH GENERAL CONFERENCE M. I. A.

(Continued.)

Sunday, May 31, 10 a. m., 1903.

Conjoint Session.

Minutes of Conjoint Conference of Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., held Sunday, May 31st, 1903, 10 A. M., in Tabernacle, President Joseph F. Smith presiding, and President E. S. Taylor assisting in conducting. Temple choir and congregation sang "Come, Come, Ye Saints." Prayer, Elder J. G. Kimball.

Solo, "O, Lord Most Holy," Lottie Owen.

President Elmina S. Taylor said, "I cannot tell you what feelings of joy and gratitude fill my heart at the privilege I have of addressing you this morning. I did not expect to speak, but President Jos. F. Smith feels that I can and I will try for a few moments. I thank God for this movement and for His help to the workers in it. This work has been a blessing to our girls and boys. I hope that the instructions and examples set them will be to them a lesson, and that they will follow in the steps of those who stand at the head of the church. Boys and girls, I wish you would all look to the Presidency and Apostles and seek to be obedient to them for this is the path of safety. God bless you all. Seek for the Holy Spirit, that you may be guided into all truth."

President Joseph F. Smith then welcomed all present; praised the faithful labors of President E. S. Taylor, spoke with power and feeling, giving utterance to many thoughts which were full of strength and comfort to those who heard.

Sister Sarah Eddington and Elder Thomas Hull followed, speaking of the M. I. A. achievements for 1902.

Reports of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., were then read by Secretary Hull who also presented the names of the officers.

Temple choir sang the anthem, "My God, the Spirit of All My Joy."

Benediction, Sister Julia M. Brixen.

May 31st, 2 p. m.

Conference re-convened at 2 p. m. President Joseph F. Smith presiding and Counselor Maria Y. Dongall, assisting.

Singing, "Ye Simple Souls Who Stray" Tabernacle Choir
Prayer, Elder H. S. Tanner.

Anthem, "The Nation's Bow to Satan's Thrall" Tabernacle Choir

Sister Elizabeth McCune gave a very interesting account of her travels in South America. Spoke of the courtesy received at the hands of strangers and the interest they had shown in the gospel. Related some incidents from her own life, which impressed her hearers with the feeling that all honest labor is honorable.

"I am grateful for every trial, for I have, in them, been obliged to rely upon God, and it has brought me nearer to Him."

Sister McCune admonished the young people to be diligent and faithful and to obey counsel and never find fault. Gave this as the key note of success through life.

Solo, "The Holy City"
..... Little Millie Williams

Elder B. H. Roberts delivered an eloquent address, to which no brief report could do justice.

Male Quartette, "Lead, Kindly Light"
Bowman Johnson, Lawrence Beck,
J. Farrell, W. C. Parr.

Singing, "Hallelujah Chorus"
..... Tabernacle Choir
Benediction Helen W. Woodruff

May 31st, 7:30 p. m.

At the evening session of the M. I. A. Conference the Tabernacle Choir sang "Lord, Thou Wilt Hear Me."

Prayer, Superintendent John L. Herrick of Weber Stake.

Singing, "In Our Redeemer's Name,"
Tabernacle Choir.

Sister Donnette Smith Kesler gave a very interesting talk on "What Shall Our Young People Read?" The books recommended by her included many of those recommended for our Travelling Library.

Elder Edward H. Anderson followed upon the same subject. He said in part, "It is no uncommon thing to cast aside all reading during the summer. This is a fallacy. Many men have been self-educated in their spare moments. From reading we want to gain strength, inspiration and recreation. We all have time to read at least one book during the summer. Request the young men to select one good book

and read it this summer; not to aim to read much, but to read well. Tell them to carry the book with them and when they have a few minutes not otherwise occupied to spend them reading."

Referred to list of books published in the May number of the Era. Advised the selection of some foundation book, like Green's History of England or Macaulay's Essays.

"The reading of the Bible and Book of Mormon is a life task. We should not let a day pass without getting from them some inspiration for life." The other church works were also recommended with the best fiction thrown in for lighter reading. The inspiration to personal efforts is all we get from books; anything else will do very little good."

Organ Solo, Prof. John J. McClellan.

Sister Adella W. Eardley and Apostle A. Owen Woodruff spoke upon "Economics for Young People," advising economy but not stinginess. Urged them all to be willing to start life humbly and not expect at the outset to have as much as their parents possess in old age.

President Smith gave some striking illustrations of economy and wastefulness.

Duet, "God Bless Our Mountain Home," Brothers Wood and Noel Pratt.

"The Source of Moral and Spiritual Strength" was spoken upon by Sister Ruth M. Fox and Elder J. Golden Kimball. Both named it as the Holy Ghost.

President Smith added, "There is still another source for spiritual life, humility, steadfastness to duty and devotion to God."

Elder B. F. Grant gave some closing words of exhortation.

President Joseph F. Smith expressed approval of all said and done in that day's meeting. Gave much encouragement to Mutual Improvement workers. Paid a beautiful tribute to Brigham Young.

Anthem, "There's a Sound From the Vale," Tabernacle Choir.

Benediction, Alice K. Smith.

June 1st, 10 a. m.

Separate Session, Y. L. M. I. A.

The General, Stake and local officers of the Y. L. N. M. I. A. convened June 1st, 1903, at 10 a. m. in the 14th ward assembly hall, Counsellor M. H. Tinney presiding. Singing "Hail to the Prophet." Prayer, President Elizabeth McCune of Juab Stake.

Singing, "Do What is Right."

Apostle A. O. Woodruff and President J. Golden Kimball came in and were laughingly introduced as members of the General Board of the Young Ladies' Association.

Elder A. Owen Woodruff said, "We feel proud to be numbered among such a band of earnest workers. You are called to be leaders among your sex, and should never say, 'I can't do this,' or 'I can't do that,' but 'I'll try.' The spirit of the Gospel is not the spirit of can't or failure and I wish we had no such word in the English language. You sisters little realize the power and influence you have either for good or evil, at home or abroad. You have been chosen leaders by appointment and should never speak evil of those who are called to preside or of any principles that have been revealed. If Joseph Smith was a prophet, then all that he revealed is true, and all the ordinances are necessary for the development of our character and the advancement of the work. If we in our hearts fight against any of the principles of the Gospel, we will become skeptical towards others and soon lose the faith. The Gospel is to divest us of every bit of selfishness and it is a mistake to think that in order to live it we must be unhappy. The truest happiness comes from living up to every duty.

"We should not look for perfection in each other. Don't look for the little faults of character that each one has, but look for the truth and integrity to duty. Those who have obeyed the higher principles are those who have suffered, but have held fast to duty, and their integrity has enabled them to overcome weaknesses and made them worthy leaders among the daughters of Zion. Life to such is sweet for they know the Gospel is true."

Elder J. Golden Kimball, "I, too, feel honored at being considered a member of this Board. I never could gain inspiration from men, so I like mixed congregations."

Warned the sisters against adjourning their meetings during the summer. We should work together. I believe in unification.

"There are thousands of missionaries out in the world today who would not be there if it were not for their wives, mothers and sisters and the strength and encouragement received from them. Women do not know the wonderful power they have;

would to God they did and that all would use it for good.

"The apostles are now sent out and the burden of their cry is, 'Don't go in debt,' and they might as well tell us to go out and die, unless you women help us. Phil Robinson, when he wrote about the Mormons, said Satan had climbed over the wall in the form of fashion and if let alone fashion would drive out polygamy. We can't be a fashion plate and live true to the principles of our faith or the Gospel of Christ, and pay our donations and tithing. I don't like to be behind and take the dust of any man. I have pride, bushels of it, and I like to see the people dress well and look well, but I want to tell you that there is trouble coming upon this people for they will be taxed almost more than they can bear and I would like to see them prepare for it. I have been tried, my heart has been wrung over finance, and I have lived to see the day when I could thank God that I had reached the bottom. But as I live and have my faith, I never will go into debt, and we can't keep up with the times as the world makes them, and keep out of debt." "Sisters, I tell you in the name of Israel's God, we must retrench, and you must teach it to your young people. There's no use preaching to the men; you are the ones who have power and influence over the young people. I don't want flowers when I die, I only want one person to pass my casket and drop a tear and say I brought one soul to a knowledge of God. I want to be buried in a plain, simple casket like my father had.

"I thank God that our leader has come up through poverty and trials and I hope the Lord will preserve him in humility, and his family. When pride enters the hearts of our leaders they are in danger. The foundation of the superstructure of the church will not permit pride and vanity to rule this church. My final word to you sisters is 'retrench.'"

Solo, "The Gate of Life," Maggie Summerhays.

Sister M. J. Snow then followed with appropriate remarks on the same subject,—"Retrenchment."

President N. C. Taylor of Salt Lake Stake, spoke on dress, from a moral standpoint.

Sister Clara Leone Horne, of Granite Stake, gave a beautiful talk on "Art in Dress."

Singing, "Doxology."

After the benediction by Sister Mary A. Freeze, meeting adjourned until 2 p. m.

June 1st, 2 p. m.

Meeting opened by singing, "Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire."

Prayer, Sister Jane J. Eldredge, President of South Davis Stake.

Singing, "Nay, Speak No Ill."

Secretary Cannon stated that in our guide work the literature of the world would be treated in epochs giving a general idea of all the best in that field; this to follow the lessons on Usages and Proprieties of Good Society. The lessons in the Doctrine and Covenants would also be continued. Spoke of the conventions to be held in the various Stakes in the fall and urged the Stake and local officers to arrange their work so as to attend these conventions.

The remainder of the time was given over to the bearing of testimonies. Many spoke and the Spirit of God was felt by all present.

In conclusion,

Counselor Tingey said she did not fear the outside pressure, but had fears of what we ourselves would do when trials come. We must stop any spirit of criticism and backbiting against each other and our leaders. That is the spirit of contention and will cause us to fall if persisted in. Related an incident in the life of the Prophet Joseph. While traveling with some brethren without a word he started his horse, through a stream. Some followed while others took a round about course. When they arrived on the other side, the Prophet said to the latter, "You can go back; I don't need you." Urged all to follow the file leader no matter if it does seem to lead in the most difficult path."

After singing "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning," and benediction by Emma Goddard, conference adjourned.

On the evening of June 1st a reception and banquet were tendered the visiting Stake officers by the members of the General Board. An excellent program was rendered, the songs and recitations were beautiful, the speeches and toasts very much enjoyed, the music delightful. Over 500 were seated at the banquet, in the Brigham Young Memorial Building. All described it as an evening of rare enjoyment.

GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

Note.—Lessons XI and XII are published now to give officers an opportunity to study them before they are presented in the associations. They are to be taken up for the September work.

We had hoped to present the first lesson of the Literary course at this time also, but have been unable to do so. It will appear in the next number of the Journal. A great amount of thought and study have been necessary in order to give all that we wish in so brief a form. In fact we know of no book that will give anything like so good a knowledge of the world's great classics in so short a space. To our busy workers whose

time for study is necessarily limited, it will be particularly valuable, even while pointing out to those of more leisure the way to a more thorough acquaintance with the best in literature. We are sure that the girls who take this up in earnest will be delighted with it.

One meeting of each month is set apart for the testimony meeting; two for the lessons from the Doctrine and Covenants, and one for the Literature.

Wherever possible it is now thought best to grade the associations. The work for the Junior class is also being prepared. More will be mentioned of this in the September Journal.

BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

LESSON XI.

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

According to the law of the Lord it is necessary that a person, after baptism be confirmed a member of the church, and thus receive the Holy Ghost through which other gifts of the Gospel can be given him (a). Besides being necessary, it is a privilege which should not be withheld from those who have been baptized (b). It appears, also, that confirmation should follow baptism as soon as possible, for in most references, the two ordinances are mentioned in the same sentence, and we are expressly told that children should be baptized and confirmed when eight years old (c). Only those holding the Melchisedek Priesthood have the right to confirm members of the Church (d).

The act of confirmation consists in the one having the proper Priesthood and authority laying his hands upon the head of the candi-

date, and confirming him a member of the Church, thus conferring upon him the Holy Ghost (e). This is the method which was followed in the days of Jesus, and which has been followed, undoubtedly, in all the ages of the world (f), when the Gospel was upon the earth.

The Holy Ghost, sometimes spoken of as the Holy Spirit (g), the Holy Spirit of Promise (h), or the Comforter (i), exerts a wonderful influence upon the recipient. First of all, it enlarges the faith in God, until an absolute conviction follows, that He lives and that He guides mankind (j), then the faith in Jesus, his teachings and his sacrifice, is similarly strengthened (k). After the Holy Spirit has borne record of these fundamental truths of the Gospel, it testifies of all the

a. 33:15; 39:23.

b. 49:13-14; 84:64

c. 68:25; 20:68.

d. 20:41 and 58.

e. 33:15.

f. 35:6.

g. 76:52, 53.

h. 88:3-4.

i. 39:5-6.

j. 20:27.

k. 21:9.

gifts and callings in the Church, and establishes faith in them (jj). The faith made possible by the possession of the Holy Ghost, is incalculably superior to that built by human reason alone. Thousands of brethren and sisters can testify to this.

The Holy Spirit also enters into the very lives of those upon whom it has been conferred, in such a way as to bring about the greatest happiness. It enables us to give utterance to our thoughts of joy (l). It teaches us of all things expedient in our lives, thus bringing about not only spiritual, but also temporal success (m). Above this, however, is the power it gives, of knowing and seeing for ourselves the holy things which are beyond the reach of the ordinary mortal senses (n). Thus, he who enjoys the full possession of the Holy Spirit may look into the past or the future, and obtain from the Lord revelations to direct the actions of his own life (o). Glorious suggestions of what this means are found in section 76, verses 114-118, and section 121, verses 26-32. (Read.)

It is clear from these statements that the Holy Spirit or the Holy Ghost, is the great teacher; and that all its teachings are directed toward the establishment of a conviction of the great truths of the Gospel. The Holy Spirit is the greatest of all teachers, and blessed is the man or woman who has it for a constant companion.

It is sometimes said, by those whose thoughts are shallow, that a person can know with certainty only the things that may be sensed

by one or more of man's five senses. This is not so, for in science, literature, art and religion, the most precious truths are those which cannot be sensed directly, but which are manifestations of the Holy Spirit.

Now it must not for a moment be assumed that the moment the Holy Ghost is conferred, wonderful changes are wrought in the individual. From that moment on, the Holy Spirit begins a new and strong labor, but the recipient will be benefited only as he purifies himself, and makes himself worthy of the blessings made possible by this great gift (p).

A great responsibility rests upon those who have received the Holy Ghost—the companionship of the Holy Spirit. The great knowledge given such persons, will make them witnesses for the cause of Christ. (q) To deny, later, this testimony and the truth of the Gospel message would be to commit the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, the terrible punishment for which is the second death. (Read 76:31-38 and 43-48.)

It is always so; the greater the Divine enlightenment which is misused, the greater the punishment.

The greatest blessing in the Church, aside from eternal life itself, is the gift of the Holy Ghost; for it testifies of eternal life and of the glory of the celestial kingdom (r).

QUESTIONS AND REVIEW.

1. What is the meaning of the word confirmation? (Use a dictionary.)
2. When should a person who has been baptized, be confirmed? (20:68.)
3. Who have authority to confirm members of the Church?

jj. See j.
l. 14:8.
m. 18:18.
n. 39:6; 76:116-117; 121:26-28;
124:5.
o. 20:35; 68:2-4.

p. 76:116.
q. 14:8.
r. 88:4.

act upon things on

4. What is the correct manner of confirmation?

5. What are some of the effects of the reception of the Holy Ghost?

6. What is the chief office of the Holy Spirit in relation to us?

7. What is the difference between the knowledge obtained through one or more of our five senses, and that obtained through the gift of the Holy Ghost?

8. What is the sin against the Holy Ghost? What is its punishment?

9. Why is the Gift of the Holy

Ghost one of the greatest of all the gifts of the Gospel?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

a. Relate the events connected with the reception of the Holy Ghost, by the Apostles, on the day of Pentecost. (Acts, chap. 2.)

b. Tell the story of the baptism and ordination of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. (History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 39-42; also foot note of pp. 42 and 43.)

LESSON XII.

GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT.—HEALING THE SICK.

Gifts of the Spirit.

The various manifestations of the Holy Spirit or Holy Ghost, are often spoken of as the gifts of the spirit. Frequently, the Spirit, for special purposes, enables a person, of pure life, to do things that are utterly impossible for unaided mortals to do,—that is, to perform miracles. However, it is not at all necessary for the Spirit to prove its presence by miraculous performances; the power to live, contentedly, a pure, humble, prayerful life is one of the greatest gifts of the Spirit.

It was shown in the last lesson that the reception of the Holy Ghost is a necessary introduction into full membership in the Church, and God has clearly and repeatedly said that the signs of the Spirit shall follow those who believe (a).

The Book of Doctrine and Covenants gives several beautiful enumerations of the gifts of the Spirit. (Read 46:13-26; 84:65-73; 124:98-100.)

One of the great gifts is to know that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and was crucified for the sins of the world; but it is almost as great a gift to have the power to

believe the testimonies of our friends, who have led pure lives and who testify that Jesus lives.

To many it is a great comfort to have the gift of 'distinguishing, among the events of life, the good from the evil, and to discern good from evil spirits; to others it is equally comforting to have the gift of wisdom, whereby correct judgments are rendered in the affairs of men.

The gift of knowledge is very important, and to those who possess it, is entrusted the work of giving knowledge to others, that all may be wise.

To those who are sick, the gift of having faith to heal or to be healed seems often to approach the greatest.

The gift of prophecy, or the power to look into the future, has always been held to be one of the great gifts of the Spirit.

To thousands of members of this Church the gift of speaking in tongues or the interpretation of tongues, has been a lifelong comfort.

When the Lord will, He has promised His servants the most miraculous of all gifts, the power to raise the dead and bring them to life again.

A most desirable gift of the Spirit which, though often forgotten, is of great comfort, is the gift of imagination, by which we "may mount up in the imagination of our thoughts upon eagles' wings."

These gifts are all given for the benefit of those who love the Lord, and who keep, or strive to keep, His commandments; and we are commanded to seek earnestly the best gifts, in the right spirit (b). However, many people seek signs to obtain faith; this is wrong. "Faith cometh not by signs, but signs follow those who believe" (c). (Read 63:7-11.)

To every person a gift of the Spirit is promised. To some is given one and to some another (d). To very few, if any, are all the gifts of the Spirit given. (f)

Healing the Sick.

The Lord has given His people the promise that the sick among them, if they have faith and are not appointed to die, shall be healed (g), by the prayer of faith (h).

The one who is sick should express a desire to be healed by prayer and faith (i); and the elders of the Church, two or more, shall then be called and they shall pray for and lay their hands upon the sick person, in the name of Jesus; and if he die, he shall die unto Jesus, and if he live, he shall live unto Jesus (j).

Only the higher or Melchisedek Priesthood has the right to lay on

hands for the healing of the sick, or to direct the administration, (k) though to pray for the sick is the right that necessarily belongs to every member of the Church. Though not mentioned directly in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, yet we know that the complete administration to the sick consists of the anointing with holy oil, followed by a confirmation and blessing.

Should any sick person lack the gift of faith to be healed, we are instructed to nourish him with all tenderness, with herbs and mild food, and that not by the hand of an enemy (l).

The Lord has given to His people a set of rules, which, if observed, carry with them the promise of great and continued health. (See Lesson 21.)

QUESTIONS AND REVIEW.

1. What is meant by Gifts of the Spirit?
2. To whom are gifts of the Spirit given?
3. Enumerate five well known gifts of the Spirit. What is meant by each?
4. Have you ever wished for any particular gift of the Spirit? Why?
5. Why is the gift of imagination desirable?
6. Why are gifts of the Spirit given?
7. What is a sign seeker? Does sign seeking produce faith?
8. Relate any operation of a gift of the Spirit that you have witnessed.
9. What is the Lord's promise respecting the healing of the sick.
10. What is the manner of administration to the sick?
11. Do you know of anyone who has been healed by faith?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- a. Relate the incidents connected with the first miracle in the Church. (History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 82-84.)
- b. Read cases of miraculous healing, (p. 89, A String of Pearls.)

- k. 107:66-68; 20:58.
- l. 42:43.

- b. 46:8, 9, 28.
- c. 68:10-11.
- d. 46:11-12, 27-29.
- f. 107:92.
- g. 42:48; 66:9.
- h. 35:9; 84:68.
- i. 24:13; 14.
- j. 42:44.



"THE GRAIN ALL STACKED."



Vol. XIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

No. 9.

THE FIELDS OF PEACE.

Annie Pike.

Many a night my hands are weary of the labor;
Many a day mine eyes are blinded with the sun;—
Let me not falter till the work be done!

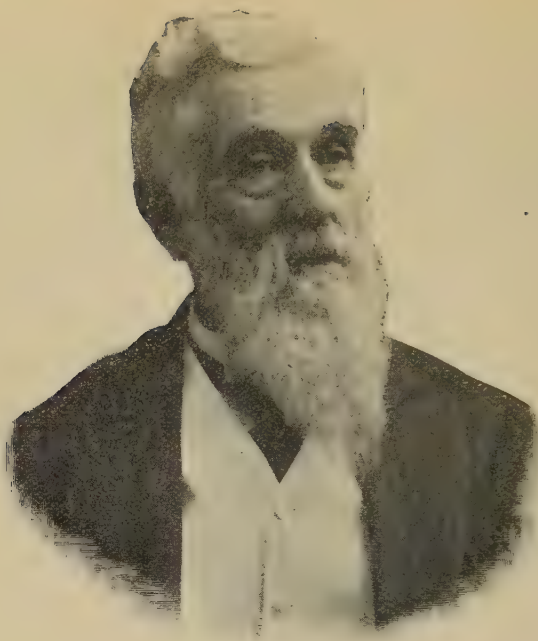
Sing, O my heart!—the song may cheer my neighbor
Whose life is heavy, and whose field is bare;
Immortal soul, what doest thou with despair?

I cannot see the plan that moves the suns;
My thoughts go wandering in the maze of stars;
My soul is guided as the path of Mars,

E'en though I know not how its cycle runs;—
Take heart! Take heart! nor leave the waiting field—
Immortal soul, what shall the harvest yield?

Happy the day when on my soul shall fall
The music of a voice I long have lost—
The labor done despite the bitter cost—

So may I listen to the homing call,
The grain all stacked, the weary hours all past;
Immortal soul, the fields of peace at last!



PRESIDENT LORENZO SNOW.

AS THE SILVER GRAYS OF TODAY REMEMBER HIM.

Leslie Woodruff Snow.

The late President Lorenzo Snow was a faithful aide-de-camp of that great Director General, President Brigham Young, who so masterfully engineered our western civilization through the perils of its birth and infancy to that point of development where, being firmly established, it could launch out upon a triumphant career of progress to magnificent attainments.

From the parent settlement of Salt Lake was recruited and sent forth the little bands of determined heroes who bravely battled for existence and conquered the surrounding wilds. There was a call for a leader to go into the north, and Apostle Snow was the man chosen.

President Young said, in substance:

"Brother Snow, we would like to have you go north sixty miles, where you will find a few cabins and there build up one of the cities of Zion."

Apostle Snow fully sensed the importance of this mission. He knew the man who had spoken, and understood his high ideals as to what should figure largely in the founding and development of a city of Zion. He knew these principles were high, and man is mortal. His experience in frontier life enabled him to fully appreciate with what he and his people would have to contend. All things considered, he knew that efforts to reach the ideal must in a measure fail, yet, with his untiring energy and indomitable courage, re-

solved to wrest success, so far as possible, from the grudging hand of adversity.

In his work as town-builder he gathered around him a little band of noble hearts, who in the dark hours of trial were ever ready to uphold, befriend and sustain him.

Some of these Silver Gray pioneers are still living and it is from them that much of the subject matter of this sketch is obtained. His was a powerful personality, capable of creating lasting impressions in the hearts and minds of his fellow-men.

President Snow was a man of few promises, was ever cautious in obligating himself, but his word once given became a moral bond that under all circumstances must be kept. For example, he promised a number of Salt Lake people if they would emigrate to Box Elder he would see that they obtained land. All the water was owned by a few families, and he depended on increasing the supply by taking out the waters of Bear River. Jesse W. Fox, the Territorial Surveyor, reported the project feasible, but the expense beyond the resources of the people.

President Snow, at the meeting where the report was made, prophesied that the time would come when the waters of Bear River would be diverted and sent flowing over the thirsty land, making it yield in wonderful abundance. The West Side Bear river canal is a fulfilment of that prediction.

Out of the failure of the Bear river project arose the first crisis in the experience of the town-builder. Depending on his ability to keep his promise, many families had gathered in Box Elder. They were waiting; there was no land for them, what was to be done?

"Man's extremity is God's op-

portunity," and here the Powers above compelled President Snow to fall back on one of the highest laws of Heaven.

The log meeting house contained perhaps the most historic gathering of its time. President Snow went there filled with the power of the Lord, for he was a man who could get near to the Lord, and this was a time of great need, for the future of the settlement depended on the result of this meeting. He fully sensed this, for beneath that dirt and willow roof, facing those hardy Saints seated on slab benches, he preached the sermon of his life.

His theme was not the full law of the consecration of property; only a phase of that law; a big step which would carry the Saints to its border line. His sermon was on the division of irrigated land. At that time it was all in the hands of a few. It must be so adjusted that those who were without land could obtain sufficient for their maintenance. He did not propose that this property he handed out gratis; but the purchase price was not to be based on the value of the land, but on the circumstances of the people. The settler was to receive, both in kind and amount, whatever the buyer was able to pay. President Snow expounded the principle of honesty; how this trade could be made fair to each and all.

As he liked deliberation, never deciding hastily on any important matter, but always taking time to consider, ponder it over, look at all phases and then make a decision, he gave the land owners two weeks' time to consider how much of their land each would relinquish.

At the subsequent meeting many responded generously, and thus he fulfilled his promise to the people; but more important still, this ar-

rangement made possible the enlargement of the settlement.

President Snow worked for advancement and progress along all lines, moral, intellectual, temporal and spiritual. He was continually striving for attainments higher, for things better than he had yet known. Difficulties, instead of disheartening, only served as stimulants urging him to greater exertion.

This trait is strongly exhibited in a series of herculean efforts extending through a period of thirty-five years. His the brain to plan, the ability to execute the many enterprises that roused to life and energy dormant Box Elder. By successive stages of healthy progress he led the town on and up till, when he dropped the reins of control, he left prosperous Brigham City, where, in those now almost legendary "early days," he found a few pioneer cabins.

His efforts were unceasing along the lines of better homes, improvement of surroundings, growing shade trees, orchards, vineyards and later on lawns and ornamental shrubbery. This untiring zeal brought about greatly improved conditions.

He was a man of resources. Many times in the struggle with poverty and unpropitious environments his ingenuity was taxed to its utmost, but generally his fertile mind devised ways and means to meet the difficulties. The people were very poor; food and clothing were scarce. The timber question was always a knotty one.

"Going to the canyon" is strictly a western phrase fully understood only by those hardy knights of the axe:

Who oft at midnight in their mountain lodge,

Awoke and listened to the coyotes howl

Their doleful chorus, and the wintry blast

Sighing amid the balsam and the pine. *Orion W. Snow.*

While President Snow was not one of the knights of the axe himself, as an adviser and leader of those men, he occasionally took trips among the mountains, sometimes on horseback, in the interest of the timber question.

President Snow was an energetic colonizer. Many settlements in Box Elder County were established under his direction, and Brigham City became the fortress of the North, which facilitated the settlement of Cache Valley and portions of southern Idaho.

In the vicissitudes, trials and difficulties encountered by the Saints in building up these settlements, they found in President Snow a wise counsellor, a substantial supporter and a true friend.

In the location of a townsite, one of the most important questions was that of water. The era of town building was the era of canal building. While they worked on canals and ditches on a small scale, those sturdy pioneers looked forward to canals and reservoirs on a large scale.

At the present time we see and read a great deal about the reclamation of the arid west through immense canals and reservoirs for the conservation of waste water. This day was foreseen by the broad minded Brigham Young and other able leaders.

President Snow had one objection to the settlement of the mountain valley of Mantua. "That valley," said he, "should not be settled; it should be retained as a site for a large reservoir to furnish the

future Brigham City with water." The great question before that town today is, where can it obtain an increased supply of water? This could easily be answered if there were no settlement in that natural reservoir site.

He believed in the people having their hours of recreation. Himself a lover of amusement, he fostered the entertainment, the concert, the dance and the theatre.

He was president of the first dramatic association in Brigham City, and, while he never took part himself, he used his best efforts to secure facilities for presenting the drama.

One evening, on hearing where he had gone, a co-laborer who was not such a lover of the drama said: "I am afraid if there are no theatres in Heaven, Brother Snow will have a dull time there."

President Snow recognized in amusements a potent factor for good when they were elevating in spirit, tending to a better feeling of good fellowship, or were wholesome mental and physical recreation.

He was a promoter of education, and paid much attention to the schools of Brigham City, endeavoring to secure good teachers and urging their patronage by the people. In early days able instructors were almost as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth, while the population to be schooled was of the "wild and wooly" variety, many of whom would prefer tackling a fractious broncho to a problem in arithmetic. Under these conditions, he acted the part of judge between teacher and pupil to see that methods were not introduced that would tend to animalize rather than refine the pupil; and that a good disciplinarian was encouraged and upheld in his efforts to utilize and properly direct the vast amount of obstreper-

ous energy under his care. President Snow desired to live in an educated community, and put forth his best efforts to raise the standard of education and culture in Brigham City.

Under the most discouraging conditions, President Snow in the capacity of organizer and financier, established many industrial institutions.

They were started partly through contributions of cash or its equivalent. In payment the contributors took stock in the business. President Snow had no financial backing or funds to draw from in case of an emergency.

There was no choice as to the quality of the labor; skilled or unskilled had to be taken just as it came, with the result that in many of the institutions inexperienced men were managers with unskilled workmen under them.

Conditions were such that every dollar in cash that could be squeezed out of the entire co-operative system, year by year, had to be sent away from home to meet the cash expenses.

Owing to lack of capital, few of the enterprises were so thoroughly equipped that they could compete with the imported articles.

These and other unfavorable conditions formed the load for the struggling institution to bear. The system prospered, however, getting a little stronger each year, and during its successful operation every man and as many women as desired it were given employment. There were no idlers in Brigham City. A period of activity and prosperity existed that was probably never equalled in the history of any other settlement in the state. Every morning at the ringing of the bells, every workman went cheerfully to work, and the settlement was a ver-

But the busy little community could not provide cash enough for an emergency. The inevitable came, and a tornado of overwhelming losses marked the decline of the industrial period.

President Snow had a two-fold object in establishing this system of industries. There were the spiritual and the temporal sides to the question, but the spiritual was by far the more important.

He endeavored, under President Young's direction, to institute a social order which would include the following conditions:

A co-operative plan of industries owned, operated and sustained by the people. Every member to be a shareholder and support "co-op," as it was called, with his means, influence and labor, and "co-op," in return, to furnish him employment, paying him wages. The net earnings of the institution to be returned to the shareholders as dividends on the stock they held.

"Co-op" was not to interfere with a member's domestic affairs, his home and land were separate and apart—his business only in common.

The great cementing element of union that was to hold this temporal body of workmen together was to be spiritual. Love, unity, mutual forbearance and truth, the commandments, "Love the Lord thy God" and "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and all the gospel precepts as they taught man's duty to God, his fellow man and himself, were to be actually put into practice and lived up to in the daily lives of the members of the community.

For a number of years the woolen factory hands were called together every morning and in earnest prayer asked God's blessings to attend them through the day.

The spiritual leader dictated in this temporal organization and from a gospel standpoint instructed the people how to conduct their temporal affairs.

It was a grand effort. The principle is correct. All the members of "co-op" were Latter-day Saints. As a rule they had endured much for their religion. They were a noble people, and God gave them this higher law to test how near in their mortality, they could attain celestial conditions. The test proved they were still mortal, and could not endure everything.

The Silver-grays declare that had all in that institution lived up to the full requirements in act and spirit as was originally intended, a magnificent social order would have been in existence today. It was the adoption and observance of this principle that exalted the people of Enoch, and it could have accomplished great things for the Saints of our day.

President Snow's spirituality was highly developed. It was the predominating trait of his character. All other traits were simply adjuncts and accessories clustering around this one great dictator, obedience to its will and assisting to accomplish its aim. For years he preached about and labored in the affairs of this world, but things temporal were only the means to things spiritual. The financier was at all times subservient to the Apostle. As his son Orion has written:

When he presided in that sacred
Fane,
Where loving toils aid the remem-
bered dead,
He surely found at eventide of life
His ideal sphere of action here on
earth.

itable Deseret, a hive of willing working bees.

The temple was the mutual dwelling-place

Where mind and heart and soul united toiled,

Untrammelled by the grosser things of earth.

President Snow was a good conversationalist, witty, and loved a joke. Through his mind and heart flowed elevating thoughts and desires, and these came out in profitable talks and conversations. On those tedious trips before the advent of the railroad, he employed the time in instructive conversation, and enlivened it with amusing incidents and anecdotes. On all such occasions his language was chaste and his ideas were refined and elevating.

He was a very punctual man. He always kept his appointments and was especially particular to be on time at all meetings. On one occasion, when the high office of President of a Stake was to be filled, he said of a certain man, "He is qualified in all other respects, but I object to him because he is always late at his meetings. The spirit of tardiness will spread throughout the stake if he is sustained in that position."

He died at the good old age of eighty-seven and a half years. His longevity was largely due to his temperate habits. He was a moderate eater usually retired early and was not, as a rule, an early riser; yet as his work was more mental than physical, he would

often lie awake endeavoring to solve some difficult problem of life.

He respected the authority of the Priesthood, and expected all members of the church to do the same.

He kept the temple of his own soul free from tobacco and intoxicants. As a faithful sentinel on the watch tower of Zion, he did his duty in warning and persuading the people against the use of these poisons.

In whatever position he was placed, whether it was lay member of the church, or the high office of its President, he displayed a marked capacity for adaptation to circumstances and a largeness of mind to grasp and handle the most weighty questions.

President Snow respected and loved the Saints among whom he labored and in turn was respected and loved of them.

His last request was that his remains might rest where the flowers above his tomb could be kissed by the same zephyrs that wafted the fragrance from the blossoms of his beloved city.

When the funeral train reached Brigham City, a multitude of people thronged the place, gray-haired veterans with their children and grandchildren. As the procession passed along the peaceful streets, it traversed a carpet of flowers strewn by thousands of loving hands. Such a tribute spoke eloquently of a heartfelt welcome home to their honored dead.

This brilliant personality, like the most valuable of gems, displayed from every side the radiant luster of the soul within.

Better trust all and be deceived,

And weep that trust and that deceiving,

Than doubt one heart that, if believed,

Had blessed one's life with true believing.

—Butler.

SKETCHES.

VII.

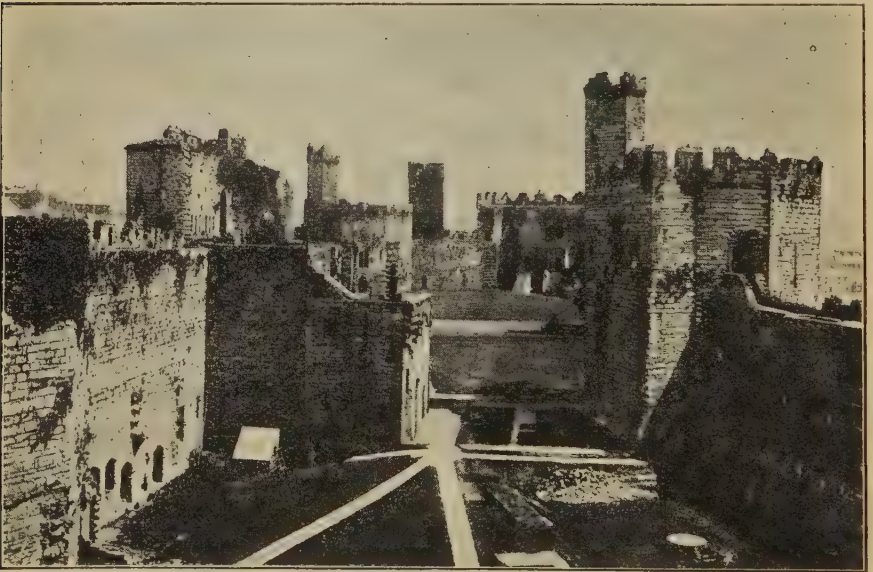
CARNARVON CASTLE.

Katherine Arthur.

One of the finest ruins in all Great Britain is in the little old-fashioned town of Carnarvon, North Wales. This is the castle—magnificent, royal, mediæval fortress—built of hewn rock. It was begun by King Edward I. and finished by King Edward II., who was the first Prince of Wales. Here in a tiny room 12 by 8 feet, the little prince was born. Royalty must have felt cramped. Why, some of our children of today who can never hope to even shake hands with a prince's private secretary, would scorn to be born in so small a chamber. But the year 1284 is a long time ago, and the princes who left heaven at that time did not expect to come down to houses

having all the modern improvements.

Carnarvon castle was built by Edward to secure his hold on Wales. Wales and Scotland were both conquer'd and made part of the English kingdom. But Wales was always an independent little country (just see how that national hymn of hers boasts her tongue and her harp still unchanged,) and swore boldly that no English king should rule over her. But little Edward, you see, was a born Welshman(?) and his countrymen paid him homage. Staunch little Wales! Luck was against it then. No matter how brave the small fellow is, when his big brother slaps him, he



CARNARVON CASTLE.

must howl and take it. Wales need not grieve now. It is part of a glorious nation.

Edward the Second, however, was not worth bowing down to. He was a careless, of-no-account monarch. He not only failed to add to his glory, but he lost some that his father had made for him. Scotland, under the noble Robert Bruce, rose against him, and, on the field of Bannockburn, regained its inde-

pendence. His wife, Isabelle, "the she-wolf of France," plotted against him. He was imprisoned, and finally deposed by Parliament. He was the first monarch that Parliament had so used. Even kings may be dethroned, you see. He was afterwards removed to another prison, and there cruelly murdered. After all, it is better to wear the crown of vigorous, honest manhood and rule loving hearts.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Ida Stewart Peay.

They started very lowly, Ben and Isabel; at least I do not know what could be more humble than a tent in a sheep camp, with a herder's wages. They both worked hard all day, though it was their honeymoon, for while Ben whistled for his dogs and tramped behind the sheep, Isabel, strong and useful, bent over the smoky camp fire and ably filled the role of cook. But at night when the supper things were done, and the moon came looking down with his good natured face, and the little stars peeped out, winking and blinking coyly at the sober old earth, Ben and Isabel would steal away, seeking out some lonely dell to live their love and plan their future. Here Ben would contemplate her budding beauty, enhanced by the soft light of the smiling moon. How fair she was, rounded in the delicacy of her sixteen years. Her mass of dark and wavy hair called forth a note of admiration as it was gently smoothed and lifted by the evening zephyrs.

"Was there ever such beautiful eyes and glowing cheeks and such

gracefully rounded throat as yours, dear Isabel!" he would say, gazing with delight into her lovely face. "And such shapely hands, though rough now, alas! and brown, but never mind, my bonny girl," and he would draw her down beside him on a grassy tuft, "some day these dear hands will be soft and white and jeweled," as he pressed them gently.

Little did she dream of the prophetic exactness of his words, but her eyes would fall upon her tapering fingers, while her childish loving thoughts followed in a misty way the plans and hopes of her ambitious husband.

"Some day, Isabel," and his voice seemed firm and far away, as though he warned the Fates of his determination, "some day, I'll be rich. I'll have the finest house in town, the fastest horses, the smartest trap, and you shall have the richest gowns."

Isabel, in her simplicity was all content, until, as he brought new pictures to her mind, she sighed at her ignorance of that great world

outside the household arts, where she excelled, and feared she would not do for wealth's companion, when Ben pressed her closer and kissed her to forgetfulness of aught but present joys.

The summer slipped away with work from sun to sun, and evening walks for words of love and Ben's great plans of the dream-gilded future.

Time came and went and all so mysteriously brought the fullness of nature's joys to Ben and Isabel. Two beautiful girls, a boy, and still another babe appeared, each making a stronger tie of love between these two.

Ben, with his face set firm towards the goal of his ambition, gained rapid way. A neat and comfortable cottage was now their home in town, and while the eldest girl was still a child she was sent away to the far distant city to get an education.

The Fates favored this determined man; no, did more,—they performed for him a miracle and the sheep-herder of but a few short years ago became a wealthy man, proud and busy. The little town was left behind and a handsome piece of modern architecture in the great city displaced the cosy cottage as their home.

Isabel's gowns were rich and costly and her head was proudly held. But the beauty of her dark eyes was passing, not fading, for she was only now at the height of her matured womanhood, but their trustful and happy expression was giving place to one of distressed fear that strangely marred them. Her pretty, ringed fingers were restless in the unnatural idleness of the new life. Her full red lips, once uttering words of love and praise to him she honored, and warbling

lullabys in the soft and joyful tune of accepted motherhood, were strangely silent now. Fear of ridicule at the words so incorrectly spoken closed her mouth to all save necessary communication. Many years had passed since baby hands had smoothed the cares of life for Isabel, for she strove to follow society's code, but her mother's heart still yearned to fill that soul-satisfying part. Abandoning nature's course, however, she sought for pleasure in society's paths, where she was courted, yes, where her homely speech was excused on account of her wealth.

Time moved along. The two girls married very young and went away. The boy was sent to college, and for many years remained in distant parts. The youngest child one sad and bitter day fell ill and left them for all time.

Once again, like twenty years ago, Ben and Isabel were keeping house alone. And when the day was done and night came on and the moon and stars came looking down as they did long years ago, Isabel would stand out upon the great, broad balcony of her stately house, and gazing out upon the multitudinous lights of man's invention, she would sigh at the loneliness of the great city,—far lonelier, she mournfully thought, than the desert herding ground where only the pale moon and the blinking stars lighted the world all so brilliantly for her and Ben. And when that great gentleman, now kept out until far into the night by the business and pleasures of the city, would at last seek his home he would sometimes find her out upon a rustic bench, fallen asleep, perhaps, like a strayed and weary child, with the lonely tear-stains still upon her face. And though the

soft light of the moon again revealed the mass of hair so brown and wavy, the cheeks slightly less rounded, and shadowed by the once alluring lashes, the form still beautiful in health and full maturity, he saw none of it, but only shook her arm and bade her haste indoors, where all the luxury seemed to make it but more dreary, and the beauty to add to their growing discontent.

One day the train carried Isabel back to the little town, back to her dear old mother and her brothers, to her sisters and her friends. She visited among them and seemed happy for a time, and no one guessed the burden weighing so heavily upon her heart, until one day at the old-fashioned rag-bee, the first she had attended in many years, they read her life's sad story in the matter-of-fact item of the newspaper.

"Why, who's this"? they all cried.

She was silent a moment; was she stunned or hurt that they should learn it thus?

But now she raised her head and said simply,

"I guess that's me. You see," she began, for she knew they must know, "he said," her smile was

brave but her lips quivered pathetically, "he said, I didn't know nothing and never would," and her breath caught painfully.

They would have blamed him, they would have reproached him and belittled his own scanty learning, but Isabel stayed them.

"Ah, he knows a great deal," she told them, "and he was very fair with me. He couldn't love me no more, for I didn't,—for I didn't know nothing," and her lips trembled again. "So he gave me fifty thousand dollars to go away and never see him again, never again! I was willing," and here a tear softened her great brown eyes, "for I wa'n't caring to see him again, if he didn't love me no more."

After she was gone away—she had no heart to stay among them there—after they had seen her beautiful but sad face looking back at them from the car window, sentimental Sister Jane exchanged a fond glance with her plain old partner Joe, pressed to her bosom the baby form that nestled there, and gently philosophized,

"Obeying the dictates of society instead of the laws of nature and of God is mighty unsatisfactory!"

JUSTICE.

George H. Brimhall.

Justice is the application
Of the laws of truth and right;
Justice cannot see perfection
Without Mercy's tempering light.

She's a blind and heartless goddess
Until Mercy gets her part,
Then is Justice freed from blindness,
And from Mercy gets a heart.

Justice, weighing out to Mercy,
Uses Judgment's finest scales.
Truth then triumphs, souls are happy,
Love by sacrifice prevails.

IN THE QUEEN'S DOMAIN.

Martha H. Tingey.

Home is the nursery for tender human plants, where they must receive the careful training that will enable them to grow healthy and strong, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, that they may develop into useful, noble, Godlike characters. The environments of childhood are powerful factors in the formation of character. As the child's mind gradually unfolds to an understanding of its surroundings, the impressions made are the most lasting, and will live when those of later years are forgotten. Read the biographies of men and women who have become prominent in the world's history, and you will find that their lives have been influenced largely by the circumstances which surrounded them in early life. Everything in the home, even to the smallest detail, makes an impress upon the character of those who reside therein. House-keeping and home-making, then, is character-building in its nature. It is not merely the preparing of food, the washing of dishes, the sweeping and dusting, washing and ironing. Indeed, no! It appeals to the noblest and best in human nature, it calls for the greatest intelligence and most earnest efforts of both men and women.

The first step in home-making is marriage, though much serious thought and careful preparation should be given the subject by both young men and young women, before they take this important step. A man and woman unite their interests, labors and hopes under the holy bond of matrimony, that they may begin to make for themselves a

home, a heaven on earth, the beginning of their kingdom, which they hope to own and govern throughout all eternity. There are duties and responsibilities devolving upon each which neither must shirk, if they expect to attain the summit of their anticipations,—of their glory.

If a couple commence their married life with at least a partial comprehension of its sacredness, of its grave responsibilities, its glorious possibilities, with full faith and confidence in each other and an abiding trust in their Heavenly Father, blessed indeed are they. The strongest and most important foundation stones in home-building are the spiritual and moral influences which pervade the atmosphere, and perfect unity and harmony in the governing powers.

Man's duties as the provider necessarily require his absence from home the greater part of the time; therefore the real work of house-keeping and homemaking has been given largely into woman's hands. It is the special field in which the Master has called her to labor, and for which He has endowed her with every requisite talent. Will she develop those talents for the benefit of humanity, or allow them to lie dormant, while she spends time and strength in the cultivation of lesser talents, on which the interest will be small indeed in comparison?

Woman is queen of the home. There her authority is unquestioned, her influence unbounded. The kingdom may be small, the subjects few, but from it may radiate

an influence and power that will affect the destiny of nations.

A sovereign's first duty is to study the happiness and welfare of her subjects. Their tastes and interests must be considered. Therefore the wife and mother, whom we naturally suppose this household queen to be, must put selfishness largely to one side and devote time and strength for the benefit of her family. Indeed, I cannot think of any position in life that requires greater self-sacrifice, nor one that will better develop all that is purest and best in woman's nature. She must aim to make herself and the home attractive to those who reside therein. Cleanliness and neatness are very essential qualities. The wife who appears in the morning with a neat and tidy dress, though it be the cheapest calico, a tiny collar, piece of lace or ribbon at her neck, her hair neatly arranged, though it may not be in the latest style, carries with her an air of refinement that appeals to the better nature of her husband and children and commands their admiration and respect. If the same principle of neatness is carried into the arrangement of the home, the preparing and serving of the food, and all the details of home life, it will have an elevating influence upon the members of the household, and a love for cleanliness and order is awakened in their hearts that will remain with them through life.

One of the greatest aids to success in life is a strong, healthy body. To study the interests of her family in this respect is one part of woman's work. As the little plants are placed in her care, it becomes her first duty to see that they have a good physical development. To this end she will prepare for her family that kind of food which will impart nourishment and strength

to every part of their physical organism, not building up one part to the detriment of another. She will prepare it, too, in an appetizing, attractive manner, that they may enjoy it. This necessitates some knowledge of the properties of various grains, fruits and vegetables. Some very useful, practical hints on this subject are given in the Domestic Science department of the Journal. The wise mother will not cater to the palate alone. She will carefully guard against many sweets and too rich food, which are so tempting to the taste, but act as slow poison in the system.

Proper clothing is also of great importance to the well-being of a child. Comfort and perfect freedom to all parts of the body must not be sacrificed to fashion.

A very necessary part of a mother's education should be some knowledge of the symptoms of various diseases, especially those of childhood, that she may be able to prevent their development, or mitigate their severity, thereby, in many instances, preventing serious results.

The influences of home should appeal to the nobler elements of human nature. Pictures are always attractive. Those selected to adorn the walls of our homes should be chaste and pure. A good historical picture will often arouse patriotic enthusiasm in the young mind, while those portraying incidents in the life of our Savior, and in church history will awaken a religious sentiment, which, with judicious training, may develop into strong spiritual activity.

Books are an indispensable part of house furnishing. A good housekeeper will see that there is plenty of interesting literature, good wholesome reading matter, always

at hand, and will encourage a love for reading in the members of her household. It is undeniably true that every one is influenced by his companions. So also are impressions for good or evil made upon the mind by the books that are read. A good book is often the best companion a young man or woman can have. Great care should be taken in their selection. The noblest thoughts of the brightest and best writers the world has known can now be obtained at very reasonable rates, and should find a place in every home.

Young people are naturally fond of amusement and pleasure. If they cannot have it in their own homes they will go elsewhere to obtain it. It is essential that proper amusements be provided in every home. Parents should join with their children in their games, and all forms of recreation, that a bond of sympathy and comradeship may be established between them. A tendency to go to excess in any kind of pleasure should be strictly guarded against, and discountenanced.

Proper respect for each other's feelings and property should be insisted upon in the home circle, otherwise a spirit of lawlessness and selfishness will be engendered.

As the family increases, the parents' cares and responsibilities are necessarily augmented. They often become onerous, and it requires extreme patience and fortitude to bear up under all the trying circumstances that enter into the lives of fathers and mothers. But with hope, faith and love they rise above the trials of the present, and look into the future for their reward.

Parents often make the mistake of trying to carry all the burden upon their own shoulders. They are overworked and become old before their time, because they "don't

want to weigh the young people down with work." I heard a mother remark, "I don't intend my daughter shall soil her hands with blackening stoves so long as she has a mother to do it." That is a mistaken policy. Are a daughter's hands better than her mother's? If such labor has to be performed by either, a daughter should at least share it. Every member of the family should be made to understand that he or she must be a loyal, obedient subject of that little kingdom, and that idleness cannot be tolerated, that there are certain duties and responsibilities devolving upon each, which must be willingly and faithfully performed.

As the years pass the parents' duties are somewhat changed. They should oversee, plan and systematize the labor, direct and control the energies and efforts of the members, that the duties may be distributed wisely and become a burden to none. In this way greater unity and harmony will result, and consequently greater happiness.

I fancy I hear some father or mother say,

"Oh, I have not time nor patience to wait for the children to do the work; I can do it while I am telling them how."

Very likely. But what about the effect upon the children? Doubtless it would require far less time and patience for the teacher in the school room to solve all the problems and explain the lessons himself, but would that be of the same practical value to the pupils?

Is this an odd way to handle this subject? Possibly, but it is the way it impresses me. Do you think you have too great a labor, too hard a task? It would be if our Heavenly Father in loving kindness had not given the great power of

love to assist in the work. Love is the polish that brightens and beautifies home life; it is the oil that lubricates the household machinery and causes it to run smoothly. A wife who truly respects and loves her husband finds no labor too exacting or irksome, if it conduces to his comfort and happiness, providing he loves her in return and shows an appreciation of her efforts. And I believe the same may be said with regard to a good husband. What will not mother love prompt a woman to endure? And she is fully repaid for all her devotion and anxious labor when she sees her children become respected and useful members of the community.

My girl, you who are desirous of helping in the battle of life, can you think of any better way than to act as assistant housekeeper to some overworked mother? She is often overworked because she cannot obtain competent, intelligent women

or girls to assist in her household duties. This because so many girls entertain the false idea that woman's work in the home is degrading. They think they can spend their time and talents more profitably and respectably in other occupations, overlooking entirely the educational advantages to be derived from laboring with an intelligent, experienced housewife.

Can you think of any better, broader field of action than that of wife and mother, the housekeeper and homemaker? Or any labor that will reap such a glorious harvest as to clothe immortal spirits in earthly tabernacles, nurture and educate them till they also are able to take up the labors of life, and work intelligently for their own exaltation and the redemption of their fellow-men? Remember, these are a mother's jewels, which will become bright and shining stars in her crown of eternal glory.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

Kate Thomas.

My little sweetheart has two chubby fists
 That strike my face like fairy balls of fur,
 And deep, sweet lines about her dimpled wrists
 Wherein I tuck the kisses kept for her.
 Dear little hands and arms, the love you hold
 In your small compass, coined, were worlds of gold.

My little sweetheart has a pretty coo
 That makes the angels hear and answering smile.
 The golden light her baby eyes shine through
 Was brought from lands above where was no guile.
 Dear little lips and eyes, you do not know
 The wealth of heaven you have brought below.

THE COLONEL'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Henry Nicol Adamson.

I.

"Have you decided, then, uncle, about advertising for a secretary?"

"Huh!" grunted the colonel, "I suppose it's the only thing I can do. I can't manage alone, and I must get on with my book. Really, Charles," smiling grimly, "it's most inconsiderate of you, after living with me all these years, to go and break up our arrangements in this fashion."

"But, uncle, you would not have had me refuse such a splendid offer, and besides"—

"Yes, and besides," repeated the colonel with good-humored sarcasm, "go on, pray."

The young man laughed softly. "And besides there's Cora."

"Why not put the young lady first, Charles?"

"She is first, sir. It is really for her sake, as you know, that I have accepted this appointment."

"Huh!" snorted the colonel.

There was silence, broken at length by the younger man asking in a bantering tone,

"Uncle, had you never a sweetheart?"

The question was so unexpected that the colonel had neither time to guard against it nor prevaricate. His face flushed, and he got up from his chair, two straight lines on his brow telling of memories full of pain.

"If you care to listen to my little romance, Charles," he began slowly, "perhaps you will appreciate your own good fortune more, and you will better understand my living here as I do, a lonely old man. Once

upon a time I had a sweetheart, but—she jilted me."

"She jilted you!"

"She jilted me! I felt very bitterly towards her till I discovered she had sacrificed herself as well as me. She had a brother, one of these easy-going, good-natured cumberers of the ground. He had got into difficulties, and the man my—my—sweetheart married helped him out of them more than once; his price was—my little maid. I knew nothing of all this at the time, of course. She explained nothing to me—just told me calmly, without a tear, that she was to be married. I thought her a monster of heartlessness. I did not know then—how could I guess—that her heart was broken." Here the colonel's voice grew husky, and he stopped abruptly.

"Have you—is she—did you ever see her again, uncle?"

"I met her once—more than a couple of years afterwards—quite unexpectedly, at a little country hotel. She was seated beside—her husband, and she had—a child in her arms. If I had not learned her secret before I should have guessed it then. The look my sudden appearance brought into her eyes reminded me of a wounded animal. We did not speak. I cannot tell if she bowed or not. I raised my hat and passed on. I have never seen her since—twenty-five years ago."

"Was her husband kind to her?"

"Her husband was devoted to her."

There was silence between the two men, then the colonel began hastily turning over the papers lying on the table. "We must get on,

Charles," he said. I mean to take as much out of you as I can, so let us to our work."

Although the younger man made no remark, the colonel felt and appreciated his silent sympathy.

II.

In a nicely furnished room in one of the houses which overlook the Pacific, in the great city of San Francisco, sat a woman busily engaged working a piece of rich tapestry. She was so absorbed that she did not hear a hurried knock at the door. Presently the noise of some one fumbling with a key roused her, and she arose hastily.

"Why, Bruce, back already! I thought you were not coming till late evening?"

"I did not intend to, mother, but I have just seen something in the newspaper I thought might suit me. Listen to this, 'Wanted, immediately, young man of good college education as private secretary to gentleman (resident in Santa Cruz) engaged in writing a geography of the world.' What do you think of that, mother?"

"We must face a separation some time, Bruce," she replied slowly, but with tremulous lips, "and this would assuredly be a situation after your own heart, were you fortunate enough to obtain it."

"I dare say I could see you pretty often, mother, especially if you decide to go and pay that long-promised visit to the Watsons—who knows but their place might be quite close to"—

"Bruce! Bruce!" laughed his mother, "you are counting your chicks with a vengeance."

He joined in the laugh, then with an eagerness born of keen desire, sat down and replied to the advertisement.

III.

"Seems to me, Charles," said the colonel to his nephew, "as if we had stumbled across a fairly decent fellow to fill your shoes."

"Yes, indeed, uncle. Why, he appears as eager about the business as you are yourself."

"Well, I hope he turns out as well as we expect."

The colonel's hopes were fulfilled, for the young man worked with a will, and the book began to take shape in earnest.

One day, about six or seven weeks after the new secretary's advent, the colonel received a letter which disturbed him considerably. It was from his only sister, and ran as follows:

"Dear William,—

My three boys are down with scarlet fever, and Marigold, who has been on a visit to the Tanners, intended coming home tomorrow. She cannot, of course, come here, and she cannot stay with the Tanners, as they leave for Europe on Friday. I hope you won't mind.—

In haste,

Your affectionate sister,

Jessie Burton."

"Confound it!" ejaculated the colonel.

His secretary looked up in surprise, but refrained from asking any questions.

"I'm afraid we won't get much work done next week," said the colonel at length.

"My sister, Mrs. Burton, writes me that her boys have taken fever, and she is sending her daughter Marigold here for an indefinite"—

"Who?" ejaculated the secretary, in a startled tone.

"Her daughter, my niece Marigold. Silly name, isn't it? But what is the matter?"

"Your niece! Is Marigold Burton your niece?"

"Yes; do you know her? She"—

"Colonel Firmage," interrupted the secretary, "could I get off next week? As you say, we can't work much with a lady in the house, and besides"—

At that moment the door burst open and a young lady rushed in. "I'm a day too soon," she cried gaily. Then the smile on her lips froze suddenly, as her eyes encountered those of the private secretary, and a burning blush overspread her face.

The secretary held out his hand. "How do you do, Miss Burton?" he asked gravely.

The colonel watched them curiously, scenting a mystery. His niece hurried from the room almost as quickly as she had entered it, and as the door closed behind her the colonel turned to his secretary.

"You have met my niece before?" he said quietly.

The secretary nodded. "If you will give me five minutes, sir, I will explain."

"Go on," said the colonel.

"Two years ago," began the young man, "I was in a very different position to that which I now occupy. Miss Burton was one of my former friends"—

"A dear friend?" suggested the colonel significantly.

"A dear friend," repeated the young man firmly; "dearer than she will ever know. But circumstances prevented the friendship continuing."

"May I ask what circumstances?"

"My father, who was the late Alva Green, the cattle dealer, of San Pedro"—

"Who?" shouted the colonel, "who did you say he was?"

The secretary stared in amazement. "Alva Green, the cattle dealer of San Pedro," he repeated. "Did you know him, sir?"

The colonel wiped his brow. "I have heard of him," he said, slowly. "Pray, go on with your story."

"He invested all his money in an affair that went to smash, but he never knew, fortunately; he died before he knew we were penniless."

"Is your mother alive?" asked the colonel.

"Yes; there are just she and I. I have neither brother nor sister."

"Well, Green," said the colonel, "you can't rush off just now when we are getting along so well. You don't need to see Miss Marigold unless you like. Meantime, my boy, off with you for a walk."

The unhappy secretary opened the door, and, crossing the lawn, disappeared.

"Of all the strange ways of Fate!" muttered the colonel as he threw himself into a chair. "To think that is her son—it seems impossible—a fine lad—his mother's son, every inch of him! Well, well!—But I must see Marigold," and he pushed the bell vigorously. "Ask Miss Burton to come here. I won't detain her a minute."

"I believe, my dear," he said, "that you and Mr. Green are old friends?"

"Acquaintances, uncle," she declared airily, "merely acquaintances."

The colonel never beat about the bush. "Marigold," he said severely, "come here till I talk to you—I dare say if you had not met here so unexpectedly I would never have scented anything amiss. As it was, you betrayed yourselves, and—now do not protest, but listen to me. This young man has become necessary to me. I do not choose to lose him because a flighty young girl"—

"Uncle William!"

"Saddles herself on me, and"—

"How dare you! I will go this very moment, and"—

The colonel put his arm round her. "You will go the length of the shrubbery, my dear. You will find Bruce, that disconsolate youth, there."

At the edge of a tiny pond the secretary sat on the grass. He was indulging in dreams of the past—a melancholy pleasure he seldom allowed himself. Suddenly a soft voice broke the stillness.

"You look comfortable, Mr. Green; but aren't you afraid of frogs and things?"

He jumped up quickly. "I must confess I did not think of the frogs," he said, laughing awkwardly.

A constrained silence fell between them, broken at length by the girl saying timidly,

"I have just heard of your misfortune, Mr. Green. Believe me, I am very, very sorry."

"Thank you," he said, gravely.

"I am also very sorry that you have such a poor opinion of your friends, Mr. Green?"

"I do not understand you."

"Oh, yes, you do. We were good friends once, were we not?"

"Very good friends," he replied, in a low tone.

"And you—you—left, disappeared in fact, without so much as a 'Good-bye.' Now, why?"

"I—I," he stammered helplessly.

"Bruce," she said softly, blushing and slipping her arm within his, "money is a poor, poor thing after all. Suppose we take up our friendship just where it left off?"

"But, Marigold," he said, huskily, "but, my dearest"—

"But me no buts," she quoted laughingly, well content.

IV.

"Green," said the colonel, "reach me down that book, will you? No,

not love poems. Next shelf—'History of the Maoris.' That's it; careful now—those steps are a bit shaky—and—good lands, are you hurt?"

"Not much; just a twist, I think," gasped the secretary, but his gray face belied his words.

"Let me help you—so—now softly—on to the couch, and we'll send for Proudfoot," and he rang the bell. "Crooks," he said, "send for Dr. Proudfoot at once. Mr. Green has dislocated his ankle."

"What an unfortunate thing," said the secretary, "and I was to ask off today just an hour or two to meet my mother. She is coming to spend her birthday with an old friend, and she has about a couple of hours to wait at that wretched little station."

"Your mother?"

"Yes, colonel."

"And now"—repeated the colonel, questioningly.

"Oh, it can't be helped," said the young man, "she will get along all right, I have no doubt. I can send some one with a message, I suppose?"

"You will do no such thing," retorted the colonel. "We will send the carriage to meet her, with Marigold inside, and I warrant you she'll get no further than this house to eat dinner."

It was still early when the carriage with Mrs. Green and Marigold rolled up the avenue. The colonel had instructed Marigold—much to that young lady's amazement—that on their arrival she was to take Mrs. Green to the library, and leave her there! Marigold was too well acquainted with her uncle's little peculiarities to ask any questions, but she thought she guessed what would be the subject of conversation. But for once the astute young lady was wrong.

Mrs. Green was awaiting some-

what nervously the return of Marigold when the door opened, and the colonel entered. Mrs. Green gazed at him as if fascinated, then with a quick gasp she sat down trembling in every limb.

The colonel crossed the room, sat down close beside her, and took her hand in his own. "Don't speak, Marian; don't speak yet."

In a few minutes Mrs. Green recovered herself somewhat, although her agitation was still great.

"Marian," said the colonel, in a low tone, "I know all your story—all. Now listen to me. Do you remember twenty-seven years ago this very night?"

"Yes," she said, sadly, "I remember."

"Twenty-seven years ago this very night," repeated the colonel, "you promised to marry me. Will you fulfill that promise now?"

"But, William"——

"I have spent seven and twenty lonely years because of you. It is plainly your duty to"——

"William Firmage, do give me a moment," and she put out her hand protestingly. "There are hundreds of things to talk about; there are"——

"There is nothing at all that can not be discussed as well after we are married," he said, calmly.

"But, William"——

"Say 'yes,' Marian."

"But"——

"Say 'yes.'"

"Yes, then. Now," she added, "perhaps you will say, 'How do you do?'"

To say that Bruce Green was amazed is putting the case mildly. It took a long time for him to realize what it all meant.

"I think it's really you he wants, Bruce," laughed Mrs. Green, happily, but the look she gave the colonel belied her words.

The next day dawned bright and clear, and after breakfast the col-

onel made another startling proposition.

The two ladies had just left the room, and he seized the opportunity of unburdening himself.

"Bruce," he said, "I've something to say to you. The doctor says your foot will be all right in a week. It's a blessing it wasn't so bad as we thought. Now, in a week you will stand to me in the relation of a son. Don't stare like that; isn't seven-and-twenty years a long wait? Well, as I remarked, you will then be my stepson. I have a strong suspicion you would prefer being my nephew. Is this so?"

"I—I—well, sir"—— stammered Bruce.

"Is it so?"

"Yes, it is; but you rush one so."

"There's no time to lose in this world, my boy. Now, what I wish to say is this: If Marigold is agreeable, why not make it a double affair? There's a decent-sized house for sale quite close to this, which I'll give Marigold and you as a wedding gift, and—ah! here's Marigold herself. Come here, you baggage," and the colonel put his arm around her waist. "We've been discussing something very important, and it all comes right if you'll only be sensible for once in your life."

"Uncle!"

"Well, I'll leave this young man to explain," and the colonel made his exit.

What Marigold's answer was may be gleaned from the fact that when the colonel returned half an hour later he overheard her say—

"I couldn't possibly,—not under a month, dear, or three weeks, anyway. Fancy being married without any things!"

"We'll get over that difficulty, Marigold," said the colonel, with a grim, determined smile. And they did!

THE BEAUTY BRIGADE.

Maud Morton.

Will the Beauty Brigade smile cheerily, please, and step into line, and we'll see what we can do to cheer up the poor little brigadier who exclaimed, plaintively, "How can my expression be 'lightsome' when I know that my complexion, with its tan and freckles, is reminding people of a bit of four-cent-a-yard polka-dot calico!"

My dearie, if the smile is genuine, and comes from deep down in your friendly little heart, people are very apt to forgive the freckles and tan, which are only skin deep. Emerson said: "There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy, not pain, around us." And Ella Wheeler Wilcox voiced somewhat the same thought when she said:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this sad old earth must borrow
its mirth,
It has sorrow enough of its own."

So, let us each resolve to always keep a supply of mirth, smiles and good cheer generally on hand, to lend. This old world of ours reminds me of a gigantic mirror—it so truly reflects back to us that which is within ourselves. It is always the woman who is cheery, cordial and unselfish toward others who tells us that "Everyone is so nice to me;" it's the girl who is incapable of petty spites and jealousies, backbiting and bickering, who thinks every other girl "a perfect dear." "Not the outer so much as the inner conditions regulate our living. Happiness, beauty, content

—these things are beyond the incidents of conditions and people and events. They are in us. They are expanded or restricted by the boundaries of our souls. The beauty of nature is not intrinsic. It fluctuates according to our sensitiveness. Last week we revelled in the beauty of a landscape. Today we look upon it as commonplace. Tomorrow it will be sublime. It is so with conditions that should yield content and happiness. Today the firmament of our home is leaden. The gorgeous tints of yesterday have faded. Even the star of hope is obscured. In all the world there is not one whom we can call our friend. Every man's hand is lifted against us; every man's voice is raised to censure. * * * * All because our focusing apparatus is out of gear. All because that delicate internal mechanism which makes for each her individual heaven or hell is temporarily disarranged."

But if it would be easier for you to keep your "focusing apparatus" properly adjusted without the consciousness of the tan and freckles, the following recipes will help you to banish these twin rebels against feminine beauty.

To Remove Freckles.

Add fifteen grains of borax to one ounce of lemon juice. Apply at night with a complexion brush, and afterwards apply the cream for which recipe is given below. If it agrees with you, drink one or two glasses of buttermilk every morning.

If the tan is not very bad, apply peroxide of hydrogen, being ex-

tremely careful not to touch the hair or eyebrows with it, as it will surely bleach the hair. If your winter collars have left an ugly dark mark about your throat, the peroxide will likewise bleach that. If the skin is badly tanned, slice, but do not peel, three good-sized cucumbers; add half a cup of water, and boil until pulp is soft; strain and cool. To one and one-half ounces of the cucumber juice add an equal amount of alcohol. This makes three ounces of cucumber essence. In this dissolve one-fourth of an ounce of powdered castile soap. Let stand over night, next morning add eight ounces of the cucumber juice, one-half ounce

of oil of sweet almonds and fifteen drops of tincture of benzoin. Pour in the oil very, very slowly, shaking the bottle well. Keep in a cool place; apply with a little sponge twice a day.

This is the cream to be applied after the freckle lotion:

30 drops of tincture of benzoin,
4 ounces white wax,
4 ounces glycerine,
12 ounces cocoanut oil.

Mix the last three ingredients by heating; then add the benzoin.

This cream will also be found an excellent "renovator" of a complexion that looks a bit yellow or dull. Rub well into the skin at night.

TO OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT, ELMINA S. TAYLOR.

Alice K. Smith.

Three and seventy summers have
passed away

Since the bright sun shone on thy
natal day,

And thousands of souls with their
hopes and fears,

Have passed away in those seventy-
three years.

But thou art still here, the head of our
band,

Mother to thousands of girls in this
land,

And one great prayer will to Heaven
ascend,

Throughout this broad land for our
honored friend.

A mighty prayer to be borne above,

A prayer of gratitude, joy and love,
That thy life has been spared and
thou today

Art with us to bless and help us to
pray.

Thou art always tender, loving and
true,

A noble counsellor and mother, too,
God bless thee with health, with joy
and with peace.

May thy wealth on earth and in
Heaven increase.

We know thy dear heart, its hopes
and its fears,

We've stood by thy side in joy and
in tears;

We'll list to thy voice, we'll come at
thy call,

We'll serve at thy bidding, as leader
of all.

We know God sustains thee, of Him
thou'rt taught.

We know thou'rt faithful in word
and in thought;

A noble record on earth thou hast
made,

No friend hast forsaken nor trust
betrayed.

True thou hast been to thy God and
His laws.

True to His prophets, His Saints
and His cause;

Faithful and true, beloved leader and
friend,

Faithful and true thou wilt be to the
end.

Then sweet be thy slumbers, calm be
thy rest,

In mansions above—the home of
the blest,

Where gladly we'd join thee in one
happy band,

Approved of our God, before whom
we stand.

SHEAVES.

A SEQUEL TO "LOVE THAT AWAITS."

Josephine Spencer.

New York, Nov. 3.

Dear Mr. Elmer:

Your comforting letter reached me yesterday and helped to make me feel that I do not stand entirely alone. If only Ruth and Jasper could see things with your eyes, how much happier my life would be! But with Ruth's ferocious feeling against the stage to fight—what will be the end of it all for me? They are happy enough—wrapped up in each other as they are, but I am left to delve five hours a day at my lessons, with only the prospect of a studio in Salt Lake at the end of it all! Oh, Mr. Elmer—if Ruth had not come here and spoiled all my plans! I had prospects in the "Bow Bells" company that would have put me into one of the best parts in the opera before the season was over. The manager from the very first seemed to single me out from the rest of the chorus, and was specially kind to me. He took me aside at rehearsal one day and told me that he would take the first opportunity to put me in a leading part—and it would be my own fault if I didn't "get to the front." Think what that would have meant—my very first season on the stage! Anything would have been open to me after that.

I suppose this talk will surprise you—after the plans I used to dream about out there—the studio—and all that. But some way things seem so different in a big place like this—it broadens one, and opens such different vistas in life. I can't realize how I could ever have thought of settling down in a little place like that—I know

I could never do it now. And yet, with Ruth and her adoring Jasper talking high art, taking me around to all the classical things, and planning constantly about the Salt Lake conservatory in which I am to shine—how am I going to escape? It looks as if nothing but a miracle or a lucky star will save me!

Of course—I know Ruth means well, and thinks she is acting for my best interests—but all this talk about the dangers and temptations of a theatrical life—I believe is nonsense. I know at least that no harm could ever come to me, for I am quite old enough, and I hope intelligent enough, to take care of myself—and I should ask no one's advice about it, either. If Ruth would only get over the idea that I am a babe—with no brains to speak of, all would go well. But that is what she thinks—and I expect nothing less than to be dragged back to Utah by the heels and put in a day nursery for life!

Why, she lectured me the other night, because she saw Mr. Purdy the "Bow Bells" stage manager, hold my hand while he talked to me on the street—called it unnecessary and "familiarity." Mr. Purdy has always petted me a great deal like that—and I never thought of getting angry. It's just his way. A man nearly thirty-six years old would hardly make love to a little girl of eighteen! But that is how Ruth looked at it—and you know when her mind is once set, Niagara itself couldn't move her.

Well, it is lesson time—and I must close. Remember me to all the home people—and, by the way,

tell me if Will Crofton is married yet. Your letter telling about his rhapsodies over Ruth was quite amusing. How nice for his present sweetheart if she knew! How I wish Ruth had married him—she would never have come to New York then, and spoiled all my plans.

Well, good-by till I hear from you again. Sincerely yours,

MINNA.

S——, Nov. 10, 1900.

My Dear Son:

Your letter and Ruth's reached me this morning, and as usual were among the chief pleasures in my busy day. It helps to make my joy to know that you are both so happy and both having opportunities to develop the gifts and talents with which you are differently endowed. Ruth's I always felt were of a high order, and her present privileges I feel sure are what she has won by her faithful stewardship over responsibilities entrusted to her care. As for you, my dear son, none save those who have known our past sorrows can guess the joy and pride I feel in your achievements.

When I opened the magazine and read your thoughts, and saw your name given a place in so notable a vehicle of human opinion and for so noble a cause, my pride was mingled with a feeling of sincere thankfulness that your heart was in the things that make for righteousness and your name among those enlisted for strenuous battle in their cause. I am happy to tell you that your article was read at the last joint meeting of the Mutual, and its principles warmly commended.

As to our own household—we are as happy and contented as could be. Amy and Nellie are like turtle doves, and give me no care whatever—and the boys are very valiant in trying to carry out Ruth's parting admonitions. Dolph is a little more restless under home restraints than Bert—but I am sure from the good I see in him that his energy will resolve itself into strong character, and have no fear for him.

There, my dear children, I have told you all the news I know of home, and will stop gossiping till I hear from you again. With love to Ruth, your loving

MOTHER.

Jasper Leonard put away the blotted page of his finished manuscript, and went to the window. It was six o'clock, an hour past the time set for Ruth's home-coming, and her unfailing habit of punctuality made the long tardiness notable.

In the next room a plump, good-looking young girl in white apron was laying the supper-table, and the aroma of the daintily cooked edibles, came temptingly from the little kitchen beyond.

They had taken a furnished flat in New York, and were housekeeping with the aid of the hired help, whom Leonard's insistence had made an adjunct to the plan.

"You are not to be handicapped by housework in this first flight of yours into the ideal, madam," he declared with a fine air of master-ship, when Ruth made a wondering protest against this unaccustomed luxury. "It is to be the fine arts now, and nothing else for a while, at least."

So a "girl" was hired, happily combining in her person the qualities of cook and caretaker in general of the little household; and Ruth, with all time at her disposal for her adored music, felt much as a bird might at first, loosed from a rusted and narrow cage, and preening its free wings untrammelled flight into life-giving ether.

With her hour's lesson each day at the conservatory, and the four hours' practice at home, her help in Leonard's proofreading, to say nothing of "seeing" the great metropolis—the days seemed none too long. There were times, indeed, when she longed to double them in a sore yearning to make up for the apparently empty ones in her past life.

Leonard, enthralled with his own

beginning realization of dreams long cherished, felt in her joy and his own, a sense almost as of mastery of their life's destiny.

In Minna, with her discontent, and scarcely disguised resentment was the one shadow on the green plain of their opening lives; but this, both Leonard and Ruth accepted as a cloud soon to be dispelled under their loving solicitude for her. The spell of disappointment at the frustration of her half-matured stage plot they felt would be brief, and with her thoughts turned once more into right channels, all would be well.

Leonard, gazing out into the crowded street, with his thoughts full of Ruth and their firmly welded lives, smiled at his quick heart-throb. It was so easy to distinguish her—with her light, firm step, and straight trim carriage.

He opened the door for her and shut her in his wide-open arms in a close embrace before she had time to realize his presence.

"An hour is a long wait to a man suffering the pangs of heart-hunger," he laughed. "I shall ask a strict accounting for every moment over time."

"It's going to be like a play, though," said Ruth. "There is a heavy secret at heart of my delay and you can't know it till the curtain rings up for the last act."

She went into the bed room and laid aside her wraps, coming out again with a sparkle of mischief deepening the charm in her eyes. Her warmly-tinted cheeks made them look darker and larger, and the blue in the electric hue of her natty street gown intensified the violet shade in their depths. Leonard's tell-tale look made the crimson deepen, but she repulsed his invitation to a seat on the arm of his chair with a warning glance at the

girl visible through the drawn portieres in the dining-room.

"Has Minna been home from her lesson yet?" she asked of the latter.

"No, ma'am."

"I saw her at Macy's just before I came in an hour ago," said Leonard. "She is probably doing some shopping."

"Was she alone?"

"Miss Waring was with her."

A troubled look shadowed Ruth's face. "I wish"—she began, and stopped.

"Don't worry, little woman. This intimacy will soon die." Jasper's attempted solace did not smooth the look from Ruth's face.

"Miss Waring is too intimate with Min's recent associations to have good come of their comradeship," she said. "She keeps Mina's thoughts bound to the things I am trying to make her forget. I heard her the other day repeating some message sent Min from the 'Bow Bells' manager."

"That should be stopped peremptorily," said Leonard.

"That is my problem," sighed Ruth. "Such confidences can't be prevented, while they are intimate."

A step on the stair interrupted Leonard's rejoinder, and Minna came in, her pretty face bright from the tingling touch of the crisp air, as Ruth's had been. Her look was happier, too, than it had been in weeks, and to Ruth's surprise and pleasure she came to her with one of the old accustomed caresses.

"Am I late for supper, Ruthie? I've been shopping with Rella," she said in a breath, and then when they were seated at the table, went into one of the old-time monologues of light chat, that were a part of Ruth's memory of household drudgery, in which her sister's recital of some hours' pleasure was a sole accompaniment and help.

It lightened Ruth's spirit to hear her run on in the old light-hearted way, even with the worry of Rella's companionship in her mind.

Before desert, Leonard excused himself and went into the parlor to read over his lecture, which he was to deliver at the Cooper Institute that night.

After he left the table, Minna's bright talk lapsed, and Ruth looked up once or twice to find her regarding her with an uneasy glance. Presently she spoke with a little nervous catch in her breath.

"I'm going to the theatre to-night, Ruth—shall I change my waist for the pink chiffon?"

"The theatre—tonight?" echoed Ruth.

"Yes, Rella's had some complimentaries given her for 'The Princess,' and she's invited me to go."

"But I thought she was on the stage tonight in the 'Bow Bells' production?"

"She's provided a substitute and the manager excused her."

"But, dearie, I can't think of letting you go alone at night to the theatres—and I have promised to go with Jasper to the Institute."

"We won't come home alone, Ruth. Rella's brother is in the 'Princess' company, you know, and he will see us both safely home."..

"Rella's brother?"

"Yes; he takes one of the tramps in the 'Princess,' you know. He often brought me home after the opera when I was in the 'Bow Bells.'"

"I can't think of letting those things go on, dear; it is bad enough to think they were ever commenced."

"But, Ruth—you don't even know him."

"No, nor you, either, dear. That is why it must stop."

"You mean to say that you re-

fuse to let me keep my appointment with Rella?"

"I can't possibly let you keep it, Minnie. Jasper will telephone for you, so that she will be able to find another companion, and Jasper and I will take you tomorrow night."

Minna's eyes flashed.

"Jasper shan't telephone!" she exclaimed, rising from the table. "I've promised Rella I would go, and go I shall! I'm not a babe in long clothes, and I'll not let you treat me as one. I made enough sacrifice in giving up my engagement without being shut off from every other bit of pleasure. I'll have some freedom!" She went into her bed room, slamming the door shut with an angry bang.

Leonard, who had been absorbed in his reading, to the exclusion of the talk in the dining-room, rose as Ruth entered and looked at his watch.

"I'll have to go on now, dear, and let you meet me there later. I have promised to meet Randolph at half-past seven, and have just time for a half hour's chat with him on some private business of his before 8 o'clock."

"I can't meet you at all, Jasper. I shan't be able to go."

"Not go?"

"There is something that demands my presence here—tonight, dear. I am sorry to miss your lecture, but there is an important question to be settled, and nothing must stand between."

The look in Leonard's eyes made Ruth's arms go about his neck in quick appreciation. It was a constantly proclaimed hobby of her husband's that he could not speak as well publicly without her presence.

"You are not more disappointed than I," she said.

"I can feel sure the occasion de-

mands the sacrifice, or you would not let me make it," he answered, and then bade her good-by, and went out quickly, his man's instinct scenting the imminence of some feminine friction.

Lizzie finished clearing the table, and Ruth, with relief, heard her go into the kitchen and shut the door between. Ruth sat down in the parlor and took a magazine. But she did not read. Her mind was full of the seeming crisis of the moment. Love pleaded hard to yield the moment's pleasure, but the memory of her vow to her dead mother forbade the weakness. Now or never must she gain the hold that would save Minna from the rose-twined pitfalls that might open before her careless feet. Her heart gave a quick little throb as she heard Minna's door open, then braced itself for the coming ordeal.

Her sister came into the room, smoothing on her gloves with an air of affected nonchalance. She had put on the pink chiffon waist, and her bright young face, surmounted by the pink picture-hat, was charming, in spite of the little frown of mingled bravado and nervousness which clouded her brow.

Ruth's voice was very quiet, be-lying the little storm of emotion beating in her breast.

"Minna, you must not go out to-night."

"You are too late, Ruth. I've made my engagement and it can't be broken, even if I would consent. Besides, you are going too far. You can't control me in everything. I'm old enough to use my own judgment now, and it's time I was having a little freedom."

"Your judgment in this case is leading you astray, dear, and it is because I want you to keep your perfect freedom that I am asking

you to do as I wish. These promiscuous companionships often lead to entanglements that are bondage itself, and I can't let you be drawn into them."

"Promiscuous! If you look at Rella as——"

"Rella is not the girl to hold the right ideal, nor wield the right influence for you, dear, and that is the important thing just now."

"Perhaps you are not the best judge as to that."

"I am forced to consider myself so, and you must respect my judgment, till you are able to see for yourself that it is right."

Minna's lips compressed themselves stubbornly.

"When I do see it, I will act upon it—until then I feel perfectly justified in going by my own." She fastened the last clasp of her glove with a snap, took up her cloak and walked toward the door.

Ruth rose quietly and stood before her.

"You must not go out tonight, Minna," she said, firmly.

An angry blaze leaped into her sister's eyes.

"And what if I say that I shall?"

"In that case I will have to remind you that I was commanded by mother to take her place in caring for and directing you. I have taken the responsibility of your life so far, and borne it with all my other trials without complaint. I shall not let you run the risk of making a wreck of your life and my own by disobeying what I know would have been mother's command."

Minna gazed into Ruth's eyes fixedly for a full moment—her sister's meeting her own steadfastly. Then, bursting into a torrent of angry tears, she went back into her room, slamming the door in a tempest of disappointment and rage.

(To Be Continued.)

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN ILLNESS.

IX.

COLLAPSE OR SHOCK.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

"Collapse" or "shock" is the name given to complete physical and mental exhaustion in which the whole system is affected in some peculiar way not yet understood. It usually occurs as a result of severe fright, mental excitement, severe injury or after operations. The symptoms of shock are a slow and feeble pulse, a sickly pallor of the face, with cold perspiration over the body surface. The nostrils are dilated and the respiration is feeble or sighing. The body temperature is often less than normal, and in some less severe cases, nausea and vomiting are present.

Watch for the above symptoms after any injury, for if not treated in time, death might ensue before the patient rallies.

Keep the patient in a quiet, dark room, with the head low, and stimulated by being enveloped in blankets with hot water bags, bricks, sand bags or anything convenient to convey warmth. Apply the heat over the heart and the pit of the stomach; rub the limbs vigorously to induce circulation of the blood. Be careful not to have the things too hot, for although the patient is not unconscious, he is often insensible to pain.

If the patient can retain it, give brandy and hot water, a teaspoonful in half a wine glassful every ten or fifteen minutes. If the injury is to the head, do not give alcoholic stimulants; in that case, strong tea or coffee are valuable stimulants.

Apply cold rather than heat to the head. In case the patient is sick at the stomach or unconscious, and thus unable to swallow, stimulate by placing strong brandy or smelling salts at the nose.

Fainting or "Syncope."

A mild form of syncope or unconsciousness is called a fainting fit, and is not an uncommon emergency. It is usually due to imperfect circulation. Unless they come on frequently, they need cause no great alarm, for they are usually not serious. If they are repeated often, it is well to consult a physician, for they may accompany some greater weakness.

Let the patient lie down, with the head rather lower than the rest of the body, that the blood may flow to the brain. Loosen all the clothing so the blood may circulate freely and allow a free access of pure air. Smelling salts or ammonia may be applied to the nostrils, but it must not be too strong.

Hysterical Fits resemble fainting fits in some ways, but may be easily discriminated from them. In the former, the pulse remains normal, the face a natural color, and the body warm. If you try to raise the eyelid the patient will resist and close it again. The best thing to do in such a case is to remain quiet and do nothing. Sometimes the mere suggestion of an unpleasant remedy, such as a dash of cold water in the face, will cause revival. Above all things, don't show

any signs of excitement or of sympathy for that only prolongs the attack.

Epilepsy or true fits is another form of unconsciousness that is often met with, and while it is not very serious, it is well for the spectator to know what to do. The attack usually comes on without warning, but at times there will be a peculiar cry.

The face becomes pale, the patient falls to the ground, and the muscles are at first rigid, then give way to twisting and jerking in a way that is often alarming. Sometimes there is frothing at the mouth, while the eyes become fixed and glassy. The condition lasts from three to four minutes.

There is little to be done to relieve the sufferer. Place him on his back with the head slightly raised, and loosen the clothing about the neck and chest. Allow a free access of fresh air. Do not try to control the body movements, but keep the patient from hurting himself. Place a piece of wood wrapped in a handkerchief, a pencil, a towel, or anything that he can not swallow between the teeth to prevent him from injuring the tongue. If, after the attack the patient seems drowsy, let him sleep undisturbed as long as he desires.

An *apoplectic fit* is caused by a flow of blood into the brain. The patient becomes unconscious, falls to the ground, the face is purplish or grayish, the pulse slow, the breathing labored, and the pupils of the eyes enlarged. Elevate the head and chest, apply cold to the head and warmth to the feet and do not give stimulants in any form.

Convulsions.

Convulsions in children are much less serious than when they

occur in adults. They occur usually as a result of immoderate eating or of eating food that is indigestible or of teething, or from the presence of worms in the alimentary canal. The convulsion comes on often without the slightest warning, while the child is sleeping or awake. At other times they come on gradually—a nervous twitching of the body and grinding of the teeth being symptoms of an attack. They last only a few moments, but if they recur often a physician should be sent for. Do not wait for his arrival, however, begin action at once. The eyes become “set” and usually turn upward. The hands stiffen first and then the whole body becomes rigid. After a moment the muscles relax and convulsive twitchings of the body take place.

If you are sure that the convulsion is a result of over-eating or indigestion, give something to make the child vomit ($\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoonful *ipicac*), and an injection of warm water to move the bowels. Wrap the head in a cold wet towel, and place the child in a warm bath. The heat from the water causes the muscles to relax and induces perspiration and sleep. Care must be taken to have the water the right temperature, or it may do more harm than good. It should be about 96 degrees Fahrenheit, or if you do not have a thermometer test the water with the elbow; the hand is never a safe guide to temperature. If mothers are careful with the diet of their children many of the common infantile diseases may be avoided. When young children are allowed to eat at the table anything from plum pudding and pickles to hot biscuit and coffee, parents may expect their children to be subject to convulsions, worms and many other more serious diseases.

THE COOKS CORNER.

PRESERVES AND JAMS.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

The Preserving Kettle.

The preserving kettle should be large or small according to the size of the family, and should be made of the common graniteware, or of iron or tin lined with porcelain. Fruit or pickles should never be put up in vessels where the tin or iron is exposed directly to the fruit. To understand why, a simple experiment may be performed. Get a few bits of tin or copper or iron filings and pour some strong muriatic acid over them. Notice that the metal is attacked by the acid and in time will be entirely dissolved. The strong acid and the metal unite and a substance is formed which is left in solution usually, but which in time may crystallize out. This substance may or may not be poisonous, depending upon the acid and the metal used. But it is certainly not wholesome as food and should be avoided if possible.

All fruit juices are more or less acid and if they are cooked in tin or iron vessels a greater or less degree of the metal is sure to be dissolved and left in the fruit. It is because of this action that people have been poisoned by eating canned goods. While the cans are sealed and thus air tight the reaction between metal and acid can not take place, but as soon as the can is opened the action takes place. Hence as soon as a can is opened the contents should be emptied, and not allowed to stand in tin.

The salts resulting from certain metals are highly colored. That from copper for instance is bright green in color, hence some housewives who are ignorant of the chemical reaction involved, put up their pickles in copper kettles. The pickles are a pretty green color, but that which gives them the bright color is poisonous if taken in sufficient quantity and is injurious even when taken in smaller quantities.

This is each housewife safest when she has for her preserving kettle porcelain or graniteware, or something that cannot be attacked by the weakest fruit acid.

Preserves.

When whole sound fruit is cooked with sufficient sugar to form a syrup rich enough to prevent all germs from growing therein it is called preserve. Thus preserves need not be sealed as the canned fruit. Preserved fruit is too sweet for ordinary use, and some prefer to use less sugar and seal the fruit as they do that which is cooked only a few minutes.

Peach Preserve.

Peel the peaches and halve them to remove the pits or leave them whole, as you prefer. The pits improve the flavor, but a few may be placed in each jar if you prefer the peaches without them. Weigh the fruit and take three-quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit. Make a syrup of the sugar by adding one cup of water to every pound of sugar. Place in the preserving kettle and when it boils, remove the skum, and add the peaches. Cook until the peaches are clear and tender. Pour into jars for winter use.

Preserved Peaches—No. 2—Miss Parloa.

The peaches should be sound and ripe. Weigh the fruit and for every nine pounds make a syrup with three pounds of sugar and one pint of water, skimming the syrup as soon as it boils up.

Have ready a kettle of boiling water and a bowl of cold water. Fill a wire basket with peaches and plunge into the boiling water for two minutes. Lift the basket from the water and turn the peaches into a bowl. Pare them and drop them into the cold water. This is to preserve the color.

Drop the peaches a few at a time into the boiling syrup. Cook them until they are heated through and are tender; then put in a hot jar as many as will go without crowding and fill up with syrup. Cover the jar at once.

If many peaches are to be preserved, it is best to make the syrup in several lots, as otherwise the long

cooking together with the fruit juice will make it dark.

Other Preserves.

Either of the above rules will apply to the preserving of most fruits.

Jams.

Jams are made by boiling the mashed pulp with an equal weight of sugar. The great amount of sugar used will insure the fruit from spoiling, but as it is so rich some prefer to use less sugar and then seal it as in canning.

Pick over the fruit, removing any that is imperfect. Weigh it and take an equal weight of sugar. Put the fruit and one-quarter of the amount of sugar to be used in the preserving kettle; when it is boiling, add another quarter of the sugar. Let it boil up again and add another quarter and so on till the sugar is all in; then let it boil until the spoon, if exposed to the air, will be coated with the juice. Cooking in part of the sugar at a time prevents the fruit from becoming hard, so it is said. Pour the jam into heated jelly jars and when cool cover with paper dipped in brandy or the white of an egg.

Another way is, after picking over

the fruit and removing any that is over-ripe, to measure the fruit and take one-third as much sugar as there is fruit. Put the fruit in the kettle and let it come to a boil; stir frequently and let it simmer for one-half hour. Add the sugar and boil slowly for one hour longer. Put the fruit into hot jars and seal while hot.

The small fruits may be cooked whole; the larger fruits, such as apples, pears and peaches, should be peeled and chopped fine.

Grape Jam.

One of the finest jams is that made from the Concord or Isabella grape.

Wash the grapes and pick from the stem. Mash them well and place in the kettle over the fire. Boil slowly until the pulp separates from the seeds. Rub through a sieve. It is most important to rub through the sieve as much of the pulp around the skins as possible, for the substance which makes the jam "jell" lies next to the skin, and if you do not secure this your jam will be liquid instead of jelly-like. Measure the pulp and add three-quarters as much sugar. Boil fifteen minutes and pour into jelly glasses. Cover with paper dipped in brandy or egg-white.

TOMATOES.

Alice Merrill Horne.

To make a charming spotting of color around your lunch table, serve a tomato salad on a lettuce leaf at each plate. Red and green, you know, are complimentary colors. For all purposes choose the pink-fleshed, seedless tomato. It is firmer, finer flavored and much prettier for salads.

A wonderful variety of dainties can be prepared from this beautiful fruit and vegetable, for it serves well the double purpose, and can be used the year round.

This is the month to put up your tomatoes for creams, soups, preserves, sauces and pickles. We will begin with the green tomatoes for pickles.

A most appetizing accompaniment to meats, and a good nerve food, too, is

"Gentlemen's Sauce."

1 peck green tomatoes, uniform size.

12 white onions, same size as tomatoes.

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each of mustard seed, turmeric, celery seed, and 1 oz. of black pepper and cloves.

Slice the tomatoes very thin. Sprinkle with salt and drain over night. Slice the onions and put in next morning alternate layers of onions and tomatoes, sprinkling very often with the spices. Cover well with vinegar and boil until tender in a porcelain kettle. Remove to bottles in stacks as they have been piled in the kettle. Another delicious sauce which is easily made is:

Chili Sauce.

as follows:

18 large ripe tomatoes.
6 large onions.
3 green peppers.
1 cup sugar.

- 2½ cups good vinegar.
- 2 teaspoons salt.
- 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, allspice and cloves.

Scald and peel tomatoes, chop onions, discard the heart and seeds from peppers, and chop the green parts. Cook onions, peppers and tomatoes an hour together, then add sugar, vinegar, salt and spices, and cook again two hours. Bottle and seal.

Preserved Green Tomatoes.

Take six pounds of sugar and six lemons; remove seeds; slice very thin; enough water to moisten the sugar may be added. Boil until transparent; add green tomatoes and boil gently until the syrup is thick.

Preserved Ripe Tomatoes.

Get the small tomatoes and lay them in a porcelain kettle. Pour over them three-fourths of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Leave over night. In the morning, take off the juices and boil until the syrup is thick. Into this carefully drop the tomatoes; cook ten minutes and to each pound of sugar add a lemon sliced very thin. Boil ten minutes longer, then bottle.

Fresh Whole Tomatoes.

Skin and put in the bottles, fill with water, steam in a boiler closely covered. Seal up when very hot. When you wish to use them, remove from the bottles with a fork. Serve one on each plate with a garnish of lettuce, parsley or water cresses.

Tomato Juice for Soups and Creams.

Wash the tomatoes, cut in pieces and put on to cook in a porcelain kettle. Cover closely and stir often to prevent the fruit from sticking. As soon as cooked, mash and strain. Heat the juice again and bottle in both quart and pint bottles. One pint will serve seven people.

When you are going to make soup, have the table set and have the other part of your dinner all ready, and your milk and tomatoes heating in separate kettles. Drop a lump of butter and some salt and pepper into the milk. When scalding hot, add a pinch of soda to the milk and pour in the hot tomatoes, stirring constantly. Then add three tablespoons of cracker crumbs to the quart of milk.

(or one tablespoonful of flour dissolved in milk or butter). Remove from fire to table and serve immediately. You must not try to do two things at once—if one of the things is tomato soup. It should be made quickly.

Salads.

Never scald tomatoes to remove skin for salads. It is better to peel them and not destroy the delicate flavor.

Slice half a dozen nice firm tomatoes into a salad bowl and pour over them a cream dressing made as follows:

Into half a cup of thick cream (sweet or sour), pour ¼ cup of white wine vinegar, in which is dissolved one scant teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. (Some prefer the cream whipped before adding the vinegar.)

The Yacht Club dressing, ready prepared and kept by grocers, is very nice for all kinds of summer salads.

A very pretty, as we'll as novel, salad may be made as follows:

Slice two cucumbers into salt water and let them soak for several hours. Take six nice round tomatoes. Slice off the stem end and remove the pulp. Slice three tomatoes and slightly salt and pepper the same. Freshen the cucumbers by rinsing; then pepper. Dice the cucumbers and tomatoes and fill into the tomato shells. Pour dressing on top. Serve one tomato to each guest.

Some people who cannot eat tomatoes in any other form, enjoy them if stewed with a little sugar and spice, usually cinnamon. They make a nice breakfast dish, and can be bottled ready for use. They should always be served hot.

Another palatable breakfast dish is fried tomatoes. Take ripe ones, cut in thick slices, dip first in egg and then flour or cracker crumbs, season and fry in butter. Remove to platter with a cooking shovel.



We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very spirit to make them clear to another.—Channing.



Every condition has means of progress if we have spirit enough to use them.—Channing.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT IN EUROPE.

Bertha H. Jenson.

I left my mountain home December 13, 1902, in company with a number of missionaries and two other sisters, bound for Europe. After a very pleasant voyage we arrived in Liverpool, England, where I met my husband, Elder Andrew Jenson, who was filling a special mission to Europe.

After three days' sojourn in Liverpool I went to London, where I attended a Y. L. M. I. meeting at the Conference headquarters, 97 Farleigh Road, Stroke-Newington. It was presided over by Sister Vilate Elliott of Provo, and the members seemed very earnest in their labors.

After spending some time in London and the southern part of England, I went to Holland, where I was favorably impressed with the cleanliness of the country and its inhabitants. Here also I attended a young ladies' meeting in the city of Rotterdam. The association here was doing excellent work, and all the members seemed deeply interested in their studies. The meeting I attended was their regular testimony meeting. I am pleased to state that I was greatly blessed in the society of these full-hearted people; in listening to the testimonies of the members I was able to understand the greater part of what was said, although spoken in a tongue that I had never heard before. The girls seemed full of love and good feelings, and while I spoke to them (through an interpreter), they paid the strictest attention, and kept so quiet that one could hear a pin drop. The presiding officers told me that they were just as interested in their ordinary lesson work, and that a failure on the part of any member to respond to the part assigned was scarcely ever known.

After an interesting and enjoyable visit in Holland, I proceeded to Berlin, Germany, where I met several of our Utah people. Here, also, the work of Mutual Improvement is progressing, although at the time of my visit there was a good deal of outside opposition to contend with. Of course the associations in those countries can not follow the lessons as we do here in Zion, as they do not have them printed in their respective lan-

guages. But they study whatever is considered best adapted for the members.

Next I found myself in the beautiful city of Copenhagen, Denmark. Here I did not have the opportunity of visiting any young ladies' meeting, but I soon learned that there was a very flourishing association there, and that the young people were energetic and interested in the work.

I continued my journey to Gothenburg, Sweden, where I received a royal welcome among the Saints, and had the pleasure of associating with the young ladies in a well-attended meeting, where a very interesting programme was carried out. They were studying the Bible, and all appointed to take part responded.

I also visited Stockholm, Sweden's beautiful capital. Here, as well as in Gothenburg, I spoke to the people with considerable freedom.

Christiania, Norway, where I spent nearly a month, is in my estimation a very romantic place; it reminds one somewhat of home, on account of its rocky mountains, though they are quite small compared to our own. In Christiania there is a fine Mutual Improvement association, having upwards of one hundred members enrolled, and one of the Elders remarked that the meetings of the association were about the best held in the branch. Here, as well as in Sweden, I was greatly impressed with the earnestness and zeal with which the members responded to the different parts assigned them.

In conclusion, I would like to say that in all the six foreign countries which I visited I never saw the extravagance in dress that I have witnessed among the young women on the streets of Salt Lake City. Nor did I ever while in Europe see a lady on the street or in a place of worship, wearing a low-neck dress and short sleeves. Extravagance of dress, I think, is a growing evil among our young people. I trust that the day is near when there will be reform in this regard as well as in many other things, and that we will learn wisdom, and endeavor to beautify ourselves as much as possible by the workmanship of our own hands.

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We are in receipt of many letters containing kind words for the *Journal*. We appreciate them all, girls, and hope we may always merit them, together with your love and confidence. Please accept this public acknowledgment in lieu of personal letters, which lack of time prevents our making. And remember that all we hope to be is an instrument in God's hands for doing good. Our labors are lovingly and prayerfully performed, and we acknowledge that the source of strength is our Heavenly Father to whom we look for guidance. If ever any harm should come to a single soul through anything published in the *Journal*, we should feel that we had failed in our mission. So we need your faith and your prayers, for the responsibility is great.

Encouragement is sweet, and while we look for no fulsome praise, we feel our courage renewed by expressions of your appreciation. Such words as these, which came recently from Professor George H. Brimhall, carry with them a wonderful inspiration:

The *Journal* comes a welcome guest to our home. It seems to me to be a garden in which no poison plants are permitted to grow. With pride I have presented copies of it to strangers, as a reflex of Mormon maidens' ideals.

That it is this, can be better understood when we know that its writers are actuated by such sentiments as these, which came recently from one of our contributors:

I'll tell you what I've found out about myself—that I'd rather give what little talent God has given me to our own little *Journal*, for the good of our own girls, than I'd write great stories if I could for the finest magazines. The world has plenty of literature—too much of it—the field sprouts before it is sown. And what does it come to? The heart and the brain and the body you throw into your work is lifted by an idle hand, scanned carelessly, thrown aside and forgotten. **There is no glory to anything except to do good, and to do good you must select your likeliest field.** * * * * Some day I intend to have a name in the world—even no little a name, only because I love my home, and I love my home, and I love my people. I've learned many things since I've been here, and—well—all the little ups and downs, the hopes and discouragements I can tell better when I come home. * * I've had plenty of failures—the best things have been passed by and the worst taken—but I've had successes, too. * * * And I've learned that I'm not ambitious in the way I thought I was. I've always dreamed—"Oh, how nice to be **somebody!**" I thought I wanted it for my own sake—but for my own sake I don't care a rap whether I'm somebody or not, so long as those I care for love me. Yet I still want to be somebody, so that my folks will be proud of me and so that I can do something good for my people. And if the wonderful ever does happen and I turn out—long years from now—to be **somebody**, why I won't have wit enough to know it.

And therein lies one of the secrets of true greatness. "Knowledge is proud that she knows so much, Wisdom is humble that she knows no more." Oh! girls and boys, as you win your way in the world, remember this,—keep your innocence

and sweetness, your purity and your love of home. Let no unworthy thought or action mar the beauty of your lives, and remember always that "there is no glory to anything except to do good."

Fame, in and of itself, is empty; it leaves a void in the heart and in the life. Its recipient stands aloft, enjoying for an hour the bright sunshine and the homage of the multitude, but the evening shadows fall, cold blasts strike chill, he shivers there alone. All others have sought their homes. Alas, he has built none! No one needs him, they bow to his genius, but he does not enter into their lives. Lonely, he wraps the mantle of his splendor round him, but it has no warmth. At last he falls cold and faint into the chasm, the waters leap, then calmly continue their flow and nothing remains except an empty pedestal where he drew the wondering gaze of men. The world swings on—no better for his having lived. He only dazzled for a while, he gave no warmth, no cheer—and in the end he found—oblivion.

Do not misunderstand me. I would have you cumb. There is always room at the top. And I would delight to see you there. But in your climbing, pull none other down, there is room for you both. And be sure your object is a worthy one. Remember "there is no glory to anything except to do good."



THE POPES, LEO XIII. AND PIUS X.

Joachim Vincent Raphael Lodovico Pecci, who, for the past twenty-five years, has been known to the world as Pope Leo XIII., has passed away. Many tributes are paid to him, both by the Catholics and others who have watched his course. It is said of him:

He was a great man among the great men of his day. He played a

part amid some of the most tremendous dramas of history, and he played it successfully. With no force of arms he made men who ordered armies to obey him; out of enemies he created friends; a church which he found the prey of all, he left strong in the circle of her defenders. Leo XIII. will go down in history as one of the greatest among the long line of great men who have filled the papal chair.

Immediately upon the notification of Cardinal Rampollo that Pope Leo was critically ill, cardinals from all over the world gathered at the vatican. Leo's spirit took its flight at 4:04 p. m. on the 20th day of July. The ceremonies attendant upon his burial were most splendid, all the pomp and glory of earth mingled with the prayers and masses, chants and requiems.

To the student, even though he does not believe in these forms, there is a pleasure in learning of the customs attendant upon these last rites, and upon the election of a new pope.

The conclave has been held, the cardinals are dispersed, and now Pius X. reigns in Leo's stead. The new Pontiff was Cardinal Sarto, patriarch of Venice, where he is said to be much beloved. He was appointed to that office some ten years ago, at a time when there was a dispute between the civil and religious authorities, in regard to whose right it was to appoint that officer. The civil authority yielded the contested point, on account of their love and admiration for the appointee.

Cardinal Sarto is said to be famed for his wit and independence. It is said also that he has never meddled with politics; this fact seems to have been greatly in his favor when the new pope was being selected. Nevertheless, at the reception of the diplomatic body accredited to the holy see, Pius X. surprised the diplomats by his

knowledge of the politics of the different countries. He is said to be "honored by all for his purity, for the strict uprightness of his life, and for his liberal ideas. He is a moderate and agreeable man, highly cultured, very kind-hearted and still young and robust, in spite of his 68 years."

His mode of life has been very simple for one of his standing, and the change to the luxury of the vatican will, perhaps, not be altogether pleasing to him. He is a great lover of nature and of the sea, and his first days practical imprisonment within the walls of the vatican, is said to have made him sigh for his former surroundings. This may have something to do with the fulfillment of the prediction, made before his election, that the next pope would not be "a prisoner of the vatican."

In conclusion, it is interesting to note the opinion of President Joseph F. Smith as given to an Associated Press representative:

"The Roman Catholic church is to be congratulated on the speedy election of a successor to the late Pope Leo XIII. Cardinal Sarto has achieved enviable fame as a model bishop, and in his office, as patriarch of Venice for ten years, is reputed to have given evidence of wisdom, piety and good judgment. As a man beloved by Catholics and one in favor by the Italian government, his election augurs well for peace and good will in Italy and throughout the Catholic world."



PRIZE AWARDED.

Just as we go to press the judges have rendered their decision as to the best design entered for a new cover for the Journal. The successful competitor is Lee Greene Richards, one of our boys who is now in Paris studying art. We congratulate him and extend our best wishes for continued success in his studies.

Had there been a second prize it would have gone to Charles A. Cooke, 170 Major Road, Stratford, London, England.

The public will be interested in knowing that there were 30 designs submitted.

OFFICERS' NOTES.

The associations that adjourn during the summer should commence their sessions again on Annual Day, September 12th. Local officers should hold a preliminary meeting not later than the first Tuesday in September, to arrange for the Annual Day program and other necessary details for beginning the season's work.

Annual Day is not for a regular meeting, but should be made a social affair. Specially invite the bishopric, the parents, and those who have not been members of the association, as well as the Y. M. M. I. A. When the Y. M. M. I. A. arrange for their social to begin their season's work join

with them, should they request it; but this should not take the place of your own Annual Day celebration

Remember also that September 12th is Dime Day, and let every girl have an opportunity to give her "mite" to help our work, which is increasing so rapidly.

At the preliminary officers' meeting mentioned, a program for the first regular meeting should also be prepared, and the parts assigned.

It is considered necessary that a meeting of ward officers should be held each week during the entire season, in order to obtain the best results.

GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

LESSON XIII.

CORRECT LIVING.

The duties of a Latter-day Saint are only begun when he has repented of past sins, has been baptized, and has received the Gift of the Holy Ghost. He must from that time on live a Godly life, which means that he must conform to the way of life prescribed by God. The foundation of correct daily living is obedience to the injunction that "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy might, mind and strength; and in the name of Jesus Christ thou shalt serve him"(a). As the love of God grows upon us it becomes easy to keep the commandments of God—in fact, we may measure our love of God by the extent to which we serve Him and keep His commandments(b).

After our love for God must come our love for our neighbor, whom we should love as ourselves(c). The very essence of the latter day work is love for our fellow men; for the great mission that rests upon the church is to spread the gospel light among all nations(d). We must not speak evil of our neighbor or do him any harm(e); on the contrary we must learn to impart to each other, of all the good we have(f), and seek

each other's interest(g) and live together in love(h). By this neighborly love, we shall be distinguished from the world; for in time to come every man, among the wicked, that will not take his sword against his neighbor, must needs flee unto Zion for safety(i).

To him who strives to love God and his fellow man will come also a great love of truth. The word of the Lord is truth; the Holy Spirit manifests the truth(k); truth is eternal(l), and intelligence, which is the glory of God(m), and all created beings, is the light of truth(n). On the basis of truth should rest all the acts of men. The devil has been a liar from the beginning(o); and all lies come from him. Liars, if they repent not, should be cast out of the church(p), and delivered to the law of the land(q); they will inherit the lower glory(r), and be servants to those whose lives have in all respects been truthful.

Based upon the fundamental principles of love and truth are many commandments for the conduct of our daily lives. We must be honest in all our dealings(s);

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- (a) 59:5.
 - (b) 42:29.
 - (c) 59:6.
 - (d) 88:81, 123.
 - (e) 42:27.
 - (f) 88:81, 123.
 - (g) 82:19.

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- (h) 42:45.
 - (i) 45:68.
 - (k) 84:85. 124:97.
 - (l) 88:66.
 - (m) 93:36.
 - (n) 93:29.
 - (o) 93:25.
 - (p) 42:21.
 - (q) 42:86.
 - (r) 107:103.
 - (s) 51:9; 57:8.

patient in our affliction(t): charitable to our fellow men(u); temperate in our words and actions (v); industrious in a good cause (w), and avoid all idleness(x); grateful for the blessings we enjoy (y), and full of hope for the future(z).

The daily walk and conversation of a Latter-day Saint must be overshadowed by the spirit of humility (aa). "Be thou humble, and the Lord, thy God, shall lead thee by the hand and give thee answer to thy prayers"(bb). The best sacrifice that we can give to the Lord is that of the broken heart and the contrite spirit(cc), which means that we subdue our pride, and, in meekness, do all that the Lord requires of us. The kingdom of heaven will be given to the humble (dd). (Read 56:17, 18.)

Chastity is binding upon all members of the Church. The word Zion means, in fact, the pure in heart (ee). "Let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly"(ff), is God's command. Adulterers, and others who violate the requirements of chastity shall be cast out unless they repent(gg), and it would appear that they cannot attain celestial glory in the Kingdom of Heaven(hh).

Of all sins, that of murder is the greatest. There is no forgiveness

for this sin in this world or in the world to come(ii).

Though it seems that so many commandments are given, that it is difficult not to break some of them, yet, with an honest purpose to live a godly life, it becomes an easy matter to do so.

(Summary of Commandments, 42:18-30, 40-42, 54, 84-92. Read.)

"And faith, hope, charity and love, with an eye single to the glory of God, qualify us for the work. Remember faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, diligence"(jj).

REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

1. How may we know that a person loves the Lord?
2. What is the meaning of "neighbors" as used in this lesson? Why is it necessary to love them?
3. Why is intelligence the glory of God?
4. Is it possible to love truth, and not love the Lord? Why?
5. Who is the source of untruth?
6. Mention some of the commandments that must be observed in our daily lives.
7. Why is it important to be humble? What characterizes a humble person?
8. What is the law of chastity in the church? What is the punishment of the adulterer?
9. How may it be made easy to keep the commandments of God?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

a. Read or sing Jacques' hymn, "O Say What is Truth?"

b. Tell how the ten commandments were received by Moses, and brought to Israel.

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- (t) 101:38; 31:9.
 (u) 88:125; 121:45; 64:8.
 (v) 4:6.
 (w) 10:4; 136:42.
 (x) 60:13; (76:29).
 (y) 46:7; 79:4.
 (z) 18:19; 128:21.
 (aa) 11:12.
 (bb) 112:10.
 (cc) 59:8.
 (dd) 61:37.
 (ee) 97:21.
 (ff) 121:45.
 (gg) 42:22-(26, 80, 81).
 (hh) 76:103.

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- (ii) 42:18; 132:27.
 (jj) 4:5, 6.

LESSON XIV.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ, as taught in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, is the gospel of knowledge, for the keys of the kingdom of God are the keys of knowledge(a) to be saved in ignorance(b). This does not imply that we must get all knowledge in this life, or at any one time, in order to be saved, but that we must grow in the knowledge of the truth(c), and never cease to grow.

However, the more knowledge we can acquire in this life, the better it is, for "Whatever principles of intelligence we attain unto in this life, will rise up with us in the resurrection; and if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life, through his diligence and obedience, than another, he will have so much the advantage in the life to come"(d).

It was taught in lessons 11 and 12, that a person who has become a member of the Church, can, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, gain knowledge very rapidly. This promise must not be understood to mean that knowledge may be obtained without individual effort. On the contrary, the Lord has commanded His people to seek after knowledge and wisdom(e).

The proper method of seeking after knowledge is given as follows: "Let him that is ignorant learn wisdom by humbling himself and calling upon the Lord, his God, that his eyes may be opened that he may see, and his ears opened that he may hear"(f); and he who shall thus ask, shall receive knowl-

edge upon knowledge(g). Further, to those who faithfully keep the word of wisdom the promise is given that they shall find great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures(h). Though all who live correct lives and desire learning earnestly, will receive an abundance of knowledge, yet there are some to whom is given the special gift of knowledge, and who are required to teach their fellows(i). In any case, except where the Lord for special purposes makes exceptions, persistent effort is necessary to acquire knowledge.

The knowledge that the Lord desires his children to possess embraces all things, that they "may be instructed in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel—of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad"(j) "of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man"; "with all good books, and with languages, tongues and peoples"(1); a broader scheme of knowledge than this cannot be imagined. (Read in class 76:5-10, which is a beautiful statement of the knowledge promised the Saints.) (Read also 121:26-32.)

The fact that the knowledge acquired in this life will rise with us in the resurrection, indicates the eternal nature of knowledge and intelligence. This is emphasized in

(a) 128:14.

(b) 131:6.

(c) 50:40.

(d) 130:18, 19.

(e) 88:118.

(f) 136:32.

(g) 42:61.

(h) 89:19.

(i) 46:18.

(j) 88:78, 79.

(k) 93:53.

(l) 90:15.

section 93: 29 and 36: "Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither, indeed, can be." "The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth."

Throughout the Book of Doctrine and Covenants there are references to schools, where knowledge may be imparted to the members of the church. Most frequently is mentioned the schools of the prophets, established for the instruction of all the officers of the church, from the high priests to the deacons(m). In section 97: 1-5, a school conducted in Independence, Missouri, in 1833, and presided over by Parley P. Pratt, is mentioned and praised. The pursuit of knowledge and the acquirement of learning are in full harmony with the spirit of the latter day work.

It is interesting to note in section 55:4 that W. W. Phelps was called in June, 1831, to assist in the "writing of books for schools in this Church, that little children also may receive instruction before Me as is pleasing unto Me." This shows the importance of teaching correct knowledge in our schools.

Wisdom, which should be the final result of knowledge and experience, is a sign of true greatness, and is most desirable. "Seek not for riches, but for wisdom, and behold, the mysteries of God shall be

unfolded unto you, and then you shall be made rich. Behold, he that hath eternal life is rich."

It should be the ambition of every daughter of Zion to gain knowledge, and to ponder upon it, until it shall become wisdom; for with all who do this, the Lord is well pleased(o).

QUESTIONS AND REVIEW.

1. What is the meaning of knowledge? of wisdom? (use a good dictionary).
2. Is knowledge essential to salvation? Why?
3. In what manner can a man be benefited in the life hereafter by knowledge gained on earth?
4. How can knowledge best be acquired?
5. Why should those who desire learning keep the word of wisdom?
6. What limits are set by the Lord to the knowledge He desires a man to gain?
7. Wherein lies the beauty of section 76:5-10?
8. Explain why knowledge and intelligence are eternal.
9. Does the Church believe in schools? What is the school of the prophets?
10. Which is of more worth, riches or wisdom? Why?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- a. Give a brief history of the origin, rise and present condition of the Church school system. Maeser's School and Fireside.
- b. Give a brief biography of Dr. Karl G. Maeser. Improvement Era and Juvenile Instructor for 1900-1901.

(m) 88:127.

(n) 6:7.

(o) 97: 1, 2.

A DAY IN THE LIBRARY.

THE FIRST HOUR: LITERATURE BEFORE CHRIST.



SAPPHO.

When was the beginning of literature? Those of us who have been in the habit of looking upon the Bible as the starting point of everything are amazed when historians tell us that Moses wrote his books probably 1250 B. C., that many of the other books of the Bible were written before his, and that secular and religious books of other nations—glorious classics, as well as the cruder efforts—were written centuries before he was born. There is so much conjecture about B. C. data, (of Biblical writers and their contemporaries particularly), that it seems best not to attempt to unravel mysteries in a bare outline.

The two oldest books in the world are Egyptian. Both were written probably 3,000 B. C., and deal with moral and religious topics. The first, the older, has for its author a prince with a mispronounceable name (Phtah-ho'tep), who believed evidently in the "Honor thy father and thy mother" doctrine, for he writes:

The obedient son shall grow old and obtain favor; thus have I, myself, become an old man on earth, and have lived 110 years in favor with the king, and approved by my seniors.

Two other bits of excellent advice are:

If thou art become great after thou hast been humble, and if thou hast amassed riches after poverty, let not thy heart become proud of the riches, for it is God who is the author of them. Despise not another who is as thou wast; be towards him as towards thy equal.

Let thy face be cheerful as long as thou livest; has anyone come out of the coffin after having once entered it?

The second book, the *Book of the Dead*, was placed in the mummy case with the dead. It was a book to the soul and told the soul of the many dangers it would encounter on its journey to the judgment seat of the god Osiris. Arrived there, its claim to heaven was that it 'had not been idle; had not told falsehoods or betrayed secrets; had neither cheated nor slandered; had not been intoxicated; had not caused tears; had given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked.' Who shall say aught against the morals of the Egyptians? What man today so good that he *has not caused tears?*

The great Chaldean hero Izdubar (or Gisdubar), was the theme of many of the Babylonian and Assyrian writers. Two thousand B.C. claims an Assyrian epic of wonderful finish and beauty. The father of Izdubar is dethroned by an enemy, and Izdubar, driven into the wilderness, becomes a mighty hunter. Later he slays the usurper of his father's throne and becomes king. He goes to war against Khumbaba, 'who did annoy all nations and was evil in the sight of God.' He prays for success and the Oracle answers:

Fear not, O Izdubar,

For I am Zel, thy strength in war.
A heart of strength give I to thee!
To trust, we can but faithful be!

As thou hast shown to me.
The sixty gods, our strongest ones,
Will guide thy path where'er it runs;
The moon-god on thy right shall ride,
And Samas (God) on thy left shall guide.

The sixty gods thy will commands
To crush Khumbaba's bands.
In man alone do not confide,
Thine eyes turn to the gods,
Who rule from their abodes,
And trust in Heaven where powers abide!

Izdubar is victorious. Ishtar, Queen of Heaven and goddess of love, won by his heroism, wishes to be his wife. He tells her that he did love her once, but calls to mind several other lovers whom she loved for a time, and then, tiring of them, transformed into pillars, poisoned, or did some other charming thing to. Izdubar wisely decides that the Queen of Love would not be a very safe help-meet, so declines to marry her. Ishtar, furious, journeys to Hades in search of her first lover. She is taken captive there. With love gone, the earth becomes desolate.

Wide nature felt her woe and ceased to spring,
And withered buds their vigor lost and fling
No more their fragrance to the lifeless air;
The fruit trees died, or barren ceased to bear;
The growing grain no longer fills its head,
The fairest fields of corn lie blasted, dead.

The God of Hope intercedes, and Ishtar, after being purified by drinking the water of life, is released. With this water she restores the dead love (Tammuz), for whom she came in search, but he dies again. Ishtar now knows grief.

Her regal diadem with tears is dimmed;
And her bright form by sorrow is re-deemed

To sweeter, holier beauty in her woe;
Her tears a halo form and brighter flow.

In the world of redeemed souls, Tammuz is restored to life once more, and Ishtar, happy, fills the earth again with love and peace and a holier delight. Izdubar, the King of War, who has all kinds of enemies to fight, now meets with his last adventure. He has embarked upon the Unknown Sea. The tide is powerful; there are whirlwinds and tempests. Things are looking bad enough for poor Izdubar, but worse is to come.

But see! Updarting with a sulphurous gleen,
The hag of death leaps on the trembling prow!
Her eyes of fire and hate turn on him now!
With famine gaunt, and haggard face of doom,
She sits there, soundless, in the awful gloom.

"O gods!" shrieked Izdubar in his despair,
"Have I the god of Fate at last met here?
Avaunt, thou fiend! hence to thy pit of Hell!
Hence, hence, and rid me of thy presence fell!"

And see! she nearer comes with deathless ire,
With those fierce, moveless, glaring eyes of fire!
Her wand is raised! She strikes!

"O gods!" he screams;
He falls beneath that bolt that on him gleams,
And she is gone within that awful gloom.
Hark! hear those screams!
"Accurst! Accurst thy doom!"
And lo! He springs upon his feet in pain,
And cries:
"Thy curses, fiend! I hurl again!"
And now a blinding flash disparts the black

And heavy air, a moment light doth
break;
And see! the king leans fainting
'gainst the mast,
With glaring eyeballs, clenched hands
—aghast!
Behold! that pallid face and scaly
hands!
A leper white, accurst of gods, he
stands!

He does not die, but succeeds in reaching Paradise, where he is cured and made immortal. He falls in love with a beautiful maiden there, who loves him in return. But duty calls him back to his throne on earth. The maiden, 'in whose breast he shines as some bright star,' grieves at his going. Izdubar wishes he 'were not crowned a king—her love is sweeter than all earthly things.' They vow to love each other until he returns to Paradise, and they learn "how sweet it is to meet with joy again." And so the epic ends.

She rests her head upon his breast,
and lifts
Her face for love's sweet kiss, and
from them drifts
A halo o'er the shining gesdin-trees
And spreads around them Heaven's
holy rays.

The *Vedas*, the sacred books of the Hindoos, were compiled about 1200 B. C., though the oldest, and largest, the *Rig-Veda*, was written probably a hundred years before that time. The *Vedas*, (or "Books of Knowledge") are the oldest Sanskrit writing in existence. One of the Vedic hymns reminds you of the beginning of Genesis:

In the beginning there arose the Golden child. As soon as born, he alone was the lord of all that is. He established the earth and this heaven:—Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

He who gives breath, he who gives strength, whose command all the bright gods revere, whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is

death:—Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.

There is the same beautiful directness of style, though one is a hymn of praise to "the Unknown God," and the other a narrative. The Scripture quotation is finer. In the *Holy Bible*, the Hebrews have given to us the greatest literature of all.* The Bible is a library in itself, consisting as it does of 66 different books written by many authors at different times and in different places. The oldest complete book in the Bible (not the oldest writing, is the *Book of the Covenant*, covering chapters 20, 21, 22, 23, and the first eight verses of 24 of Exodus. In Judges IX, 7-8, Jotham gives us the first parable we know of. David, beautiful harpist, was the greatest poet of his time and the founder of Hebrew lyrics.

Greek literature begins with Homer (about 850 B. C.), who will be spoken of later. After him comes a circle of imitators called the Eyclic Poets. One century after Homer, Hesiod founded a new school of poetry by writing of everyday life. He also made a religious history of the gods by collecting the old fables and re-writing them. Many poets followed Hesiod. About 600 B. C. a didactic style had been developed. Among these philosophical writers was Solon, a great poet as well as a famous law-maker and orator. Then lyric poetry came in. Women writers were numerous and capable.

* See "Literary Merits of the Bible" in August number.

Of these Sappho was the greatest. And among the men only Pindar equalled her. Nothing is known of Sappho except that she was born at Lesbos, that her face was stamped upon certain coins of the time, that she was honored, that she was the center of a group of admiring women, and that her poetry was full of beauty and passion. Perhaps the best of the few poems left to us is the song to the goddess of love:

Throned in splendor, immortal Aphrodite!

Child of Zeus, enchantress, I implore thee,

Slay me not in this distress and anguish,

Lady of beauty.

Hither come as once before thou camest,

When from afar thou heardst my voice lamenting,

Heardst and camest, leaving thy glorious father's

Palace golden.

Yoking thy chariot. Fair the doves that bore thee;

Swift to the darksome earth their course directing,

Waving their thick wings from the highest heaven,

Down through the ether.

Quickly they came. Then thou, O blessed goddess,

All in smiling wreathed thy face immortal,

Badest me tell thee the cause of all my suffering,

Why now I called thee;

What for my maddened heart I most was longing.

"Whom?" thou criest, "dost wish that sweet Persuasion

Now win over and lead to thy love, my Sappho?

Who is it wrongs thee?

For though now he flies, he soon shall follow,

Soon shall be giving gifts who now rejects them.

Even though now he loves not, soon shall he love thee,

Even though thou wouldst not."

Come then now, dear goddess, and release me

From my anguish. All my heart's desiring

Grant thou now. Now too again as aforetime,

Be thou my ally.

Contemporary with Sappho were Alcoeus, from whom Horace copied, and Anacreon, the lover of liquor, lassies and laughter.

Born 522 B. C., "Pindar stands as the brilliant star in the evening sky of Greek lyric poetry." He was contemporary with Æschylus, the first great dramatist. The drama grew out of the lyrics. There were festivals to Dionysos, the god of wine, and his praises were sung by a chorus. Thespis, the first tragic poet, arranged a solo part for the hero. Then Æschylus introduced a second character, and the drama was begun. Æschylus was born 525 B. C., and died 456 B. C. Seven of his dramas remain. "*Prometheus Bound*" is perhaps the best known. Prometheus was a god chained to a rock by Jove because he gave fire to mortals. "*Agamemnon*" is his finest work. When Æschylus was born, the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, was about 25 years old. His writings are the earliest Chinese literature preserved, as the more ancient ones were destroyed.

Sophocles (495-496 B. C.), was successor to Æschylus. He introduced a third actor, enlarged the chorus, and made use of painted scenery. Seven of his plays remain. Three of them (*Ædipus the King*, *Ædipus at Colon'us*, and *Antigone*, are really one story. *Ædipus* (ed-i-pus) was the son of the king of Thebes, who, having been told by the oracle that he would die by the hands of his own son, pierced the child's feet, and put him on a mountain to die. A herdsman found him, and adopted him. *Ædipus*, in turn, learning from the

oracle that he was to kill his father and marry his mother, fled to Thebes to outwit his fate. Drawing near the city, he met his father, whom he did not know, and, in a quarrel, slew him. *Ædipus*, by solving a riddle propounded by the Sphinx, obtained the hand of the queen as a reward. Later, he learns that the king was his father, and that his wife is also his mother. In a frenzy of horror he puts out his eyes. His mother hangs herself. Antigone, their daughter, the noblest woman of Greek literature, goes away with him, patiently attending him, wherever he chooses to wander, until his death. Then she returns to Thebes. Her brother has been slain in battle, and the king prohibits his burial. Whoever disobeys the order must die. Antigone buries him, and loses her own life.

I go to bury him;
And good it were, in doing this, to die.
Loved I shall be with him whom I
have loved,
Guilty of holiest crime. More time is
mine
In which to share the favor of the
dead,
Than that of those who live. ..

Euripides (480-406 B. C.), is the "mediator between ancient and modern drama." His characters have more of human passion than those of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. His best work is *Medea*, one of the heaviest and most noted of Greek plays. *Medea* is the sorceress who helped Jason obtain the golden fleece. He takes her back to Greece with him as his wife, but afterwards determines to put her away and marry another woman. *Medea* sends a poisoned robe to her rival, thereby kills her. Then she cuts her own children to pieces with a sword, though she loves them, and flies away in a winged chariot, leaving Jason to his misery.

Sophocles and *Euripides* were contemporary writers. Following them come the great comic poet, *Aristophanes* (444-380 B. C.) whose cleverest satire is *The Birds*. *Aristophanes* is an extremist. He fluctuates from the coarsest wit to the most divine flights of poetic fancy. The summoning of the birds is a dainty bit, and has a fascinating swing to it.

Flock hither, flock hither, flock hither!
Hilloah, hilloah!
All ye of like feather,
Wherever ye be,
Whether barley ye gather,
Or seed on the lea;
With a skip and a bound,
And a song of sweet sound,
Flock hither to me,
Ye that twitter the clods around,
Tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tio.

Prose did not attain any degree of perfection until the time of *Herodotus* (b. 484 B. C.), the "father of Greek History." He was contemporary with *Sophocles*, *Euripides* and *Pericles*. He was surpassed as a historian by *Thucydides* (b. 471 B. C.). The writings of *Xenophon* (b. 443 B. C.), a friend of *Socrates*, come next. Now comes *Æsop* with his fables. *Plato*, the idealist, the man of genius who influences our philosophy of today. "Platonic" is a much used word. *Plato* was a pupil of *Socrates*. *Demosthenes* is famed yet as the world's greatest orator. *Aristotle*, a pupil of *Plato*, lacking the poetic temperament of his master, was an observer of real things, a practical philosopher of facts.

Rome had no literature until about the second century B. C. (About this time also we hear of the *Zend-Avesta*, the sacred book of the Persians, which contained the philosophy of *Zoroaster*. This book, however, might have been completed before this period.) The first Roman writer of note was *Cato*,

who told of the origin of Rome and other Italian cities. 63 B. C., Cicero, not much over forty, was at the height of his influence. It was then that he launched the famous *Oration Against Cataline*, the head of a dangerous band of conspirators.

Cicero "created a perfect prose style." Caesar (100-44 B. C.), the greatest statesman, and, except Cicero, the greatest orator of his time, is also famed as a historian. He describes his own wars in a clever, straightforward style, and uses beautiful Latin. Sallust is a historian of note. Virgil (70-19 B. C.) the greatest Latin poet, is best known from his chief work, the *Æneid* (a-ne'id), an imitation of Homer, and a great epic. *Æneas* and his son, fleeing from Troy, which the Greeks have taken, are driven by a tempest to the Carthaginian shore, and Queen Dido entertains them. *Æneas* tells Dido of their escape from Troy, the death of his wife, and the perils of the journey. Dido falls in love with *Æneas*, and on his leaving Carthage, mounts a funeral pyre and ends her life with a sword. *Æneas* goes to Italy, and the king of that country promises him the hand of the princess. However, a prince who is already betrothed to the king's daughter objects. He brings an army against *Æneas* but is slain in a hand-to-hand combat with his enemy. *Æneas* weds the princess and succeeds to the throne.

Horace (65-8 B. C.), poet laureate, was the last of the great Latin poets. His *Odes* are most beautiful. Livy (59 B. C. to 17 A. D.) made history a fine art, but did not trouble himself about its correctness. In the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid (43 B. C.-17 A. D.), we find some of the finest work of ancient literature. The story of Pyramus and

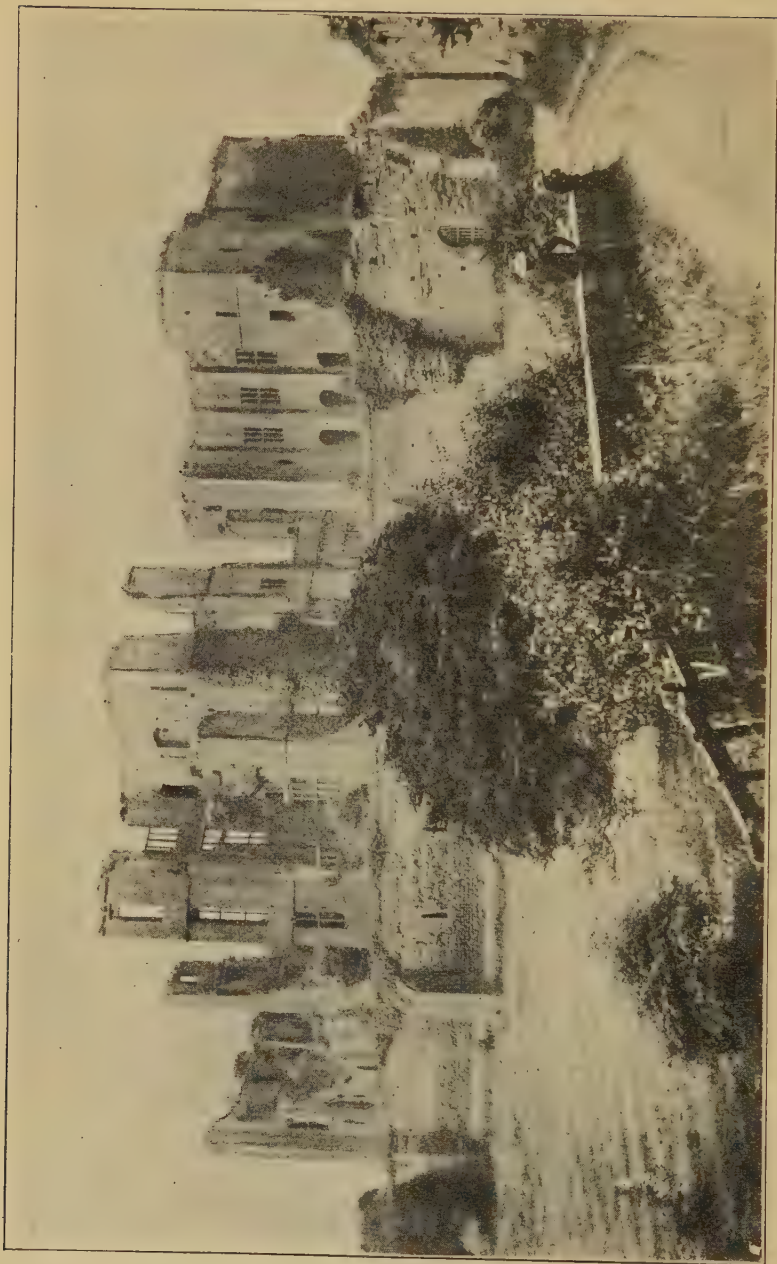
Thisbe and their little hole in the wall is taken from him. Passing by Seneca and his *Morals*, we come to the end of Literature B. C.

The star of Bethlehem is in the skies; the angels have sung to the shepherds.

And so, we learn that thousands of years ago, when it seems to us that there could not have been an earth, there was an earth peopled with souls that, like ourselves, were stretching out their hands towards the light; and that God never had an age wherein He did not bless that earth by sending to it some superior spirits who, by their fiercer struggles and their clearer divination, taught mankind how to rise.

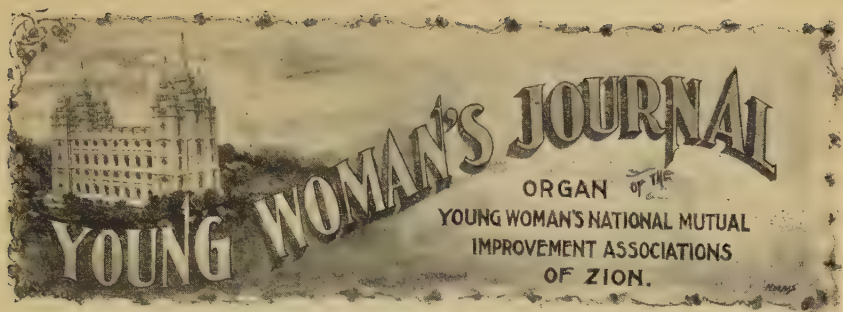
CLASS WORK.

1. How many nations were there B. C.? What were they?
2. What is the earliest literature we know of?
3. How does the poetry of a nation reveal something of that nation's history?
4. Tell the story in the Epic of Izdubar.
5. What do you think of it from a literary standpoint?
6. What is an "oracle"?
7. What is the Book of the Covenant?
8. Read Jotham's parable.
9. What does it mean?
10. Read the psalm that you consider most poetic.
11. What part of Solomon's song do you prefer?
12. Which verses in Job do you like simply for their literary beauty?
13. Which verses do you like for their sentiment?
14. Select a verse that is beautiful for both thought and expression.
15. Do women take any part in early literature?
16. Who was Deborah?
17. What do you know of Sappho?
18. Why does literature lose much of its beauty when translated?
19. What is the myth of Prometheus?
20. Who were the Greek dramatists?
21. Which were tragedy; which comedy?
22. Did they write poetry or prose?
23. When was prose first used?
24. What is a "thespian"?
25. Who was Antigone?
26. Who were the Roman writers?
27. What is the *Æneid*?
28. What good does it do to know these things?
29. Do you know of any other B. C. writers?



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

—See page 437.



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OCTOBER, 1903.

No. 10.

"ICHABOD."

"THE GLORY HAS DEPARTED."

Henry W. Naisbitt.

I builded a palace!—Oh long ago!!
On the River of Time's incessant flow;
Its porphyry columns and spires of grace
Just grew at a half mysterious pace.
From turret to tower, from esplanade,
'Twas well conceived and deftly made.
It stood in a landscape, round, at hand,
Rills and waterfalls, mountains grand;
Rarest of verdure, trees and flowers,
The weird creations of happy hours.
This beauty grew by continuous change,
As fancy swept o'er its limitless range.

I furnished my palace with all things rare.
Its corridors gleamed with vistas fair.
Cedar and sandalwood, white and gold,
Vermillion lining and tints untold.
A treasure-house of most precious things,
Musical birds of plumaged wings.
Sculpture and tapestry, prints and books,
In lordly chambers and alcoved nooks.
From opal windows light fell and stole
Like a mantle of glory covering all.
Yes! 'twas a miracle, in or out,
A palace of beauty, no soul could doubt.

I peopled my palace with forms of grace;
Lithe, round and rich, from the sunlit face
To the foot which trod on each marble stair,
Or fell to silence on velvets rare.
There were ivoried forms of blue-eyed girls,
And plump, bright boys, with their tossing curls.

Women and mothers of graceful mein,
 With sire and matron like King and Queen.
 Beautiful! loving! resplendent! One!
 For they moved in honor and homage won.
 My household gods, nay my idols all,
 More precious than earth, if I owned it all.

My palace stood there; 'twas a wondrous pile;
 A dream of beauty, of heaven awhile;
 But a storm swept up on the river's brink,
 And down went a turret ere I could think.
 A babe was missing, it soared away,
 From all this beauty, my first sad day.
 A cloud untinged o'er my palace flew;
 And every corridor shrunk to view.
 Again my palace in sunshine stood,
 All perfumed-laden, all bright and good,
 When the thunder rolled, and a lightning flash
 Told a tower had fallen, with solemn crash.

My palace now ruined is shimmering there,
 It's glories faded, it's landscape bare.
 Column and turret lie prone around;
 And naught but echo hath voice or sound.
 It's inmates died, or have built elsewhere,
 Perchance more proudly, perhaps more fair.
 A figment to me are the dreams of yore;
 And sight-less now, I may see no more.
 Circumstance, time, let the curtain fall
 O'er my castle beauteous all in all.
 My banquet now but a slender crust,
 I "Ichabod" write in layers of dust.

I shall build my palace again, some day,
 By the River of Life, in the far away.
 It's waters shall mirror my grander thought;
 While treasures eternal shall come unsought.
 Love, true, shall light it's translucent walls;
 And be the life of it's wide-stretched halls.
 On the outer pediment these words read,
 "By a way unknown," in thine hour of need,
 A city I give of foundations, too,
 It's builder and maker God, for you.
 Your palace of mirage melted away,
 But furnished and peopled, 'tis yours for aye."

SKETCHES.

VIII.

WARWICK CASTLE; KENILWORTH.

Katherine Arthur.

Warwick (war'ik) is a very ancient town. And Warwick Castle is one of the few feudal fortresses still used as homes. Lady Warwick is a noted English beauty. There are several Utahs who have had the honor of addressing her, and they say that she is as gracious and lovable as she is beautiful. However, most English ladies are exquisitely well bred. Merely to look at one is an education. Even the lower middle class women could give many of our "high society" dames lessons in ordinary manners. To be born with an innate refinement and a gentle courtesy towards others is better than being born rich or overbearingly talented.

Early in the thirteenth century, Guy of Warwick made himself famous by his knightly deeds. And they were all for Felice, the fair daughter of the Earl of Warwick. Sir Guy was a son of the earl's steward. But the earl wished to give his daughter to a brave man, so Sir Guy went to foreign lands and engaged in the tournaments, winning all the prizes. He went to Constantinople and saved the emperor from the Saracens. He slew a great dragon and did so many wonderful things that the fair lady simply could not say no any longer. They were married, but they did not "live happily ever after." Sir Guy began to brood over the mur-



WARWICK CASTLE.

derous things he had done, and about three months after his marriage, he put aside his gay trappings and went as a pilgrim to the Holy Land. When finally he wandered back again, he retired to Guy's cliff, where he lived a hermit's life until his death. You see, it is better to be good than merely noted; at least, for your own peace of mind. Just before he died, Sir Guy sent a ring to Felice and she hurried to him. Poor lady, it was the first time that she knew her husband was near. What geese some great men are! Sir Guy had bent every energy towards achieving this woman. And now the only atonement he could make was to give her up. Doubtless, like most men, he was very proud of himself for voluntarily undergoing such torture; and, like most men, he was not considering the woman at all.

Warwick Castle is on the Avon (you can visit Shakespeare's home on the same day, if you wish). It is built on an elevation, and so commands a fine view of the glorious surrounding country. The walled-in grounds are large and beautiful. There is an enormous vase, found at Hadrian's villa (Tivoli), and a lovely white peacock. The former stands still in a house built especially for it; the other struts about the grounds and drops a silky, fluffy bit of down from its shining white bosom—a peacock's visiting card, that you tuck carefully away in your guide book. That egotist-

cal peacock gives you more pleasure than the classic vase does.

Five miles from Warwick is Kenilworth Castle, one of the largest and most romantic baronial ruins in England. It was built about 1120. Later Queen Elizabeth gave it to her favorite, the Earl of Leicester (Les'ter), and our interest in it dates principally from then. As you wander through the rooms and over the great stretches of grass, you imagine the figures Scott has described to you in his interesting novel, "Kenilworth." You picture the Earl of Leicester, that handsome, showy image of a man, whispering pretty things into the too susceptible ear of the great Queen, while his beautiful wife, Amy Robsart, is longing for a glimpse of his face, in the prison-home he has taken her to. Poor Amy Robsart! Women are fated to love some man truly and deeply; she who wins the same truth back has rare good luck. Scott puts Amy (after her escape from Cumnor Hall), in a small eight-sided room on the second floor of Kenilworth castle. In the grounds she meets the Queen and implores protection. She is afterwards taken back to Cumnor Hall and there murdered.

The Earl of Leicester was his wife's indirect if not direct murderer. However, he built a fine hospital after, which was ample atonement for so light an offense.

Kenilworth Castle was destroyed by some of Cromwell's officers.

FOOD.

Drift Woode.

I knew not what I needed,
Drooping there;
I seemed to faint unheeded
In despair.

But God knew that I needed
Bread and Wine;
Before I asked, He heeded,
And 'twas mine.

NOTHING GOOD IS LOST.

Edward H. Anderson.

I.

Young in years, beautiful in form, open-eyed and innocent, Jean climbed the sloping hills in summer, and mingled in winter with the youth of the village in all their frolicsome amusements.

So, too, ran the happy life of Don. Free, jovial, indifferent to care, his life was full of joy. He had not yet reached the age when even the shadow of the decline of ideals, which chills middle life, was thrown across his path.

These two young people met frequently. They were great friends. With their associates, they enjoyed life to the full. In a thousand ways they made the springtime of their lives ring with the music of youth's enthusiasm. They lacked none of those qualities that are preeminently characteristic of healthy youth: hope, deep feeling, hunger for love, enthusiasm, capacity for self-sacrifice, and a swelling abundance of feeling and inspiration, deep as the rivers of water and majestic as the summer storm.

"I never could see why it is that some of my old friends are so careworn," said Jean one day in a serious spell of conversation with Don.

"Why? What's the matter now?" said he.

"Oh, nothing worth brooding over, but it's annoying, just the same."

"Why, Jean annoyed! Never!"

"Yes, annoyed! I'm always being lectured on manners and morals, in that sober, careworn way that is so common in old folks. They forget the time when they had life in 'em!"

"Yes, and everybody else for-

gets it, too, and that's what makes life much different to the old than to us, you jumpabout."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that, after all, what the old folks did, is not considered of much account by us, by you and by me, and our crowd. They're tolerated; that's about all."

"I believe that's the way they feel, but I don't entertain such thoughts of them."

"They do feel that way, and we owe it to them to disabuse their minds, and let them know just how we view their work."

"Well, what have you done to change their thoughts? Did you ever go to Daddy Farris, for example, and tell him that he did well to pioneer the way to Utah, as he did? No; if you ever went to him at all, it was to tell him how you came through Echo in a Pullman! Now, wasn't it? And, maybe you let him know what an easy thing it was, after all, to cross the plains; and that there's been a heap of fuss over the simple trip of the Pioneers."

"O, don't begin to lecture."

"Ah, ha! and so, my Don, I hedge the way to all thy power to moralize with me. I wish I could as easily stop other floods of talk that overflow my way. But say, let's go visit him; let us hear what he has to say, and how he feels."

"I know how he feels. He's 'out of the swim,' if you will permit that slang, and he often considers the young people thoughtless, and is as equally full of depression, for he deals sternly with himself. Having served his fellows, carried others' sins and ignorance and blazed

the way for our comfort, he meets and receives from the younger generation only neglect and ingratitude. That's how he feels."

"But let us then, my Don, be off to see him. Let us get our information first hand; it is the safest, with all due respect to you. No other person can ever quite impersonate the thoughts of others."

Arm in arm, they walked to the home of the old Pioneer, the visit an incident, a pretty step, in their happy young lives.

And this is the Pioneer they met: a man whose head was whitened with the time of eighty years. Their storms had furrowed his face with many lines; but underneath were still perceptible the vim and force of other days. He dwelt confined to his simple narrow circle. He who had compassed the earth, whose active deeds were once the talk of every tongue, was now as one buried; his days, a dull routine of sameness, unenlivened by any incident that could awaken sympathy for or recall the thrilling deeds of the past.

There are many others like him in every settlement of the mountains, forgotten heroes of the past, lone pioneers of days ago, waiting for the visits of active youth to cheerfully awake the sleeping memories. O vigorous youth! one of the lights and glories of human life is a passionate and unselfish desire to serve the old. Forget them not in your happiness.

"We came, Don and I, to learn, first hand, of the wonderful facts in your life, and from your achievements take a pattern for our own," said Jean with a smile that seemed to electrify the neglected "Finder of the Paths."

A hundred little pleasant commonplaces were said by the young man and woman, and at length,

seated in an easy chair before the cheerful fire, Father Farris, leaning his hands upon his cane,

Traversed once more across his continent of years,
And trod again the pathway of the
Pioneers.

From childhood to old age, he saw his pathway extending like a silver thread, through the forests, across the deserts, up the mountains and into the valleys. In the forests he made plain the trail; and wrought, singing with cheer, to blaze the way that other pilgrims might not suffer what he had endured. In the thickets his feet bled as the briars were trampled under foot, and his garments and indeed his own white flesh were torn that his fellows following might find that pathway clear. Coming to the edge of the swift stream, on the plain and in the mountain gorge, he threw a tree across the chasm; or, in the quicksand, toiled to make the dangerous footing safe with stones. In the desert, he all but perished through drought and fierce heat, by day; while at night his sleepless eyes and tired limbs were forced to guard innocence, and the beloved, from marauding red men, who stole about his road in treacherous train. And when strength returned to him in the valley of safety, this veteran risked life again that when others came, they might find the cool spring, the watered fields, the cultivated garden, and shade to offer succor.

"O, what memories and acts are these for me," said Father Farris, as he appeared to grow young in strength and voice again, and the luster of youth seemed to shine with renewed splendor from the clear but sunken eyes.

But it was noticed by the spell-bound young people that the light soon faded; the eyes were partly covered by the lids, the whole body

relaxed from the excitement of the past and the present fell upon the old man like the cold shroud of the inevitable.

They sat in silence for a spell, which was broken by a new voice—the voice of Now. It came in these words from Father Farris' lips. It feebly said:

"These acts and memories have only this sad sting. The seed I sowed perished for want of care; the pathway that I blazed has long since grown up with thorns and briars; the mighty engine belittles all my toil as pathfinder; the bridges that I built are forgotten in the floods; the drifting sands have choked the springs that I digged; the fields where I toiled are covered with the grind of material industry, or set with the palace of the millionaire; the good I have wrought seems so little that it saddens me. My companions and loved ones, like my work, are gone—all is like a fading dream—forgotten, unappreciated, lost;—I dream—past—joy—"

The young people stepped to his side, and behold the old Pioneer bowed his head upon his staff, and the angel of sleep placed a mist over his eyes.

Then Jean and Don heard as it were speech in the silence. It was mild, and sweet as the love song of birds in spring. It said: "Nothing Good is Lost." As it swept through the room like the gentle sighing of wind in the mountain pines, the old man opened his eyes wide for a moment, as if he heard; then he fell again to slumber.

II.

Jean and Don retired to the next room and left the old man to his rest. Returning after a time, for they could not leave without shaking his hand and assuring him of their love and respect, he bade them

be seated, and they noticed new life in Father Farris.

"I must have slept a bit," he said. "The last I heard you say was, nothing good is lost. Your words cheered me, and I dreamed a strange but pretty dream. Will you listen while I tell you?"

"In my dream, I was at the end of my life's long journey; and I looked, and behold where I had thought to pass into heaven as a stranger, unnoticed as I left the earth, there came forth instead, wonder of wonders! a great company to meet and greet me on the voyage. They brought with them trumpets and banners, and they welcomed me with song and music as one of consequence.

"First a great company of radiant beings passed before me, each bearing sheaves of wheat, and each with a smile as he came passed one golden head of grain before me. And there stood an angel by, and said: 'You opened your hand to sow as you passed through the valley, and mourned that there were none to care for the harvest; but these are the ones whom God sent to put in the sickle for your sowing, and count your bundles. This great harvest is from your hand-falls.'

"Then there came another company, radiant with happiness. But first let me tell you, Jean and Don, my children, I thought I saw your faces among the passers of wheat to me. In this second company, every one seemed as happy as if neither care nor sorrow had stained their lives. And I asked, 'Who are these?' The angel answered, 'In the forest, you once cut away the tangle and made a path; you carried little children in your arms, and helped women over the mountain stream; you bridged the chasm, and made the bog to have sure footing for other feet than

yours; in the desert you digged the pool, and made the gardens and the fields to bloom. These are the company of little ones and large who, through you, found safety where peril lurked before.' Then all these strewn flowers in my path, passing on with shouts and song!

"Then I saw another company, and they came and stood before me. Believe me, in that number there was not a soul that I had ever in the slightest favored who did not come with cheer for me;—not a child to whom I had spoken a kind word, nor a traveler that I had shared my crust with in the desert, nor an orphan to whom I had ever given a coin, not an emigrant trembling in a strange land that I had counseled and helped, not a widow and her fatherless that I had visited, but were assembled to welcome me. And it dawned upon me, that it is safer to trust my hopes than my fears; that God had been kinder to me than my wildest dreams could reveal; that not a seed that I have ever sown but the angel had watched its fall, and brought it to its harvest. Then I fell upon my face in ecstasy of joy and gratitude; and, as I knelt, the thick darkness of the River of Death gathered about me, and God comforted me in its crossing as I had comforted others on the journey to its banks. On the other side,

my dream will be fulfilled, for I shall be greeted by hosts who will come forth to meet me. I will be given abundant entrance, and shall find my loved ones and my friends, whom I had counted lost, and all my works, as well, will follow me, as I am led up the hills of the new land of God.

"Then I awoke and found it was a cheerful dream that your visit inspired.

"Give me your hands; God bless you, in your lives; and as you have cheered me, so may He comfort your hearts, and gladden your days."

III.

The names of Jean and Don appeared in the papers, as having been married in the Temple some days ago.

They have taken their place upon the stage of the world's affairs, and let us hope will play their part faithfully, strongly, wisely and well. In a few years they will be set aside like the pioneer whom they visited to comfort, and one of the consoling incidents of their lonely days will be their visit to him and the lesson that it taught them.

Even as they pass down into the valley of shadow, the remembrance will be as a light in the thick darkness, and God will comfort them; for, Nothing Good is Lost.

OLD LESSONS.

L. L. Greene Richards.

Speak the good word when you think it;
 Chance may pass and you forget;
 Taste the pure draught while you drink it;
 Con we still the alphabet.
 Still repeat we lessons olden,
 Page on page they reappear;
 'Tis as gleams the harvest golden,
 Now as in the yester-year.



PHOTO BY FOX & SYMONS.

APOSTLE JOHN W. TAYLOR.

STAY AT HOME.

John W. Taylor.

"There is no place like home" applies to none more appropriately than to the young ladies of Zion. And there seems to be no class among the Latter-day Saints who have a greater temptation to leave home, and home influences, than the daughters. The causes for the desire to leave home are varied, but the most common is the wish on the part of the ambitious young lady to become self-supporting and help father and mother, who are experiencing great difficulty in providing for their family, and in some instances are sacrificing what they need for their

personal comfort to provide, in an ordinary way, for their family. The thoughtful, intelligent young woman takes in the situation at a glance. She looks with sorrow and unbounded sympathy upon the careworn faces of her beloved parents. A longing desire arises to do something to take the load from dear mother and father. Knowing as she does the humble circumstances of her parents, she hesitates to ask for a much needed dress, a pair of shoes, a hat or even a less expensive article, necessary to make up an ordinary outfit, that she may appear as others of her young friends.

Here comes the trial. She asks herself, "Can I not do something to help my parents and myself?" Thoughts crowd upon the active mind like lightning. The answer comes quickly, "Yes. I can help. I am young, strong, and willing to work, and I know, if I can only get work, I can lighten the burdens of my beloved parents and make their hearts rejoice. I can show them in a substantial way how much I appreciate their loving kindness to me."

In the new light of ambition and inspired thought her young heart indulges in glowing anticipations as to what she will do for dear mother and father. How they will rejoice when they realize what a real help she is to them, and what a great pleasure it will be for her to do her part in the family circle.

Where can she get work? What can she do?

Could anyone have better motives? No! The angels never indulged in purer desires. As the pure spring of water bubbles forth from the bosom of the earth, so do the tender thoughts of the young woman spring forth from an affectionate heart when she first leaves home to go forth in the path of business life. Here is the danger point!

I venture a few suggestions to young ladies at this juncture. They are prompted by an experience of many years' travel among the Latter-day Saints.

Young ladies should be industrious; the desire to work is most commendable and praiseworthy. None, who are in good health, should be idle. The Doctrine and Covenants, section 68, verses 31 and 32, reads:

"Now, I, the Lord, am not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them; and their children are also growing up in

wickedness; they also seek not earnestly the riches of eternity, but their eyes are full of greediness.

These things ought not to be, and must be done away from among them."

It seems we must all work, but where, how and when shall we work?

My advice to you is, if it is possible, stay at home with your mother until you are married—by all means do so. If circumstances are such that it is positively necessary that you leave your father's home to seek employment, the greatest care should be exercised in securing work where your reputation will not be at stake, for "it is better to wear a faded coat than to wear a faded reputation."

Many young women have lost that which is more precious than life, by working away from home at hotels, boarding houses, railway and mining camps, and other places where they have been unprotected. While their motives were pure and praiseworthy and they thought to bring unbounded joy to their beloved parents at home, they have brought a lifelong sorrow upon father, mother, brothers and sisters. In many instances they feel like they are outcasts from home. Could they but cancel their mistake and have it pass away as a dream, and they take their place in the family circle as they once did, they would willingly make any sacrifice to adapt themselves to the humble circumstances of home life.

I should as much expect a lamb turned out among hungry wolves to return home unharmed as a young woman who goes away from home, unprotected, to work at a mining camp, or similar place.

It is not a question of the motive of the lamb, or the young inexperienced girl. They are both pure and innocent, but it is the nature of

wolves to destroy lambs and of wicked men to prey upon the pure and innocent.

In my view no greater evil prevails among the Latter-day Saints today than sending, or permitting

their lovely daughters to leave the home of their childhood and wander abroad unprotected in the world to be preyed upon by the wicked. Who is responsible, the shepherd or the lamb?

SHEAVES.

A SEQUEL TO "LOVE THAT AVAILS."

Josephine Spencer.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

Spring had come, after a winter fraught with rich treasure to Ruth and Leonard. Each had revelled in an atmosphere holding elements of life and growth to the high instincts implanted in both, and were looking forward to years when these elements might be carried to brighten and broaden other lives in the far away but dearly beloved home, which was the Mecca of all their hopes, aims and ambitions. The experience, while intensely enjoyed, had not for a moment robbed them of the home love. Outside and above the whirl of the great city with its acknowledged material advantages, rose the vision of the "mountain vales"—with its dearer ideal of stability and peace, enwrapped in an atmosphere impossible in the clashing interests of the great metropolis.

Leonard, who had spent a winter whose demands had kept both pen and tongue busy, was now looking forward eagerly to the autumn, when he would be free to return home and in the comparative peace and quiet find time to commence work on the volume he purposed to write—and which he had promised to place in the hands of a publisher within the year.

He was sitting at his desk now, busy with the proofs of a half dozen articles for the various magazines that had solicited them, and Ruth was helping him, delighted to dip a finger in the work that was rapidly bringing her husband into distinction.

Minna sat at the piano in the next room strumming some light opera tune, the group making a cosy home picture whose seeming peace, whatever the inner rankling discontent and anxiety did not at present ripple. As twilight deepened, Leonard went out to keep one of his numerous engagements, and the sisters were left alone. A few moments later, as Ruth turned on the light, a rap sounded at the hall door.

It was Minna who opened it, and she, together with Ruth, stood a moment in the silence of genuine surprise at the sight of the unexpected visitor. It was Elmer—and in a moment Minna was greeting him with the effusiveness of genuine joy.

There was a deep flush on his cheek, as his eyes met Ruth's, but he came forward with his usual aplomb and stretched out his hand.

"I ventured to hope that for the sake of old times and friendship I might call on my once pupil," he

said lightly. "There is a saying that 'in a strange country all old townspeople are friends.'"

Ruth returned his greeting with what cordiality she could muster, and in a few moments he was seemingly at his accustomed ease, chatting glibly with Minna, and letting the old apparent undercurrent of brotherly interest and deference show in his talk and manner.

Minna's delight at his presence was distinctly visible, and the two kept up a happy, running talk, whose hidden current of understanding, Ruth, in her ignorance of the correspondence that had been going on between them, could not fathom.

He had Minna sing to gauge her progress—and after a time discreetly asked Ruth to play. A sprained wrist joined in a struggle with refractory piano castors that morning, made a grateful excuse for Ruth, and finally, to her inward relief, he left, giving an easy affirmative to Minna's effusive injunctions to let them see him soon again.

The promise was virtually kept, and his call repeated afterward with a frequency that established him upon a footing that, to all outward intents, was the same as of old. There was, however, much of bravado in his stand—occasioned by the knowledge of Minna's secret partisanship and her open pleasure in his society. He frequently escorted Minna to theatres. Ruth, fearful of overstepping the bounds of authority with her pleasure-loving sister, feeling perforce committed to acquiescence.

To Leonard, having no actual knowledge of Elmer's character, and of the cause of Ruth's scarcely disguised repugnance to him, Elmer's presence, with its grateful offer of guardianship to Minna in the lighter pleasures her nature

craved, and which Leonard's sorely occupied time could not well afford, Elmer's presence was a relief. Sensing this, Ruth, spite of her misgivings, let affairs go on as they wished, hoping that benign fate would guide them to a harmless end.

She had felt some slight measure of relief before Elmer's coming, since she had won Minna's pledge to discontinue her intimacy with Rella.

A ripple of unsavory gossip etched by one of the morning papers, in which Rella's name figured, had given Ruth an opportunity to demand this for her own as well as Minna's sake, and for a time she had felt a comparative sense of security in knowing that Minna was free from the chorus girl's pernicious influence.

Now all her anxiety returned. For some reason, intangible in a measure to herself, she feared Elmer's influence almost as much as Rella's. Doubly and openly an ally of Minna's since his summary dismissal by herself—Elmer, she felt sure, would now be without a restraining scruple in his championship of Minna's cause, whatever shape that might assume, and she was too well aware of the desires nurtured deep in Minna's heart to doubt the inevitable demand upon his sympathy.

An incident, transpiring some short time after Elmer's appearance on the scene helped to strengthen her fears.

Down town one day she had turned a corner near one of the Broadway theatres in time to see Minna and Elmer disappear through the office door of the opera house, which was running "The Princess." Glancing through the glass door she caught a glimpse of a man with whom she had seen Minna speaking on the street pre-

viously in a manner so familiar as to rouse her anxiety. Minna, upon being questioned, had declared him to be "one of the musical professors at the conservatory," and Ruth, with a motherly caution about countenancing undue familiarity with strangers, had taken her at her word. This new incident, not only strengthened her opinion of Elmer's unreliability, but also her fear of Minna's duplicity—and both together brought back the hours of heavy sleeplessness she had known in the days when, separated from her sister, she had imagined her gliding into an abyss from which there might be no rescue.

She said nothing to Minna of the incident, dreading lest the girl, in some revolt at what she might fancy a studied surveillance of her actions, should be tempted into some overt act of rebellion. Her only hope was to try to keep events at an even tenor till their stay should end and Minna be once more removed from the temptations which beset her in the metropolis. In the meantime she must endure her increasing anxiety as best she might.

Minna, since Elmer's coming, had been rarely at home during either the day or the early hours of the evening, her excuse being the more difficult work put upon her at the conservatory, which, with her engagements with Elmer, kept her time all occupied.

One night towards the end of April, Ruth accompanied Leonard to Brooklyn, where his lecture was to be followed by some complimentary function at the home of one of the notables under whose auspices he was to speak.

The toasting and after-talk made the affair a late one, and when they returned the theaters were out, and the stream of people on the streets

was considerably thinned. As Leonard and Ruth waited at the Imperial corner for a car they glanced through the big windows into the brilliantly lighted cafe, where a score or more of people were seated at the tables at late supper or refreshment.

Ruth's quick look fell upon a group seated at a table in the corner, and she paused involuntarily, directing Leonard's attention with her glance. Minna and Elmer, with Rella Gunter and the sleek, brisk, well dressed stranger whom she had seen frequently with Minna, and whom Minna named as being a professor at the conservatory, made up the party—all seemingly on the friendliest and best of terms.

It was the first Ruth knew of Minna's broken pledge in regard to associating with Rella, yet the sight but confirmed intuitions that had given her many hours of anxious foreboding.

She had listened so often, helplessly, to Minna's evasions, that now there came to her a determination to fix the proof so completely that nothing but truth and a definite understanding could exist between them.

"Let us go in," she said, impulsively.

For an instant Leonard's frank dislike of anything bordering on detective methods made him hesitate; but he had noted and inwardly grieved at the lines of trouble that had darkened Ruth's face of late, and his overwhelming protective sense of her dominated his scruples.

They walked into the brilliantly lighted room, and, taking a table a short distance in front of the group, ordered ices.

Minna's bright face, always sensitive to her uppermost emotion, went crimson under Ruth's calm glance; and Elmer's, turned curi-

ously to catch the cause of her confusion, was almost as telltale.

The talk at the table ebbed suddenly, save for a brief undertone now and then; and presently the stranger whom Minna had spoken with, rose with Rella and went out, while Minna and Elmer sauntered over to Ruth and Leonard.

"Looks as if we are not the only owls," Elmer said easily, dropping with Minna into the empty seats opposite. "Too bad you didn't come in before Purdy and Miss Gunter, and fill our table. Theatrical people, especially men of Purdy's caliber, get to think they belong anywhere"—he stopped abruptly at the warning sign Minna tried to convey to him, then stumbled precipitately in an effort to talk without being committal.

It was a quiet party that boarded the car, and Elmer left them with relief at his street, waiving his conscientious regard for the minor proprieties, and letting Minna go home without his escort. No comment was made on the way and the little household retired with no demonstrative sign of the trouble brooding in its seemingly ideal atmosphere.

The problem, in Ruth's eyes, had assumed a serious aspect; and, filled with forebodings, she determined, at all risks to her own and Leonard's welfare, to remove Minna from the scene of her besetting temptations. She talked with Leonard seriously about it that night, and he, anxious above all things to secure her happiness, consented to return, spite of the distinct loss it would mean to himself to cancel his engagements.

They began at once to make preparations for the return journey, Minna receiving the news with sullen taciturnity.

In a week's time they had all but completed their arrangements, and

but two days remained before their departure. Then, one night, Ruth and Leonard returning from a long day of final preparations, found the dreaded blow awaiting them.

It came in a note of farewell left in Minna's empty room; and with it was the fruition of all the nameless fear and anxiety that had filled Ruth's heart through months of weary watching and waiting.

"You need never think you can bury me out there in that little western hole," the note read. "I have a right to live my life as I choose, and you shall not prevent me. It will be useless for you to try to see me, for I will never go with you except by force."

Ruth read the letter, with its exaggerated allusions to her "tyranny and selfishness" in silence to the end.

Then suddenly the years of lonely responsibility at home, with their drudgery and anxious thought for the little family left to her care, came to her, with a sense of the futility of all her sacrifice and prayer; and with an impulse of despair she turned and wept in overwhelming grief in Jasper's arms.

(To Be Continued.)



To me it seems as if when God conceived the world that was poetry. He formed it and that was sculpture; he varied it and colored it and that was painting; and then crowning all he peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine eternal drama.—Charlotte Cushman.



There is one furnace that melts all hearts—love; there is one balm that soothes all pain—patience; there is one medicine that cures all ills—time; there is one peace that ends all strife—death; there is one light that illuminates all darkness—hope.—Hale.



Better a little understanding than much useless knowledge.

THE ART OF DESIGN.

Margaret May Merrill.

Decorations of all peoples begin with twining flowers and leaves and grasses into the hair and about the clothing, around sacred places and loved objects.

The first creations of the hands will be fashioned after the works of nature. In the cup of the flower is the thought of the drinking vessel; the shape of the leaf suggests the plate; the bird's nest gave the inspiration for the basket; the trunk of the tree, the pillar to support the roof of the dwellings.

The sentiment of a people is shown in their decoration. Over the door of the Egyptian home spread the wings of the eagle, suggesting power and protection; the image of the sacred crocodile supported the stone column and guarded the door.

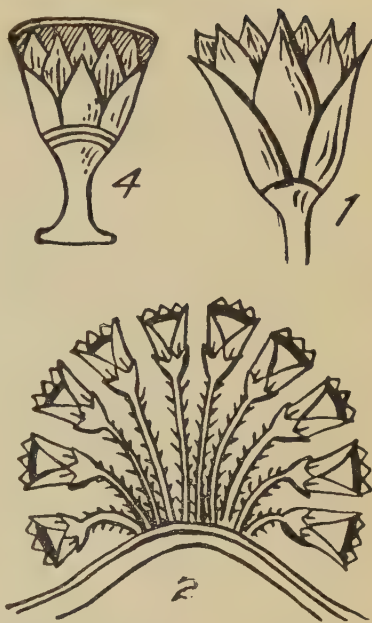
In the works of nature which the Creator has thrown broadcast over the earth, is given an ample supply of material with which to adorn and beautify.

There is no more fitting subject for decoration and design than representations from plant life.

Perhaps the greatest law of all art is involved in the principle of "principality and subordination," which applied to decoration means simply that the object is more important than the decoration.

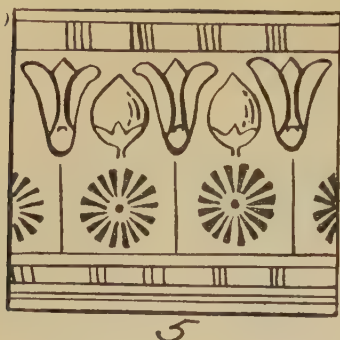
A growing flower is *complete in itself*, but when used for decoration it must be modified—made secondary—because it becomes *a part* of another work of art.

The rose on the carpet, the pansy on the tea cloth, the poppy on the wall paper, the Indian head on the sofa cushion, the natural flowers and animals on the china—are to the sensitive and cultured mind *terribly* inartistic.



Why?

Designs taken from nature should be based on the *principles* which regulate nature, and should not imitate nature too closely. Or, a flower which is made with the intention of looking like the natural object should not be used as ornamentation, but conventional representations which bear enough resemblance to the flower to make itself apparent. That is why flowers (roses for instance), are not good when painted to represent nature exactly as it is. You are trying to make the rose look as beautiful as it does in nature, which you can not do. And you will also draw the attention too much to the beautiful rose decoration—away from the plate upon which it is painted. The plate should be the important thing—just as in dress, a dress that is conspicuous is not in good



taste, because the attention is drawn to the gown rather than the person who wears the same. Again in wall paper, the flowers should not be so gorgeous as to make one forget that there is a solid wall behind, or the rose on the carpet so naturalistic that the floor becomes secondary. Quiet, modest forms and colors are the most enduring.

Something of Egyptian Decorative Art.

It may have been the custom of the ancient Egyptians to decorate the wooden posts of their primitive temples by tying their native flowers around them. And growing out of this custom, their art took a more permanent character, in carvings in wood and stone of conventionalized representations of the flowers, colored after the tints of nature.

The sacred flower of Egypt, called the lotus, which grew on the banks of the Nile, forms the basis for an immense variety of beautiful designs. The flower is particularly adapted, because of its simplicity, its modesty of color and beauty of line.

The Egyptians also executed many designs taken from the papyrus, the palm branch, and the feathers of rare birds. The illustrations are taken from their favorite flower.

No. 1.—The Lotus-flower, which forms the basis of so much of Egyptian design.

No. 2.—Representing the Lotus growing in the desert.

No. 3.—Representing the Lotus growing in the Nile. The full bloom flower above, then the half open bud; below that, the bud just opening, with the stem going into the water at the base. Harmony of form consists of the proper balancing and contrast of the straight, the inclined, the curved.

Notice what perfect harmony is in this design. In the stem we have the straight line, the inclined in the water, and the curved line in the flowers above.

No. 4.—Vase. The rule of subordination is carried out here, in that the flower on the vase does not take away from the charm of the object, but adds to and beautifies, and seems to become a part of the vase. In looking at the flower you do not forget that it is a vase.

No. 5.—Fabric.—Contains order, symmetry, grace.

No. 6.—Egyptian





oar. The handle of this artistic piece represents the stem running into the flower, while between the flowers is the meaning—that God is watching over all.

Used in rowing the boats across the Nile, probably to carry the dead over the water to their last resting place.

No. 7.—Column to Temple. In design the Egyptians observed the laws of nature. One is the radiation of the leaves and all veins on the leaves in graceful curves from the parent stem. The main column represents the trunk or stem, with the buds radiating from it on either side; the half blown flower does the same above the buds; while the full blown flower is on the end.

The Egyptians used color as they did form, conventionally. One shade for leaves, lighter green for the minor leaves and white or yellow for the flowers. They painted everything. They dealt in flat tints and used neither shade nor shadow. The colors as they are today have been mellowed with time and are very beautiful, especially for those who understand and have learned to appreciate them. Many artists journey to this far away land to

sketch and paint its scenes because of the charm it holds in exquisite coloring.

A Lesson In Design.

I have said that in ornament we should not make a picture of a flower—but a representation—that is—study the growth and the forms.

We will take a flower; study its parts, and make a design therefrom. The Primrose. It has five petals, which are joined together at the center. Observe its general outline, the radiating petals, their graceful shapes.



No. 8.—Petal.

No. 9.—Bud.

No. 10.—Leaf.

No. 11.—Primrose.

No. 12.—Side view, conventionalized.

No. 13.—Design made from side view, conventionalized, with leaf used also.

No. 14.—Conventional design made from petal and bud.

No. 15.—All over pattern, for fabric.

All ornament should be based upon a geometrical construction. This design shows the construction,





or working lines, which must be used in all design.

How many girls love to make fancy work,—the modern laces—embroideries, to beautify and decorate your homes, your own gowns! Let your apparel be the workmanship of your own hands.

What delight it is to work in the linen or silken threads on a beautiful design! But we may go beyond this, a step farther, and create our own design. How much more we can appreciate and enjoy a

work of art when we ourselves are the makers.

Now, girls, exercise your ability to create. Take some flower, study the parts and see if you can not make a design for your fancy work. Not only select your lines and graceful curves from the shape of the flowers, but take your color scheme from the flower as well.

What charming colors they are! See that dainty lavender and yellow and green in the sweet pea! Now with those colors what can you create that is beautiful?

WISDOM AND UNDERSTANDING.

Surely there is a vein for the silver,
And a place for the gold where they
fine it.

Iron is taken out of the earth,
And brass from the stone is molten.

* * *

There is a path which no fowl knows,
Nor is seen by the eye of the vulture;
The lion's whelps have not trodden it,
Nor the fierce lion passed by it.

* * *

But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understand-
ing?

Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Neither is it found in the land of the
living.

The depth saith, It is not in me;
And the sea saith, It is not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold

Nor shall silver be weighed for its
buying.

* * *

God understandeth the way thereof,
And He knoweth the place thereof,
For He looketh to the ends of the
earth,

And seeth beneath the whole heaven,
To make a weight for the winds,
And He weigheth the waters by meas-
ure.

When He made a decree for the rain
And a way for the lightning of the
thunder,

Then did He see it and declare it;
He prepared it, yea, and searched it
out,

And unto man He said, *Behold,
The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understand-
ing.*

—Job, chapter 28.

A COMEDY OF PITY.

Annie Pike.

FROM HIS NOTEBOOK.

June 10th,

At my new rooming place.

Shall spend the quietest summer of my life. Am taking two courses in the College.

I like this house. It is deep-set among oak trees, with stretches of lawn and wide piazzas. My landlady, a widow, gentle and refined, says she is glad to have me, because one of her daughters is soon to be married, and the house will feel less lonely with me in it. I board at an excellent place four blocks from here.

HER MIRROR SOLILOQUY.

I wish my hair were yellow instead of such an undecided brown; I wish my eyes were larger.

The new roomer came today. I looked a fright. I had on my blue kimona and I was dusting the piano and when mother and he passed I kept my back turned toward them. He has nice brown eyes, but I'd like his hair better if it were curly like cousin Tom's. I'm glad he's tall.

FROM HIS NOTEBOOK.

Today: sweet-smelling rain with the sun shining through it on the grass.

My landlady and her two daughters were enjoying it on the piazza where they kindly offered me a chair. One of the daughters is tall and angular, with a pleasant face and a beautiful complexion. The other is *petite*, pale brown hair, skin like a pink tea rose, and a general daintiness about her. It strikes me that she must be the girl in a blue kimona I caught a glimpse of the day I came. She is

not pretty, but she is interesting. I wonder which is the bride-to-be?

I am doing good work. Never enjoyed myself more than now. This hermit life is ideal. I wonder that I never took it up before. Henceforth I live like a monk.

HER MIRROR SOLILOQUY.

It is hard to be young and not have pretty clothes. But I wouldn't let mother know I felt that. Now that Gertrude is to be married the pretty things must be for her.

Such a lovely evening on the porch! First a soft rain fell, then followed one of those twilights that never grow dark, because the moon rises early.

I wonder what makes me so stupid sometimes that I can't say a word?

He has such a pleasant voice and manner.

HIS NOTEBOOK.

Received a beautiful letter from mother today, also another photo of Jenny in her white graduating gown. She will be eighteen tomorrow. I wish she could be with me. I begin to feel a touch of loneliness. I am not hermit enough by nature yet.

I know now which is to be married. It is "*ma petite*." She looked like a bride tonight in her white dress. He is good-looking. I wonder when the wedding takes place? I suppose this is a preliminary visit. I don't suppose there will be occasion for me to meet him. One grows tired of meeting new people.

I feel very sorry for the other girl, Gertrude. She is not the sort of girl to receive much attention. I

pity her even while I deplore her awkwardness.

HER MIRROR SOLILOQUY.

Cousin Tom came today on his annual visit. He used to be interesting, but he is very dull now. His hair is too curly. I hate curly hair.

He doesn't spend much time in his room now. I suppose he studies very hard. Tom never studies. I like men who know things; men with brains.

Today when I was talking with Cousin Tom on the veranda, he passed to enter the house. He bowed as though he scarcely saw me. There was a sad look on his face. I wish I knew—

HIS NOTEBOOK.

It has been so warm today that Mrs. Windsor, my landlady, told me to leave my hall door open. That is why I happened to overhear them below stairs discussing the decorations for the wedding. Their gentle voices easily reached me through the intense stillness of this house.

"Gertrude will stand here," I heard Mrs. Windsor say, "and Henry" (so that is his name!) "will stand here. We'll put Betty (that is a pretty name) on a footstool!" There was a ripple of laughter. "We shall have ferns and lilies banked below the mantel—I am glad it is summer, for the poor as well as the rich may have beautiful weddings in the summer."

"Isn't it going to be lovely, Gertrude?"—Betty.—

"Of course it will, and I know I ought to feel happy, and I do, but when I think of you—and mother—and me—and that we shall never—all live together—again—I"—

"Oh, Gertie! You mustn't think of it that way. George is a dear, and we can visit you often—I'm sure, George won't object. Don't

cry; you only make mother feel bad," Betty coaxed.

Poor Gertrude, I felt that I had no right to listen to her grief, so, despite the heat, I closed the door. Then I plunged my head into a basin of cold water to relieve me from this fit of depression.

I wish Jenny were here. She might be company for Gertrude—and for me. I don't believe I can stand this hermit existence much longer.

"Henry" left this morning. When next he returns I suppose the wedding will take place.

After writing the above I took a starlight walk to the postoffice. There I was surprised to find these words from Jenny.

"Dear Al:—

In one thing I am going to get ahead of you—I am to *be married in September!* Aren't you surprised? You can't guess who, either. Well, it's *Bob*. Oh, I'm so happy! If you were just here"—

Married! Jenny married! A mere child! What's eighteen? I'm sick of marriage, and weddings, and—yes—and brides! O Heaven deliver me!

No wonder Gertrude feels the way she does over Betty's marriage. I can sympathize with her from the bottom of my heart.

HER MIRROR SOLILOQUY.

Today mother sent me up to his room with some roses—he looks lonely, and mother feels sorry for him. Mother always wanted a son, and her heart goes out to every nice young man.

I am convinced that there is some terrible, sad mystery in his life, and, oh, how I pity him! Ever since I took the roses up, I have had actual physical pain in my heart. If I could only comfort him!

He smiled when I brought the

flowers and seemed pleased, asking me what kind they were.

"Bride's roses," I answered, "we are going to have the dining room filled with them at the wedding—Henry is so fond of them."

When I looked up there was such an expression of pain that I knew I had stumbled upon something in his life which I should never have touched. I tried to turn the conversation by admiring the photograph of a beautiful girl—ah, yes, she was beautiful! Why am I so ugly? But I won't cry—only I am so sorry for him that I can't help it, for he said,

"She is only eighteen," in such a pitiful way!

(I am only eighteen; I wonder if it is too young? I wish I were older.)

And I, thinking of Gertrude's marriage, asked, brutally, if she were married.

"I hope not!" he exclaimed, "but I suppose I can't prevent it after September since she loves a school boy better than she does me!"

"Oh, I am so sorry!" I said, "I hope she will be happy,—that is, I mean—I hope you will be happy."

Then he leaned forward and the lamp was shining on his hair, "I hope *you* will be happy," he said.

"Oh! me?—Yes, I shall be happy," and my voice sounded positively miserable. I felt a tear rise, so I hurried out.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I wish I could make him happy! I hate bride's roses! Oh, I wonder if I shall cry all night?

She would rather have a school boy! Think of it! Oh, dear! I can't help crying.

HIS NOTEBOOK.

Bride's roses! the bride's roses brought to me by the little bride.

She is like these roses—pure, delicate. Poor Gertrude—is there any

flower which she resembles? I am afraid not. God gives all to some, and nothing to others. He made Betty to receive love, but Gertrude to give love to her mother.

I wonder if Betty is entirely happy? Today when she said she hoped Jenny would be happy, I spoke my desire for *her* happiness. When she answered there was an unexpected sad note in her voice.

"Oh! me?—Yes, I shall be happy," she said, and I fancied the tears came to her eyes.

I am pitying her tonight, perhaps without reason, for she evidently loves Henry, judging from her anxiety to please him—these bride's roses, she says, are his favorite flowers! If I could only discover what it is that pains her!

Today I caught a glimpse of a pitiful scene. The stuff—I don't know names of goods—came for the bridal gown. I saw Gertrude untie the package. (I was passing through the hall with the open door facing me.)

"Oh, look, Betty!" she cried as she lifted the folds of soft white goods up to her chin, "what sort of bride do I make?" Her eyes were shining when she spoke, and she looked almost beautiful.

I did not hear what Betty answered. Gertrude as a bride! Poor girl, I suppose she has her dreams like other girls. And why not, if it makes life easier for her? She will awaken to cold realities soon enough.

HER SOLILOQUY.

The wedding takes place tomorrow. Gertrude and Henry leave at once for Chicago. Henry came today and will stay over night.

Mother's roomer has given notice that he will require his room no longer after this week.

It is Gertrude's going away that makes me feel so sad. I feel as though everything in life for me

was dull and ugly. I used to be so light-hearted, but now my heart aches even when I am singing.

If I could only help him! If I could only make him happier! But I am powerless. What does he care for my comforting?

HIS NOTEBOOK.

I have not written in my notebook for some time, because I did not wish to record the gloomy thoughts which have persisted in haunting me since I learned of Jenny's engagement. I am forced to face the most unfortunate fact of my life. God knows I had no thought of loving another man's bride. I have been loath to recognize that I love Betty, but that is the plain, cold fact, and not a very agreeable one since she left today for her new home, the wedding having taken place this morning while I was at college.

I did not see Henry this time—and I'm glad of it. Some relatives of the family came, among them a tall, fair man about thirty-five, who was very kind (from what I chanced to see) in helping Gertrude. I am glad of this for it makes this trying time easier for her. Betty flew about like a little bird. I have not done much studying this summer. Against my will she has been in my thoughts. If Gertrude had only been Betty!

With God's help I shall be better for this experience. She is the only girl I ever felt that I should like to marry and to whom I might give my life itself, if necessary, but since she does not need it, I shall try to put it to the best account possible. I shall do with it all that I can, and—I shall do it for her, though she shall never know. I shall seal this note-book and put it away—it has my only record of her.

This house is dead without her—its silence is oppressive.

NEITHER NOTEBOOK NOR SOLILOQUY.

Our young man actually did seal his notebook with a few withered bride's roses for company, after which he left his room for a walk to the postoffice.

The hall was in darkness, and just as he turned a corner he ran into some one.

"O-o-oh!" faltered a frightened voice. Even in the dark he knew that voice.

"Why, Betty! I mean Miss Windsor—that is, Mrs.— Mrs.— Why, I thought you had gone!"

"Gone! Gone where?"

"Where you were going—on your wedding trip."

"My wedding trip! Why, I'm Betty—it was Gertrude who was married!"

"Gertrude!—But Henry?"

"He's Gertrude's husband."

"Thank the Lord!"

"What?"

"I am glad, Betty."

"I—don't understand."

"I am glad it was not you, Betty, I like you—a great deal."

"The girl—who is only eighteen—who is to marry a school boy—I thought you liked her."

"So I do,—she is my sister."

"Oh!"

"And the handsome fellow with curly hair who came here?"

"Cousin Tom!"

"Oh, Betty!"

"Don't, dear; a—a—ah! Well, then, only one—just one—there, let me go!"

"I am so happy, Betty! Will you have the dining room filled with bride's roses?"

Her Mirror was astonished with a soliloquy which was an intoxicating mixture of shining eyes and smiling lips, but no words.

Perhaps the sky was his Notebook that night, for he sat in the window and smiled up at the stars for hours.

WOMAN: HER SPHERE AND INFLUENCE.

T. C. Hoyt.

A few evenings ago the writer and a young lady friend were conversing upon the relative positions of the sexes in society when she made the statement that woman had no real and independent influence, but that her station was a handicap to the establishment and materialization of high ideals. While willing to admit that there is a certain degree of dependency in the relationship of man and woman in the working out of their destinies, which, it may seem to some, operates slightly to the disadvantage of the woman, yet, my contention was, that there is in woman's sphere a power so comprehensive as to render that disadvantage merely nominal.

While our religion teaches, and, to a certain extent, emphasizes the unity of the sexes, yet in the intended and ideal oneness there is a duality which provides distinctive spheres for the development and exercise of individual power and influence; nor has an allwise Creator made noticeable discrimination to the detriment of woman.

I do not wish to be understood as condoning in any sense that assumption of masculinity that in some instances has shorn woman of the most pleasing graces that inhere to her natural state, and much less do I wish to be considered as opposed to the cultivation and attainment of the most broad-minded and ambitious ideals, so long as those ideals have that delicacy intended to predominate in woman-kind to preserve humanity from grossness.

There may be prerogatives belonging to men not properly ap-

plicable to femininity, but conversely, there are native graces belonging to the gentler sex to fully offset them and give to woman her full share of influence. In manhood the power is more glowingly manifest, while in womanhood it is more subtle, but equally as potent. Because the pattering rain falls noisily to enliven the landscape shall we forget the quieter forces that lifted that moisture from its ocean bed? When we eat of the luscious fruit shall we be ignorant of the fact that it is only of the flower? When we see the bright moon radiating its brilliancy through the night we know it is only a borrowed light; even the glorious orb of day sheds forth but scintillations of luminous energy that have a higher origin. Even so when we admire the genius and achievements of manhood, can we forget the subtle forces to which man owes his being, or the source of that stimulus that stirred him to noble endeavor? What man that has attained to true greatness ever stands out with the blatant assertion, "I did it?" Take this question to the great and good and in their replies notice the various appellations of woman—mother, sweetheart, wife.

We ascribe certain creative power to the *muse* and use the word as a sort of synonym for inspiration, but did you ever stop to think—or did you know that the words *mother* and *muse* are derived from the same root? Truly it seems that when the name was applied it carried a significance which it has, as yet, no occasion to forfeit. From the confirmed cynic or some church-bachelor only we would anticipate objection to the expression,

The nation's doom hangs on the babe
 In yon wee blanket curled,
 And the hand that rocks the cradle
 Is the hand that rules the world.

Trite, but none the less true, is the saying, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." As deformity or symmetry of the twig is usually due to the condition or environment of the mother soil, so woman, the virgin soil of manhood and character shapes the destiny of nations. Mother love is the pure fountain from which the first softening influences flow that touch the embryonic seeds of manhood and swell them into bursting and flowering ambitions, while conjugal love feeds and nourishes them to their ultimate fruition, or missing it, they too often wither and die away, leaving only their wreckage as sad reminders of what might have been.

When the Creator was ready to perform the final act of His creations He made woman and placed her here to give fineness of temper and sensibility to His other creatures, to give them an element of refinement and hold them to the line of His purposes. Women who understand it properly find compensation for the trials of motherhood in the fact that motherhood is the doorway through which immortal spirits, sons and daughters of God, pass from one stage of their existence to a higher one in that endless chain of progression which characterizes the plans and purposes of Deity, a function that was not considered any effacement of the powers and prerogatives of Deity when He came to earth for the further accomplishment of His mission.

Were it not that valuable lessons might be drawn from it, a consideration of the negative phase of woman's influence would gladly be dispensed with. But, on the grounds that the end justifies the means, we sometimes impress and establish an

appreciation of the good by placing it in juxtaposition with the bad.

As some mighty boulder shaken from its lofty position on the mountain side and dashed furiously to the bottom of some lonely gorge, leaving defacement and ruin in its wake, to lodge later in the path of human traverse, and wreak death and despair upon trainloads of human beings, so is to be likened the woman who has fallen from her high estate. And yet the comparison is faulty; for the death of the body is not comparable with the destruction of the soul. The one maims and destroys its victims, nor cares for the wails of anguish, the gushing tears and broken hearts and blasted hopes that it has caused. The other blocks the path of high spirited but incautious human beings, and wrecks not only the physical man—the image of God—but the divinity—the soul—that dwelt therein.

Less despicable, but still worthy the contempt of all decent people is she who willfully permits herself to become the nucleus of a man's hopes and the base of his ambitions, and then wantonly crushes those hopes and kills those ambitions, the consequences depending largely upon the strength or weakness of the one concerned. We may say men have no right to be so weak, and, true, the argument has semblance of soundness. But let us not forget that all men cannot legitimately be censured for all of their weaknesses. They may be inherited or otherwise acquired contrary to the will of the one they affect. We have little patience with such a weakness as would cause a man to forego his higher aspirations and spend his energies condoning his despair, but this sometimes happens where it would not have done except for the wantonness of a woman.

We may sometimes think writers have overdrawn their pictures

wherein they give to femininity such power as they often do. But the falsity of the representation—if it be false at all—lies wholly in a slight magnifying of the basic principle, rather than its distortion. Perhaps we do not appreciate Homer's attribution of such influence to Helen at the siege of Troy,* nor understand fully the art by which Juno overcame the thundering god on "Ida's height," but when the author of Ben Hur sets out the same principle in style more to our suiting we recognize its application. We see his hero on the chariot course and analyze the motives that actuate him. We know that the idea of vengeance roused in the Jew no compunctions of conscience and that he was there to "feed fat an ancient grudge"; to curry fame and win unbounded wealth; but with all this, when came the dash across the arena for place of vantage, we are told that prize, friends, wagers, honors—everything was lost in one deliberate purpose—the humbling of his enemy, and the more his enemy from the fact that he was his rival in *love* and *Iras' eyes were upon him*. All else, however much it might mean, are but bolstering props to another motive—a woman's favor.

Is the picture overdrawn? Perhaps the answer may not be had for the reason that it too often lies locked in the secret vaults of men's hearts. When a man will sacrifice hope, ambition and lofty purpose to cater to a woman's whim, shall we say that women are without influence? 'Twas woman led man from Eden, to atone for which she has been given the power to make each man an Eden of his own; to compensate him for leading him away from heaven by making earth heavenly.

Speaking of the influence of

women on mankind Ruskin said in his lecture on war, after he had spoken specifically to the men and boys:

And now let me turn to you, wives and maidens, who are the souls of soldiers; to you—mothers who have devoted your children to the great hierarchy of war. Let me ask you to consider what part you have to take for the aid of those who love you; for, if you fail in your part they cannot fulfill theirs; such absolute helpmeets you are that no man can stand without that help, nor labor in his own strength.

To the girls, he says:

Believe me, the whole of your lovers' lives is in your hands; what you would have them be, they will be, if you but desire to have them so; for they are but mirrors in which you will see yourselves reflected. If you are frivolous, they will be so; if you have no understanding of the scope of their duty, they will forget it; they will listen—they can listen,—to no other interpretation of it than that uttered from your lips. Bid them be brave, they will be brave for you; bid them be cowards and how noble soever they be, they will quail for you. Bid them be wise, and they will be wise for you; mock at their counsel and they will be fools for you: such and so absolute is your rule over them.

No, girls, you must not—you can not shirk the responsibilities that properly inhere to your station. To it there attaches a power you cannot disregard. You may shirk the duty but the responsibility is there, nor can it be shifted. You, more than anyone else, must stand sponsor for the company you keep and the society in which you move. You have a power—a living, moving force, not so much subject to your will in its creation or diminution as in its direction and application. And remember always, that

The smallest bark on Life's tempestuous ocean

Will leave a track behind forevermore;

The smallest wave of influence set in motion,

Extends and widens to the eternal shore.

* See article on Homer, page 475.

THE BEAUTY BRIGADE.

Maud Morton.

The latest wail of woe from the headquarters of the beauty brigade is heard from the brigadier whose red and shiny nose is "a daily, yea, hourly, mortification to her." Poor girlie, one doesn't like to look like a candidate for the Keeley. If you're quite sure your diet is all right, with a conspicuous absence of highly spiced, stimulating dishes, with fruits for desserts instead of rich cakes and pies, and with the merest bowing acquaintance with soda fountains and candy kitchens, then try this:—

Take one quart of camphor water, pure glycerine one ounce and one-half ounce of powdered borax. Mix and bathe the face. Let it dry and remain a few minutes after applying, then wash the face thoroughly and apply almond cream.

Tight clothing and improper diet, aided and abetted by lack of exercise, will raise an insurrection of all the beauty foes—red hands and noses, florid and pimply complexion, and a "dill pickle" expression caused by feeling "all out of sorts." So, my pretty brigadier, "a word to the wise; beware."

If your skin is too oily, don't clog the pores with powder, but pour half a pint of white wine vinegar over one ounce of dried rose leaves and let it stand for one week; then strain and add half a pint of rose water, throwing the rose leaves away. The lotion may be used either pure or diluted by putting about a tablespoonful into a cupful of water. Don't keep the mixture in a metal vessel.

By the way, if you're addicted to the powder habit, try carrying a bit of chamois skin about with you and

rubbing your face gently with that instead. It subdues the shiny look quite as effectually, and it's much cleaner. This brigadier doesn't just like the idea of clogging up the pores of the skin with a lot of foreign matter, even if it does look white. That's what causes black-heads, you know. If these little beauty "discomforters" have already arrived, get a good camel's hair face scrub brush, a bland toilet soap and a few ounces of common washing soda. If the black points are very distinct, press them out; if not, scrub the face morning and night with hot water into which you have put a bit of the soda about the size of your thumb nail to each quart of hot water; soap the brush thoroughly and scrub your face well. Always, after washing with hot water, dash the cold water over the face two or three times, to close the pores again, or the skin is likely to become coarse. And instead of patting it dry with gentle little dabs, take a coarse towel and rub riskily, if you would have the skin nice and satiny—only work up to it gradually. If you've been petting and patting it dry, don't begin tomorrow morning by almost rubbing the skin off.

Drink at least three pints of water daily, and heal the present crop of pimples by applying the following: Boric acid, in fine powder, 240 grains; white wax, 420 grains; paraffin, 480 grains; oil of sweet almonds, one fluid dram.

Almond Cream.

Blanched butter almonds, two ounces;
Honey, three and three-fourths ounces;

Yolk of egg, two ounces;

Oil of sweet almonds, three and one-half ounces;

Oil of bergamot and oil of cloves, of each one-half dram.

Beat almond to fine paste, gradually and thoroughly adding other ingredients which have previously been well mixed.

And there's another summer annoyance—and sometimes, winter, as well, especially if one dances—about which I'd like to whisper in your little pink ear. It is excessive

perspiration under the arms; and, while we all realize that it is quite as disagreeable to the afflicted one as it is to her friends, yet we can't always conquer the inclination to shun her society, though she would otherwise be irresistibly charming. But let her take comfort, also plenty of hot water, into which a little listerine has been dropped, and bathe the arm pits gently but thoroughly two or three times a day; then dust with Red Cross Amolin powder.

FLOWERS.

Ruth M. Fox.

Beautiful flowers, what gladness you bring
To my lonely room, like some living thing
You lighten my heart and brighten the gloom
With your delicate fragrance and radiant bloom.

Beautiful flowers, you tell of a love
That links the earth with the heavens above;
You tell of a love far stronger than death,
A love that dies not with the parting of breath.

Ah, beautiful flowers, my love loves me,
So I love the flowers he bringeth to me;
The love we plighted in youth's happy day,
Fresh as your buds may it blossom away.

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN ILLNESS.

X.

EXPOSURE TO INTENSE HEAT AND COLD.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

Exposure to Cold.

In climates where the winters are severe it is not an uncommon thing to have accidents resulting from too long exposure to cold. Even death from freezing is not a very rare occurrence.

The symptoms of exposure to intense cold are similar to those of the later stages of intoxication—the patient is overcome by an intense drowsiness which soon passes into unconsciousness, and unless roused effectually from this state, death ensues.

The most important thing to remember in treating a case of this kind is that *heat must be applied to the body very gradually*. Take the patient into a cold room; remove the clothing and rub the limbs gently but rapidly with snow or cloths wrung out of ice water. If the natural breathing has been suspended, employ the same means of artificial respiration as that given in case of drowning. (See lesson on Drowning, August Journal.) As soon as the patient can swallow give brandy at intervals; and later, good beef tea. If the patient is unable to swallow, stimulants may be given in the form of an injection through the rectum. The air of the room must be heated very gradually and then not until natural breathing and circulation has been restored.

Frost Bites.

In frost bites, the vitality of one part of the body only is destroyed, oftentimes without the patient's

knowledge; for numbness and insensibility precede the later stages of freezing. The frost bitten part loses all power of sensation and is white and waxy in appearance. Stimulants and hot drinks, such as brandy, tea, coffee, or beef tea may be given, but external heat must be applied very gradually or mortification may set in and the tissues be entirely destroyed. Take the patient in a cold room, rub the frozen part gently with snow or ice water until a return of sensation is experienced.

If, in spite of all care, the circulation cannot be restored in the frost-bitten part and the flesh falls off, the resulting wound must be treated as you would treat a severe burn. (See July Journal.) In the latter case, secure the aid of a physician if possible.

With a tendency to chilblains, one should be careful to warm cold feet very gradually. Tight shoes should never be worn by anyone, but especially should they be avoided by those who are subject to the discomfort of chilblains. The blood must be allowed to circulate freely, which can never be done in a tight shoe. Heavier shoes as well as warmer stockings should be worn in the winter. Some relief may be had by painting the itching places with iodine. They should not be neglected or serious ulcers may be formed.

Sun Stroke.

Heat exhaustion is a result of exposure to intense heat and is aggravated by bodily fatigue or the pres-

ence of foul air. It occurs most often from direct exposure to the sun's rays, but may occur in hot apartments, especially where the air is impure. The symptoms are headache, dizziness, nausea and staring of the eyes. Sometimes these preliminary symptoms become intensified until the patient passes into delirium and unconsciousness. At times convulsions accompany the other symptoms; and again there are cases where the patient falls suddenly unconscious, the face is pale or dusky, the skin hot and no movement takes place from the first fall until death.

Hence an attempt at relief must be prompt and effective for the danger is very great. In a case of true sun-stroke, the temperature may go as high as 110 degrees to 114 degrees, and the first attempt must be to reduce this body temperature.

If the stroke occurs in the sun, remove the patient quickly to the shade; if in a close apartment, take him into the fresh open air. Remove the clothing and place him in a cool bath in which the temperature can be gradually lowered. If it is inconvenient to give a bath, wrap the body in wet sheets wrung out of cold water, or sponge the body with ice water. If the treatment can be given out of doors in a tent, pour cold water over the body or even let water from the hose run over the body, being careful the head is kept cool. Wet ice packs may be placed on the head and spine. If the breathing has stopped it may be necessary to resort to artificial respiration. The pulse may be low and rapid and still it is not wise to give alcoholic stimulants except upon the order of a physician. The aromatic spirits of ammonia may be used if thought necessary.

If, after the temperature has been

reduced and consciousness regained the temperature again rises the same cold water treatment must be given again.

In *heat exhaustion*, the symptoms may be just the opposite of those of sunstroke. This form occurs most frequently in poorly ventilated rooms. The temperature will be lower than normal, the pulse feeble and rapid, the hands and feet cold, and consciousness entirely lost. Remove the patient to a dark, quiet room, where there can be a good circulation of fresh air; rub gently the extremities, and give stimulants until the circulation and temperature are again normal.

Those who have once suffered from heat exhaustion or sun-stroke are very susceptible to it a second time, and must be very careful about exposing themselves.

Lightning Stroke.

Accidents resulting from lightning are met with occasionally and even though life seems extinct, some attempt should be made to revive the patient, unless you are certain that it is too late. The cause of death in this instance is shock to the nervous system. At times the shock may cause unconsciousness, but not be severe enough to cause death. Treat the patient as you would for "shock" from any cause. (See *September Journal*), and if the respiration has ceased employ artificial respiration. Sometimes the electricity makes an exit through a certain part of the body, leaving a severe burn of the flesh. Treat the wound as you would a burn from any source.



Courtesy and etiquette are flowers; the one has its roots in the heart, the other in the intellect.



Happiness is lost by being intemperate in its pursuit.

THE COOK'S CORNER.

JELLIES.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

The juices of most fruits contain a substance known as pectin or pectose. Its exact nature is imperfectly known by chemists; but it is known that by its presence jelly is made possible in the culinary art. There are certain conditions under which the pectin will not coagulate and when these conditions exist, disconsolate house-keepers say their "juice will not jell"—meaning that it will not coagulate. If the fruit is over ripe, or if too much water is added, and then the fruit is boiled a long time to evaporate the water, the pectic substances become decomposed and as a result the juice becomes gummy and sticky instead of jelly-like.

Jelly is not a healthful food on account of the large quantity of sugar required; but as a relish or as an accompaniment to meats, it may be eaten sparingly without great injury to the digestion. It should never be eaten in large quantities, however, as it is much too concentrated.

Apples, currants, plums, quinces, and grapes will make jelly easily if they are gathered when the fruit is just ripe, and if made properly. Other fruits require the addition of gelatine in order to make the juice "jell."

Covering Jelly Jars.

There are many ways of covering jelly glasses, any one of which is satisfactory. The large quantity of sugar used prevents the growth of germs in the jelly hence it does not have to be made air tight.

Cut out pieces of paper the size of the top of the glass; dip them in brandy or alcohol and lay on top of the jelly. Place the lid on the jar; or if the jelly is in an ordinary glass, tie a piece of cotton batting or a piece of paper over the glass.

Another way is to slightly beat the white of an egg and dip pieces of paper in this. Then paste them over the top of the jelly glass.

Perhaps the most satisfactory method is to use parafin. Place a lump of the wax in a small tin can, and melt it.

Pour it over the top of the hardened jelly until it reaches the sides of the glass. When the jelly is to be used the parafin may be removed, washed and kept for future use.

Apple Jelly.

Crab apples, red astrachan, or Porter apples may be used in making the following jelly. They should be just ripe—rather under than over ripe. Wash them and remove all imperfect parts. Cut them up but do not peel or core them. Barely cover them with cold water and let them boil until soft and mashed—about an hour ordinarily. Strain them either through a thin flour sack or a sieve and place the strained juice in the clean flannel bag. Let it drain over night and without pressure.

Measure the juice and place it on the stove to boil. Boil ten minutes (from the time it begins to boil) then add a pint and a half of sugar for every quart of juice. When it has boiled again strain through a thin cheese cloth and pour into warm dry glasses. Cover when the jelly is set.

Peach, apple, and quince jelly is made in the same way.

Grape Jelly.

If the grapes can be had when they are under ripe rather than over ripe they make successful jelly. The Concord grape makes a most delicious jelly if it is taken just at the right time.

Pick over, wash, and cook them until the seeds and pulp separate.*

Much of the juice is left and for making a second grade of jelly the pulp may be squeezed and the juice used as directed above.

Or the pulp may be pressed through a sieve and a jam made as directed in Lesson IX.

* Strain as above. Measure the juice and allow it to boil, then add a scant measure of sugar for every generous measure of juice. Stir until the sugar dissolves and the juice boils again. Strain and cover as above.

ONE OCTOBER DAY.

All summer we had pined for a day in the canyon and had hoped for "our boys" to suggest it. Alas! they didn't think, and we were too independent.

It was now early October, and the cool nights and pleasant days told that our summer was nearly past and that winter would soon lock the mountains in his snowy arms. Already the red and gold were beginning to show through the purple hue on the mountains.

We looked and longed till Mollie's fertile brain conceived an idea. We were five girls, and we all worked in the great stone building there. Every Saturday we had a half-holiday which we spent in shopping or mending and brushing, ready for work again on the Monday. Why not go to the canyon ourselves?

Mollie's brother had a large conveyance specially suited to such trips, and of course if Mollie wanted it, she should have it. It held three seats, each of which scorned the thought of three being a crowd. Then there was the little seat which could be used in case of emergency. And the "carryall" rode so much smoother when it was well filled! So we each invited one other girl and made our plans for the afternoon.

We would leave work at 1 o'clock. No, we wouldn't go home for luncheon, so Mollie asked to have the wagon sent around. It came on time, and the driver was none other than her father. He brought our "guests" who, to save time, had assembled at one of the houses. We were quickly handed in, and the "shoe-boxes" (did you ever use them for picnics—they're so light, you know, and you can throw them away afterward) were safely stowed. Mollie reached for

the lines, but the father smiled and stepped in.

"I'm 'coacher' today, Miss. Do you think I'd risk your necks alone in the canyon?"

Some of the girls looked dubious, but Mollie's evident pleasure was reassuring.

We rattled merrily away, people beaming at the white-haired man and his crowd of merry girls, yes, and the baby! Nellie had deserted to keep a little home nest, but we couldn't leave her behind, so the baby came too.

Before long the cool canyon breeze was playing with our tresses, and the merry songs and jests broke forth, for we had left the city behind.

We found a dell under the maples where the water splashed cool and clear over great boulders. Willows grew there too, their graceful branches sweeping the stream. The dark green roof of summer had given place to a glory of flame, and beneath us was a footing of gold and brown, and it rustled to our tread. The rocks and banks were moss-covered, the beautiful roots washed pink and clean by the splashing water.

Amy brought forth sandwiches; May stuffed eggs; demure little Kate, brown bread and butter of her own making; Kittie, olives; Nan, jelly, transparent as crystal, but glowing red in the sunlight, with crackers to "worry it down."

Um, um! "peered like I smelled pumpkin pies! Yes, there they were! Priscilla's, unbroken in the wire frame where she packed 'em.

But the raisin cake was missing. The hue and cry forced Nellie to bring it out. The crestfallen air of the little mother (we knew her, home was her "hobby" and that she

never could satisfy herself) as she said "it fell, girls," was not at all appalling. Priscilla was soon sampling it, and the rejoinder, "Always let it fall, Nell," started the laugh afresh.

We had apples to be named, and pears (who said maids don't like "pairs"), and grapes galore, yes, with peaches. We like peaches even if Jack does call them "felt hats."

The "table" was all spread, but the father hadn't come, so Captain Mollie started Kit and Priscilla to find him. Soon they came back, he between them, and all merry as school children. How his wit sparkled in answering saucy Kit! Who would have thought it of this busy rustling man?

I shan't tell you all we did, but we had half-scenes from Shakespeare, parodies of grand opera, and fun from our own brains. All to entertain the baby! And how she did enjoy it! One single cry was all she uttered, a cry of remonstrance, and we found one little foot bent carefully under. Then we

straightened it out, and she was all open eyed wonder, except when we asked how she enjoyed it. Then her smiles and little flying fists and legs added a wonderful tale, as we claimed the coin current in Babyland.

Oh, well! this couldn't last all way. So we packed our "dolls and dishes" and started for home.

As we emerged from the rocky gorge, the shadows deepened behind us, but before there was a perfect glory of gold and purple and red. The sun had sunk from view casting a radiance over all the sky, just as that day does now over our work-a-day world.

And Captain Mollie, perched up along side of her father, did not know we saw that tender little squeeze as she slipped her arm through his and laid her happy cheek on his rough coat sleeve. And he, as he gazed fondly down on the brown, curly head, had on his face the light of youth, and in his eyes the sweet peace and joy from a happy heart.

SIMPLE RULES OF PROCEDURE,

ADOPTED FOR USE IN THE MEETINGS OF THE Y. L. N. M. I. A.

1. The presiding officer shall call the meeting to order.
2. When a member rises to present a motion or to speak, she shall address the chair, as for example: "President Taylor," or "Sister Taylor"; and shall not proceed until duly recognized by the chairman.
3. The chairman shall recognize the member who is entitled to speak by calling the member by name.
4. Motions may be presented by any member, but it is preferable that they come from the body of the house rather than from officers of the meeting. Each motion must be duly seconded. The chairman shall then call for remarks. No member may claim the right to speak more than once on the same question until all who desire to speak thereon have spoken.
5. A member, in presenting a motion, shall rise and address the chairman, and when duly recognized shall say, "I move," not "I motion."
6. The form of any motion may be changed by the adoption of an amendment. A motion to amend, if duly seconded, must be voted on, then the motion as amended should be voted upon.
7. Minutes must be approved by vote.
8. New members shall be received by vote.
9. The vote which decided a question may be reconsidered at the request of a member who voted on the prevailing side, by a two-thirds vote of the assembly. The question is then before the house as though never having been voted on.

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OUR LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Already comes the complaint, It is too hard! Frankly now, why? Is it not because you yourselves are making it so? It is not to be expected that each girl is to be able to answer every question. Not a bit of it. Let her answer one well, and then listen while some one else answers another. And if nobody can answer? Why, what else *can* you do but pass it by? The idea is this:

There are certain things about books that almost everybody in the world knows. Now while we, as a people, have many admirable qualities, our course of reading is decidedly limited. You know the old saying of the Prophet Joseph, "Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom." That does not mean to confine yourselves to Church works, treatises, or essays on "Cheerfulness" taken from *The Royal Path of Life*. If God had not intended us to read the great things of poetry and prose, He would not have inspired them. Anything that gives you a larger thought, a beautiful emotion, or a wholesome laugh, is in keeping with the mind of Deity. Our Lord is not a narrow Being who holds us down to the chapter and verse of square-cut doctrine. If He had been He never would have created such a lovely world. The fields would have brought forth only wheat and potatoes. There would have been no violets or primroses; the lucerne

would have borne no purple flower, only a leaden sheath to hold the useful seeds. There would have been no singing birds. Why *should* a bird sing? It could eat the worms in our orchards quite as well without that little whistle in its throat. But He who loves us has given us eyes to see the dandelion as well as the nugget of gold beside it; has given us ears to hear the song of the canary as well as the cry, "Repent, repent, while there is time." And so He puts his human song-birds among the branches of the tree of life to make our day of toil more cheery, and His human flowers along the dusty way, with, mayhap, never a grain of corn in their gentle cups, only a breath of heaven and the joy of living. However, you will oftenest find food and drink, as well as sunshine in most things, and few literary productions claim beauty as their sole use. Do you get the idea?

They say that the "great and mighty will come to Zion" some day "to be taught in the learning of the world." If we are going to fulfill this prophecy before the end of time, we must hurry up and learn our A, B, C's. Here we are confronted with a fact: Gaining information is something like making a pigeon-pie—first catch your pigeon. How are we going to get book knowledge if we have not any books? In city girls there is no excuse for ignorance. If they can-

not purchase, they can borrow; if they cannot borrow, there is the public library free to all. Is anyone too lazy or too indifferent to use it? But the girl in the country is not so fortunate. We believe that the girl in the country is born with as good a brain, as great a love for the beautiful, as sincere a desire to make the most of herself as the girl in the city. Why should her mind be dwarfed and her soul narrowed because she has no chance to learn? It is not right, it never was intended, and we are going to open a little of the way to her. That is why the Committee has begun back so far where it is "hard." Do you see? There must be some definite arrangement of even a superficial coating. We have all heard of Shakespeare and Homer and Longfellow, but we forget exactly where they belong. So we mention as many of the most important things as we can get into our small space, just as an outline for the girl who wants to go deeper to get an idea from; and for the girl who does not wish to go deeper or who has not much time (for when you work, the days are none too long) to get some definite idea by merely reading the lessons. This plan is not intended for drudgery, only for pleasure and profit. Now, girl, don't make it hard. You cannot get the whole lesson yourself for one evening. Little by little is the plan of the universe. It took even the All-powerful six days to form the earth and the dwellers thereof. If in a year you get twelve new ideas from the text, with twelve new thoughts of your own to go with them, you will have a brighter light in your eyes, a younger spirit in your body, and a keener appreciation for the glories of the gospel in your soul than you have ever had before. It is not hard, only delightful.

Did the Greek and Latin names seem dreadful? They were the only difficult thing about it, and they were made so because the accent marks were unconsciously omitted by the typesetter. Anyway, is Calypso any harder to say than Caesarea Philippi, or Achilles than Nebuchadnezzar or Zerubbabel? It is merely that our eyes are more accustomed to the Bible names. But the reading matter will be made as easy as possible. What you gain from them depends upon your own individuality.

As for books, even in the farthest corner of the state, some one has undoubtedly been to school long enough to have a history or other books of reference that will help. If not, do not worry. When there is a great cry for books some means will be found to provide them. No child of Israel is allowed to starve in the wilderness when manna can be sent from heaven. Answer as many questions as you can, let the others go. But don't forget to use your thinking powers. For instance, take the first question of the first lesson: "How many nations were there B. C.?" That was one of the hardest, was it not? Of course you cannot answer it completely. But, my dear girl, turn to the text. You will find there mentioned Egyptian literature, then Babylonian and Assyrian, Hindoo, Jewish, Chinese, Persian, Greek and Roman. Could you not fit on the names of the countries? If you answer Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria, India, Judea, China, Persia, Greece and Rome, will you have answered so badly? We think not. Then perhaps some Bible reader will recall that Media is mentioned with Persia, and that Phoenicia was a great little country in ancient times.

Another question, "How does the

poetry of a nation tell something of that nation's history?" Take, for example, the first lines of poetry quoted: "Fear not, O Izdubar," etc. That is a finished bit of verse so we know that the man who wrote it was educated in verse-making,—that there had been cruder poets before him, and that the nation had grown to the literary stage. Second, you infer that they were believers in many gods, that (third) those gods were faithful to the trust placed in them, and (fourth) that mankind should learn to put its

faith in heaven rather than fellow man.

To learn how to think is the greatest lesson of life, to see what is in front of our eyes the greatest mentality and to consider the feelings of others the greatest culture. When "Utah, the Queen of the West" learns what she lacks and her sons and daughters grasp the things within their reach, then will she take those mammoth strides that *must* bring her to the mountain top where her light will radiate and glorify the world.

OFFICERS' NOTES.

When this number of the Journal arrives, all Stake M. I. Conventions will have been held, and it is hoped that the officers will feel well repaid for their labors there. We anticipate very good results from them.

We wish to congratulate our officers upon the way they have handled the work of these, our first Conventions.

The only Y. L. Conventions held prior to this time were in Summit Stake, January 12th, 1902, and Salt Lake Stake, August, 1902.

As stated at our last General Conference, the General Board will make an effort to visit all Stakes twice during each year,—at the Convention and the Conjoint M. I. Conference. Where it is impossible to attend both the preference will be given to the Convention.

Junior Classes.

The first half year's work for the Junior class has been issued as an extra and sent out to our Journal subscribers. If any have failed to receive them, please notify us at once. The girls of the Senior class may, perhaps, have no use for these lessons. If they have no younger sisters who need them, it would be a kindness to hand them over to the president, to distribute according to the needs of Junior members. The edition being limited to 10,000 the number of Journals published, and our subscribers numbering nearly that many, makes it imperative that the books should not be cast lightly aside thinking they can easily be replaced.

This Journal extra contains the

first half of the year's work; the remainder will be issued about January 1st, 1904. The entire course is intended to cover nine months' work.

The Preliminary Programs

submitted are to be used where the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. meet on the same evening, when it is expected that they will meet conjointly for opening and closing exercises. They are merely suggestive and the officers must suit them to their needs.

It is thought by the General Board that thirty minutes can well be allowed for the devotional exercises and preliminary programs. Let the speakers talk to the point and learn to say as much as possible in as short a time as possible. This training will be a very valuable one. And besides the success of the preliminary program depends upon it.

The preliminary programs are specially arranged to fit in with the literary course of the Young Ladies. We suppose that the first meeting after October conference will be the first time this season that the associations will meet conjointly. For the Young Ladies this should be the second meeting in October, at which if they follow the instructions given at the Convention, they will be studying the literature published in the September Journal (the lessons are published one month ahead, you know)—Literature Before Christ. In most cases this would be.

Tuesday, October 13th, at which would be rendered:

Preliminary Program No. 1,
Devotional Exercises (10 minutes).

1. Current Historical Events (5 minutes.)
2. Story of Ruth, Esther or Call of King David (10 minutes).
3. Music, "Holy City," or similar selection (5 minutes).

(October 20th) Program No. 2.)

1. Current Historical Events (5 minutes).
2. Extemporaneous Addresses (10 minutes).
3. Song, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" (5 minutes).

(October 27th) Program No. 3.

1. Current Historical Events.
2. Poem.
3. Scientific Progress.

(November 3d) Program No. 4.

(This being the time for our testimony meeting, it might be well to suggest a subject for the testimonies. Do this occasionally, as it helps to draw out the younger girls. The topic for this evening might be "Charity." Suggestive hymns, "Think Gently of the Erring One," "Should You Feel Inclined to Censure.")

1. Current Historical Events.
2. Recitation.
3. Solo and Chorus, "Kind Words Are Sweet Tones of the Heart."

(November 10th) Program No. 5.

(Young Ladies' Subject—Literature Homer.)

1. Current Historical Events.
2. Literary Selection from Homer or Sappho.
3. Reading of one of Æsop's Fables.
4. Song, "Slumber Sea."

(November 17th) Program No. 6.

1. Current Historical Events.
2. Scientific Progress.
3. Poem, "Ultimatum of Life"—Eliza R. Snow.
4. Song, "For All Eternity."

(November 24th) Program No. 7.

(Suggestive Hymns—"Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire.")

1. Current Historical Events.
2. "When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin"—James Whitcomb Riley.

In the Current Historical Events, aim to present that which is of interest to the world. Little, if any, mention should be made of crime. Little or no attention should be given to the ordinary happenings of the neighborhood. Personalities are to be avoided. Some good magazines from which these events may be gleaned are the Mutual Improvement Era, and Re-

view of Reviews (issued monthly), Public Opinion and Literary Digest (weekly).

For Extemporaneous Addresses, the officers (Y. M. and Y. L.) should agree upon a subject, which is announced to the assembly and speakers are then called upon. Decide upon a certain length of time and let the speaker know when it has expired.

The music is suggested to help those who may be looking for appropriate songs. The ones named may be secured of any reliable music dealer. "Silly" love songs and burlesque are out of place in a Mutual Improvement meeting. True wit and humor and healthy sentiment are always pleasing; we do not wish to discourage this, but remember that it is "but a step to the ridiculous."

GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

† For those who have no general history, the Egyptians made little pictures of plants, animals, and objects that had a certain meaning to them, on their temples and obelisks. The Greeks afterwards called these writings hieroglyphics. Later the Egyptians made a paper out of papyrus, a reed no longer in existence. The poorer classes could not afford this, and wrote on bits of broken pottery, stones, bones of animals, etc. The Babylonians and Assyrians made straight line pictures on clay tablets. The Persians carved symbols into their stone temples and on the sides of mountains. All the ancient nations finally used a parchment prepared from the skins of animals. The alphabet was originated by the Phoenicians, who formed it from the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Cadmus, a Phoenician prince, who has much legend attached to him, introduced this alphabet among the Greeks. It was Cadmus who killed the serpent that guarded the fountain of Mars, planted its teeth and realized a crop of armed men. The Iliad and Odyssey were handed down by being sung by one minstrel after another. Pisistratus, "the tyrant of Athens" (Solon's time), had them collected and written down. In Homer, Hades (Pluto) is a person, not a place.

* After Caesar was assassinated (44 B. C.), Augustus Caesar ruled till 14 A. D. He made Rome beautiful, and encouraged literature, arts, and agriculture. Horace, Livy and the other writers of that period belonged to the Augustan age.

GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

LESSON XV.

CIVIL GOVERNMENTS AND LAWS.

(Section 134 should be read in Class.)

When the destiny of the earth, to be outlined in coming lessons, shall approach its culmination, there will be no ruler or king save Jesus Christ(a). Until that time comes it is necessary and proper that earthly governments shall look after the civil affairs of all people. In fact, it is a doctrine of the Church that God has instituted governments for the benefit of man(b).

Civil governments, however, must rest upon a foundation of righteousness, and should exist for the good and safety of society. They must also secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience; that is, they must not interfere with matters of belief or religious practices, unless these interfere with the execution of laws which have been formulated for the good of the people(c).

It is a binding commandment upon the Latter-day Saints that they obey and uphold the laws of the land in which they reside. "Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land; wherefore, be subject to the powers that be, until he reigns whose right it is to reign (d). We should be a law-abiding people(e).

This principle has been taught and practiced by the Church since its foundation. Even matters of a religious nature, whenever necessary, have been made to conform with the laws of the land. For instance, when the United Order was first practiced, the divisions of property were deeded to the members that all might be correct before the law(f). Likewise, the glorious principle of plurality of wives is not now practiced by the Church because it conflicts with the laws of the land.

However, laws to be obeyed must be in harmony with the constitution of the land. Laws that are not in such harmony are not legal, and obedience to them might result in harm to the people(g). The history of the fight against polygamy illustrates this view. The Church held that the laws against the practice of polygamy were not in accord with the constitution of the United States, and continued the practice until the highest court in the land declared the laws constitutional. Then the practice of polygamy was suspended.

Religious influence should not be mingled with civil governments(h); yet all religious societies have a right to deal with their members for any violation of the rules of the society, providing the punishment be only the fellowship and good standing in the so-

- (a) 38:21.
- (b) 134:1.
- (c) 134:3-4.
- (d) 58:21-22.
- (e) 134:5-8.

- (f) 51:3, 6.
- (g) 98:4-6.
- (h) 134:9.

ciety(i). The authority to try a man for his property, liberty or life, belongs wholly to the civil law(j). At the same time, every man is justified in protecting himself and his property against unlawful assaults, at times when it is impossible to make immediate appeal to the laws(k).

So strong is the teaching of the Church with respect to obedience to earthly laws, that even in missionary work, it is forbidden to preach the Gospel to certain classes of persons, or to administer the ordinances of the Gospel to them. Thus, in countries where slavery is legal, it would be wrong to attempt to convert the slaves against the wishes of the masters(l). Likewise, children should not be influenced against the wishes of parents; nor should a woman be admitted to the Church without the knowledge and consent of her husband.

More implicit obedience to the laws of earthly governments can not be shown by any other religious organizations.

The constitution of the United States was established by God; and the wise men who actually framed that great document were raised up by God for the very purpose(m). Moreover, the Lord has said that the Constitution and the laws based upon it, should be maintained for the rights and protection of all men, according to just and holy principles(n). In the prayer given by revelation at the dedication of the Kirtland Temple, it is especially petitioned that the principles of the constitution of the United States, which were so honorably and nobly defended, be es-

tablished forever(o); and the blessings of heaven are invoked upon all kings, princes, nobles and rulers(p).

Latter-day Saints should remember to obey the constitutional laws of any land in which they may reside. They should ever be known as patriotic, loyal citizens. They should learn to love just and holy principles of freedom, such as those by which the United States of America are governed. To God are they responsible for the manner in which they keep earthly and heavenly laws(q).

REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

1. At the end of the earth, who shall be our ruler?
2. Who has instituted earthly governments?
3. Why are governments necessary? (134:1 and 6.)
4. Should government in any way control freedom of conscience? Why?
5. How should Latter-day Saints regard the laws of any land in which they may reside?
6. What is the meaning of a constitutional law? Must unconstitutional laws be obeyed?
7. What is the difference between civil and religious governments? (134:6, 10, 11.)
8. Will it ever be right to mingle religious influence with civil government?
9. On what kind of principles should governments be based?
10. What is the doctrine of the Church with respect to the Constitution of the United States?
11. Can a true Latter-day Saint ever be a law-breaker? Why?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

(a) Give a brief account of the first four territorial legislatures in Utah, and the work they did. (Whitney's History of Utah.)

(b) Relate the story of Joseph's candidacy for the presidency of the United States, including his views on government. (Read Chapter 59, Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith.)

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- (i) 134:10.
 (j) 134:10-11.
 (k) 134:11.
 (l) 134:12.
 (m) 101:80.
 (n) 101:77.

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- (o) 109:54.
 (p) 109:54-56.
 (q) 134:6.

LESSON XVI.

THE SABBATH; FASTING AND PRAYER.

"And the inhabitants of Zion shall, also, observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy(a). This is a great commandment which should be observed by every member of the Church. The Sabbath is a day set apart for rest from the daily duties of life, and for paying devotions to God. On the Sabbath day each individual should consider his life; confess his sins and pray unto the Lord for greater future strength. In addition to this self purification, the meetings held for the worship of the Lord, should be attended. Nothing else should be done on the Sabbath, save it be the preparation of necessary food(b). To those who thus keep the day of the Lord great promises are made. The good things of the earth, which please the eye and gladden the heart, shall be given them(c).

It must not be imagined, however, that on Sunday, only, should the Lord be worshipped. On all days and at all times should men commune with God(d), but on Sunday he should do nothing else.

Closely related to the subject of the Sabbath, is that of fasting and prayer. The Saints have often been commanded to fast and pray(e), and the houses of the Lord have been called houses of fasting and prayer(f).

To abstain from food is sometimes a hardship to those who are not fully converted to the principle, or lack its spirit; while to those who earnestly desire the best gifts of God, it is a great physical and spiritual joy. The Lord has said

that if our fasting is perfect, our joy is full; and has defined fasting and prayer, as rejoicing and prayer(g). Fasting, then, instead of being a trial, is a great joy, and the Lord desires his people to fast "with thanksgiving, and with cheerful hearts and countenances"(h).

The habit of fasting and praying at stated intervals brings a person very near to God, and results in much spiritual strength.

Whether or not associated with fasting, the habit of prayer must be possessed by all who desire to lead Godly lives. We should pray always(i). If a person does not observe his prayers at proper times, it is commanded that he be brought before the judge of the people to be tried(j). This shows the importance of prayer.

The prayerful person is kept from temptation(k), and consequently finds it easier to keep the laws of God; he also has a claim upon divine assistance in all his work(l). The Church likewise requires to be upheld and strengthened by the prayers of the people; and it is commanded that we pray for the First Presidency and all other presiding authorities(m).

He who desires to have his prayers answered, must keep the laws of God, for the Lord has said that he will be slow in hearkening to those who do not obey him(n). Moreover, he who comes to the

(a) 68:29.

(b) 59:9-13.

(c) 59:16-19.

(d) 59:11.

(e) 88:76; 95:7.

(f) 88:119; 95:16.

(g) 59:13-14.

(h) 59:15.

(i) 61:39; 105:23.

(j) 68:33.

(k) 31:12.

(l) 75:11; 88:126.

(m) 107:22; 108:7.

(n) 101:7 and 8.

Lord in humility(o), and faith shall have his prayers answered(p). Further, the Lord desires mighty prayers(q), which are compelling because of their earnest sincerity.

While it is most frequently enjoined upon us that we must pray in secret, regularly, yet we should not omit to pray before others as well. "Thou shalt pray vocally as well as in thy heart; yea, before the world as well as in secret, in public as well as in private"(r). We should never and nowhere be ashamed to pray to God.

The promise has been given that through the prayer of faith shall the spirit of God be obtained, and its teachings received(s); by the same prayer shall the necessary wisdom be given to govern our individual lives and the whole Church(t). In short, through the prayer of faith all victory and glory shall be ours(u). To all who, after having purified their lives and have prayed earnestly to God, this great promise has been made, "Let your hearts be comforted, for your prayers have entered the ears of the Lord, and are recorded with this seal, that the Lord has sworn and decreed that they shall be granted, and all things shall work together for your good"(v). The Lord will answer

at the proper time; it is our duty to pray and wait.

Now, it is not necessary to pray always for blessings from the Lord; it is just as proper to offer a prayer of praise and thanksgiving for the blessings received(w). "The song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads"(x).

REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

1. What is the purpose of the Sabbath?
2. How should the Sabbath be spent?
3. What reward is promised those who keep the Sabbath day holy?
4. Is fasting a hardship? Why?
5. What is the Lord's definition of fasting and prayer?
6. What day is set apart by the Church for Fasting and Prayer?
7. How often should a person pray?
8. What should be done to the person who does not attend to his prayers?
9. In what way are we benefited by prayer?
10. How should we pray? What is meant by mighty prayer?
11. What blessings are promised those who are prayerful?
12. Have your prayers ever been answered?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

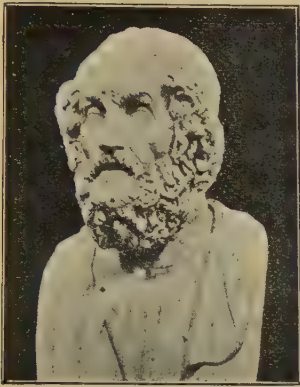
1. Sing or recite, Joseph Smith's First Prayer.
2. Read or tell the incidents in the sketch, "Answer to Prayer." Page 94 of "A String of Pearls."

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- (o) 112:10.
 (p) 10:47.
 (q) 5:24; 29:2.
 (r) 19:28.
 (s) 42:14; 52:9.
 (t) 41:3.
 (u) 103:36.

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- (v) 98:1-3.
 (w) 136:28.
 (x) 25:12.

A DAY IN THE LIBRARY.

THE SECOND HOUR: LITERATURE B. C.; HOMER.



HOMER.

"At the beginning of Greek literature stands Homer, a wonder and an enigma. Behind him lies the mysterious, impenetrable

world of legend, a night thronged with dreams, and after him comes a dawning of history in which certain real figures can be distinguished. Out of the midst of this gloom he shines in solitary splendor, shedding his inextinguishable light over all the succeeding ages. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* have cast into oblivion all that went before them, and thrown into the shade all that followed."

We know nothing of Homer, not even the date of his birth. But it was, at latest, 850 B. C. Some authorities doubt his existence. They say that the *Iliad* is a collection of songs made by many minstrels. But the work is so nearly perfect that it defies the patchwork theory. Both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* bear the mark of the same one master hand. Many of the later critics are convinced that Homer lived, that he was probably poor, old, and blind, inasmuch as Greece was a warrior nation, and only its disabled men were strolling ballad singers.

There is nothing moral about Homer. He reads like a splendid fairy tale, in which you revel, fascinated by his force and beauty and

astounded by his wondrous fancy. The gods and goddesses are beings of impulse rather than ideals of purity and justice. The imperious Juno is quite as saucy to mighty Jove as any woman is to her husband; and Jupiter, in return, informs her that he does not intend to consult her in everything. Truly, when the gods get excited, no one suffers from *ennui* on Olympus. Men seem to be shuttlecocks with which the deities amuse themselves, and most of the heroes are deity-descended. It is hard to say where myth ends and history begins, but the story of the Trojan War is as follows:

The'tis, a goddess of the sea, married Peleus, a mortal. All the gods and goddesses were invited to the wedding except Eris, goddess of strife. Oh, but she was angry! So what did she do but take a golden apple to the gods' chief jeweller and have "For the fairest" engraved upon it. Willy goddess of strife! Then she threw the apple amongst the feasters. In less than one second, Juno, Minerva, and Venus* were each claiming it. Jove declined positively to decide the affair. In his stead he appointed Paris, the beautiful shepherd of Mt. Ida, and son of Priam, king of Troy. Each goddess tried to bribe Paris into giving her the apple. Juno promised him power, Minerva, wisdom and glory in war, Venus, the loveliest woman in the world for a wife. Venus won the apple; although Paris was already married to Enone (e-no'-ne), the daughter of a river god. Paris vis-

* Perhaps the Greek names, Hera, Athena, (or Pallas), and Aphrodite, should have been used, but the Roman form is more commonly known. Jupiter's Greek name is Zeus (zoos).

ited Menelaus (Men'-e-la-us), king of Sparta, whose wife, Helen, a daughter of Jove, was the most beautiful of women. Outraging every law of hospitality and manhood, Paris persuaded Helen to elope with him to Troy. The Greeks, eager to avenge Menelaus, banded under Agamemnon and went against that city. The war lasted ten years. Finally, Ulysses, the crafty one, devised a plan which gave the battle to the Greeks. He suggested that a gigantic wooden horse should be made, inside of which the bravest soldiers should be hidden. The Greeks were to leave the horse outside the walls of Troy and sail away. Then the Trojans, thinking that the enemy had abandoned the siege, would draw the horse inside. The plan succeeded. The Trojans watched the Greeks depart, and then, thinking the huge horse was a propitiary offering to the gods, drew it into Troy. During the night, the warriors came forth and opened the gates to the returned Greeks, who burned the city. Only a few Trojans, amongst them Æneas, escaped death.

The *Iliad* deals with the tenth year of the war, when the most terrible of all the Greeks, Achilles (Akill'-eez), son of Peleus and Thetis, in a fit of rage (because King Agamemnon, forced by Apollo, god of light, to give up a beautiful captive maiden, unjustly takes away Achilles's own spoil of war, Briseis), refuses to fight, and withdraws his forces. The epic opens:

Oh Goddess! sing the wrath of Peleus'
son,
Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that
brought
Woes numberless upon the Greeks,
and swept
To Hades many a valiant soul, and
gave
Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds
of air.

Thetis visits Jove and beseeches him to humble the Greeks before Achilles by aiding the Trojans. Jove is rather afraid of Juno, and promises reluctantly. In fact, during the whole war, Jove is as impartial as possible, though he loves old Priam and his noble son, Hector, leader of the Trojans. Juno and Minerva, because of the apple, oppose Paris, while Venus and her admirer, Mars, favor him.

When the armies are ready for battle, Paris "of the godlike form" comes forth brandishing his weapons and daring the bravest of the Greeks to fight him. Menelaus is only too glad to catch sight of him at last, and comes forward with a bound. But Paris suddenly changes his mind and runs back again. His brother, Hector, rates him soundly for his cowardice. "How the Greeks will laugh," he says, "when they find that in spite of your heroic appearance, you have neither courage nor spirit! Shame on you, Paris! who make no better use of your noble form than to bewitch women by it! It were better had you never been born than to be only a scandal and a scorn to every one who looks at you. You were not so weak when you were on your way to steal a beautiful woman and bring woe upon all of us." He tells him he should have fought with Menelaus.

"Then hadst thou been taught
From what a valiant warrior thou
didst take
His blooming spouse. Thy harp will
not avail,
Nor all the gifts of Venus, nor thy
locks,
Nor thy fair form, when thou art laid
in dust."

Paris acknowledges that Hector has chastised him justly, that he has not his brother's dauntless heart. But he tells Hector that he should not be reproached for his beauty, because that was a gift of the gods, and "whatever in their grace the gods bestow is not to be rejected."

He further says that he will meet Menelaus in single combat and end the war. Whichever wins shall claim Helen and her wealth. Hector is overjoyed and announces Paris' decision to both armies. Menelaus accepts the challenge. The two fight. Menelaus is, beyond doubt, the victor. He is dragging Paris by the helmet towards the Greek army, when Venus wraps Paris in a cloud and bears him back to Helen. She is plainly disgusted with him, yet so infatuated with his wonderful beauty that she can not stay angry long. Meanwhile, Menelaus goes hunting Paris, but can not find him. Neither would the Trojans have shielded him, for "like black death they hated him." Agamemnon announces that Menelaus is the victor and demands Helen and her wealth. The gods now hold a council. Jove wishes the war ended and hopes Helen will be given to Menelaus. But Juno and Pallas (Minerva) want to wipe out the Trojan race. Juno suggests that Pallas be allowed to induce the Trojans to break the contract. Jove yields, as usual. Pallas tempts a weak-minded Trojan to shoot his arrow at Menelaus. Menelaus is only wounded, but the Greeks, furious at the dishonorable action, begin war anew. Mars does so much damage to the Greeks that Juno flies back to Jove and asks him if he will be angry if she drives Mars from the field wounded. No, Jove will not be angry, but tells her to send his unconquerable daughter Pallas to do the wounding. So Minerva again has a pleasant task which she loses no time in performing. Mars, the war god, "whose thirst for bloodshed never is appeased by blood," wounded by brave Diomed (whose spear is guided by Pallas), gives a roar that almost causes an earthquake, and hies away to Jove in his turn. It

seems that Diomed has also wounded Venus in the wrist, and Mars thinks he is an insolent soldier to be wounding the gods as if he were a god himself. But Jove does not like Mars, so pays no attention to him. Now, on the Trojan side, a brother of Hector beseeches him to go into Troy and ask the women to give offering to Minerva that will bribe her to look with mercy upon the city, for terrible Diomed is making havoc. Hector rallies his forces, kindles new spirit in them, then, leaving them under Æneas, who commands with him, goes to his home. His mother brings him wine, which he refuses lest it unman him. He bids her gather the dames and repair to the temple of Minerva. Then he inquires for his wife; "I pray you, damsels, tell me wither went white-armed Andromache?" (Androm'a-kee.) The maidens tell him that his wife, having heard that the Greeks were prevailing, is now rushing distracted towards the wall. Hector follows, and she comes to meet him, attended by a maid who bears "a tender child—a babe too young to speak—upon her bosom—Hector's only son, beautiful as a star."

The father on his child
Looked with a silent smile. Andromache
Pressed to his side meanwhile, and,
all in tears,
Clung to his hand, and, thus beginning, said:—
"Too brave! thy valor yet will cause thy death.
Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,
Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be
Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush
on thee
To take thy life. A happier lot were mine
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone,—
Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
And no dear mother. Great Achilles
slew

My father, when he slew the populous
town
Of the Cilicians—Thebe with high
gates.

* * * * *

Seven brothers had I in my father's
house,

And all went down to Hades in one
day.

Achilles, the swift-footed, slew them
all

Among their slow-paced bullocks and
white sheep.

My mother, princess of the woody
slopes

Of Placas, with his spoils he bore
away.

* * * * * Hector, thou

Art father and dear mother now to
me,

And brother, and my youthful spouse
besides.

In pity keep within the fortress here,
Nor make thy child an orphan, nor
thy wife

A widow. Post thine army near the
place

Of the wild fig-tree, where the city
walls

Are low and may be scaled. Thrice
in the war

The boldest of the foe have tried the
spot."

Then answered Hector, great in war:
"All this

I bear in mind, dear wife; but I
should stand

Ashamed before the men and long-
robed dames

Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and
shun

The conflict, coward-like."

He says that he knows Troy will
fall, but that not all the sorrows of
the Trojan race, nor of his father,
nor mother, nor brothers many and
brave,

"Grieve me so much as thine, when
some mailed Greek

Shall lead thee weeping hence, and
take from thee

Thy day of freedom. * * * * *

* * * * * O, let the earth

Be heaped above my head in death
before

I hear thy cries as thou art borne
away!"

Hector stretches out his arms to
the child, who refuses to come, be-
cause he is frightened of the helmet
with its great horse-hair plume that

reaches clear to Hector's heels. "At
this both parents in their fondness
laughed." Hector removes the hel-
met, and takes the child, tossing
him playfully up and down. Then
he prays to Jove and all the gods
that his son may grow up "to nobly
rule in Ilium" (Troy); he wishes
people to say of him, "This man is
greater than his father was," so that
his mother may be glad at heart."

So speaking, to the arms of his dear
spouse

He gave the boy; she on her fragrant
breast

Received him, weeping as she smiled.
The chief

Beheld, and moved with tender pity,
smoothed

Her forehead gently with his hand
and said:

"Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for
me.

No living man can send me to the
shades

Before my time; no man of woman
born,

Coward or brave, can shun his des-
tiny."

Thus speaking, mighty Hector took
again

His helmet, shadowed with the horse-
hair plume,

While homeward his beloved consort
went,

Oft looking back and shedding many
tears.

In all literature, the scene be-
tween Hector and Andromache is
one of the most exquisite. Hector is
by far the grandest character that
Homer paints, though the others
are equally well drawn, and won-
derfully individual.

Hector goes back to the battle.
The Trojans are gaining ground.
Agamemnon sends messengers to
Achilles, entreating him to rejoin
the forces. Achilles is obdurate.
Hector has now driven the Greeks
to their ships. He means to fire the
fleet. Ajax, a powerful Greek,
makes a brave defense. Patroclus,
the more than loved friend of
Achilles, entreats him with tears for
his armor. He thinks that the Tro-
jans, mistaking him for Achilles,

will be put to flight. Achilles lends the armor on condition that Patroclus will not pursue the routed Trojans. Patroclus promises, but in the flush of success and frenzy of battle forgets, and having repulsed the Trojans, follows them too far and is slain by Hector. There is a fierce fight for the body. The Greeks finally obtain it and carry it to Achilles, who is mad with grief. He vows vengeance. As he has no armor, the Trojans having stripped the body of Patroclus, Thetis has Vulcan, the god of the forge, make him a new suit. Thetis tries to dissuade him from fighting, for she knows that his death is near at hand. He, however, will avenge Patroclus. So he goes forth in his chariot, more terrible than ever. One of his horses speaks and warns him of coming death. He answers angrily that he knows his fate, but that he will 'fight till he has made the Trojans sick of war.' So he rushes on, taking ruin with him. The Trojans are driven within the gates. Achilles comes straight on to the walls, where heroic Hector, "of the beamy helm," alone, awaits him. Mighty Achilles, in his god-given armor is so terrible in aspect, that Hector, in a sudden fear, flies. Achilles pursues him three times round the wall. Then Hector's courage returns. He resolves that if his time has come, he will not die ingloriously. He faces his foe. He promises Achilles that if Jove gives him the victory, he will not dishonor Achilles' body, but give it to the Greeks for burial. He asks the same favor. Achilles will make no covenant. After a fierce fight, Hector is slain. Achilles brutally bores holes through the ankles of the fallen man, passes a thong through, and binds him to his chariot. Then he drags him around Troy in full view of the horror-stricken city. Imagine the grief of

Andromache, Priam, and Hector's mother! Finally Achilles drags him to the Greek camp, where he leaves him in the dust to be eaten by dogs. But Venus keeps fierce animals, dust, and decay away from him. Priam, safely conducted by Mercury, seeks Achilles in his tent and begs for the body of his son. The scene between Priam and Achilles is most beautiful and pathetic. Achilles, touched, grants the old man's request. War is deferred for twelve days for the funeral rites. The Trojans erect a pyre, Hector is burned, and his ashes collected in an urn. So ends the *Iliad*.

Should you like to know what became of Achilles? Legend says that when he was a baby his mother dipped him in the Styx (a river of Hades), which made him invulnerable, except for the heel by which she held him. The effeminate Paris shot a poisoned arrow into this heel, and Achilles died. It was rather a sad death for so noted a warrior.

There are many translations of the *Iliad*, principally Bryant's, which has been quoted here; and Pope's, a more popular version in rhyme. After reading Bryant, Pope is almost unendurable.

A good little bit of prose translation reads:

And Hector when he saw him (Achilles), was seized with trembling, and no longer dared bide there where he was, but left the gates behind him and fled in fear. And Peleus's son rushed on him, trusting in his swift feet. As a falcon on the mountains, swiftest of winged birds, swoops lightly upon a wood pigeon, and she flies tremblingly away, while he, shrilly screaming close at hand, darts upon her, so he eagerly flew straight for him, and Hector fled shuddering beneath the Trojan wall and plied swift knees.

When the Greeks were called to war by Menelaus, Ulysses did not want to leave his young wife Pe-

nel'-o-pe' and their infant son, so he pretended madness. He ploughed the sand along the edge of the ocean and planted salt, saying that he was going to have a fine crop of salt waves. But a clever man found him out, and he had to fight. He was quite as brave as Achilles and much wiser. When the war was ended and the Greeks sailed for home, Ulysses was blown about in all directions. The *Odyssey* (the Greek name of Ulysses was Odysseus), tells about these adventures. He had twelve ships when he started out. When he reached home, after twenty years of strange experiences, he had only his poor, ragged self. One of the oddest times he had was in the land of the Cyclops, giants with only one eye in the center of their foreheads. Ulysses and his companions went into a cave and were much surprised when its owner came home, for he was one of these giants. He drove his sheep in and closed the cave by rolling a huge rock against the entrance. When he discovered the intruders, he killed two of them for supper. He had two more for breakfast, and another two for tea. Ulysses gave him some wine and made him drunk. While he slept, they heaved a huge pole in the fire and burned his one eye out. Ulysses had told the giant that his name was "Noman," so now when the other giants came rushing to the cave to know what was hurting their brother that he should roar so, the poor sightless Cyclops answered, "Noman is killing me!" "Oh," answered they, "if no man is hurting you, you are afflicted by the gods, and we can't help that!" So away they went. Then the crafty Ulysses bound some of the sheep together and tied his companions under their bodies, so that they es-

caped from the cave, even though the giant had all his flock pass between his fingers to prevent it. Having outwitted the giant, they taunted him, so that he followed them down to the vessel and almost wrecked them by throwing huge boulders, hap-hazard, at them. Finally Ulysses got home to Penelope and freed her from the insolent suitors who had besieged her during his absence.

So, out of the mists of Notime comes Homer, poor, old and blind, with a wealth above riches, a vigor surpassing youth, and a vision in his sightless balls that Argus, of the hundred eyes, might envy. Is it not good to know ever so little of him?

CLASS WORK.

1. What do you know of Homer?
2. Mention briefly some of the writers who came after him.
3. What is the Augustan age?*
4. Who were the writers of the Augustan age?
5. How did the ancient nations preserve their poems and other writings?†
6. Who was Cadmus?†
7. Tell the story of the *Iliad*.
8. How does Tennyson describe Helen of Troy in his "Dream of Fair Women"?
9. Read the description of Paris in Tennyson's "Ænone."
10. Tell all you can find about the travels of Ulysses.
11. Do you know of any other Greek myths?
12. Who were the nine Muses?

ERRATA.

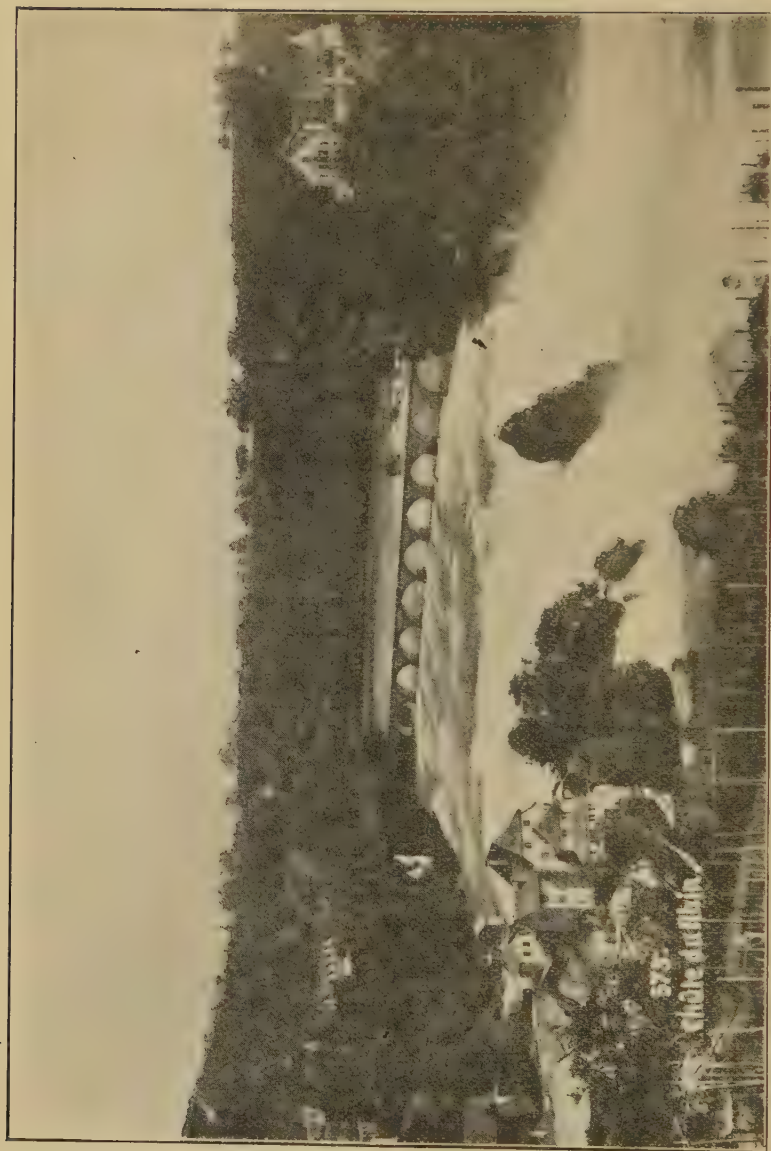
Page 428, 2nd line, Zel should be Bel. Page 429, Cyclic Poets was incorrectly begun with an E.

On page 430 Sappho's poem should not have been divided by asterisks, as it is complete.

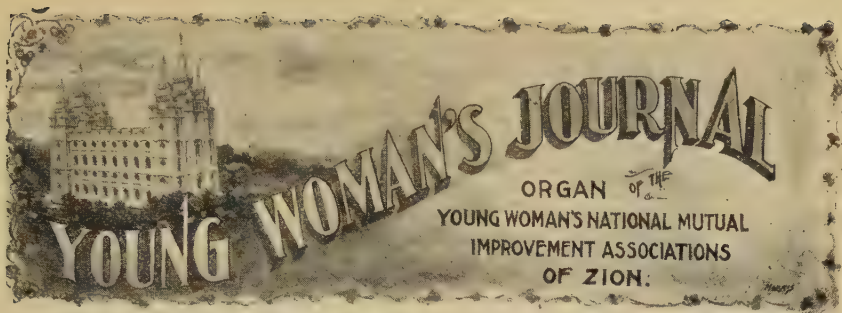
Same page, 2nd column, Alcæus and Œdipus mis-spelled.

Note.—Another name for Izdubar is Nimrod.

†See page 470.



THE RHINE FALLS.



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THE RHINE AND SOME OF ITS LEGENDS.

Levi Edgar Young.

RHEINGRUSS.

Hurrah, mein Rhein! Dein goldnes
Thal,
Der Reben stolze Lagen,
Die Burgen grüssen tausendmal,
Mit ihnen Sang und Sagen.

Zu Dir lad' ich auf's neu' mich ein,
Zieh' ich, um mich zu laden,
Dort sitz' ich bis zum Mondenschein
Und freu' mich Deiner Gaben.

An Deinem Strand, von Menschen
weit,

Nur Dein' gedenk, versunken,
Leb, ich noch einmal alte Zeit,
Bin jung und wonnetrunken.

Und ob tausend Lieder auch
Zu Deinem Ruhm erklingen,
Ich dien' dem freien Zecherbrauch:
"Um Rhein beim Wein gesungen."

Hurrah, mein Rhein! In Deinem Reich
Lacht Liebe, Lust und Leben,
Mich grüssen Berg und Thal zugleich,
Die Burgen und die Reben!

Far off among the Alps towards the boundary line which separates Italy from Switzerland is a great glacier from the apertures of which flows a tiny stream. This is the source of the Rhine river. It begins its course toward the sea among the Rhinewald mountains. The infant stream is covered at places with avalanche snow, which lies on the ground the entire year. In travelling down the valley, one sees from left to right grand mountain passes, ravines, and valleys

with great glaciers here and there standing out boldly and beautifully in the mid-day sun. The river grows as the brawling glacial torrents come hurrying down over the beds of boulders, and before one knows it, the little stream has become a mighty river on its way to the sea.

What child has not heard of the Rhine? The traditions and legends connected with it have been told over and over again, and the history of the river has become a tale most fascinating to hear. Geologists tell us that the head waters of the Rhine flowed into the Danube and on to the Black Sea. This was ages ago. Then came a time when it flowed on down through what is now Germany, and joining the Thames, it finally emptied into the Arctic ocean. This was when there was no North Sea, but a great plain inhabited by the elephant and the gigantic elk. Ages after, the Scandinavian glaciers forced the river back and the English channel was formed, the river having been turned to the west. Ages after, the land sank and the Rhine flowed eventually into the North Sea.

In profane history, the Rhine has played its part. It was the dividing



OLD CASTLE TOWER AT SAEKKINGEN.

line between the uncivilized German tribes and the Roman civilization of the south. Today it nourishes many rich and beautiful valleys, and has become a great highway of commerce and trade. Its banks from the Lake of Constance clear to Holland have many old castles, each one having some legend or tale connected with its history. The traveller going from Mainz to Cologne sits on the deck of the boat and if the day is clear, he finds himself dreaming of those times when there was life and sunshine around the homes of the old knights, when chivalry was at its height. The castles of the river generally stand out on some high point and are often covered with ivy or some other climbing vine, as if to protect them from the elements, which sooner or later make crumbling ruins of the walls. Today the Valley of the Rhine is a vast vineyard and late in September, thousands are picking the

grapes that will be used to make the famous Rhinish wines.

Not far from Cologne is a group of peaks, cones, and long rounded ridges known as the *Siebengeberge*, or *Seven Mountains*. Most of them are covered with forests and luxuriant foliage, which makes them very agreeable to climb. A story as to how they were formed is thus told in Rhinish legend:

THE ORIGIN OF THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS.

In the olden times when the people of the little town of Koenigswinter used to protect themselves in every possible way from the encroachment of the river waters on to their lands, there was a large deep lake just above, which sometimes overflowed, causing great destruction throughout the entire country round. The people concluded that there was but one thing to do and that was to go to the land of giants and have them send some of their inhabitants down to change the course of the Rhine and thus diminish the power and danger of the lake. Accordingly seven large fellows came, bringing enormous spades with them. In a short time they had an opening through the mountain, and the Rhine ran freely on down to the sea, and the lake soon dried up. The people gave the giants many treasures for this work, and after a great feast, they shouldered their spades and went back to their land. The heaps of rocky ground which they dug up were so great that since that time they have been called the Seven Mountains.

I guess you will have to believe the story, because the sailors on the boat can point you to the mountains, which stand out clearly before the eye.

On the rocky point of one of these is still to be seen an old castle, owned by a knight who had accepted the doctrines of the Savior in very early times. Byron, in his "*Childe Harold*," has written a beautiful description of it and the country round it. Here is a stanza:

The castled crag of Drachensfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding
 Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly
 swells
 Between the banks which bear the
 vine;
 And hills all rich with blossom'd
 trees
 And fields which promise corn and
 wine
 And scatter'd cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them
 shine,
 Have strewed a scene which I should
 see
 With double joy wert thou with me.

The legend connected with this spot illustrates well the superstition of the old German tribes: It is called

THE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN OF THE DRAGON'S ROCK.

Once upon a time a tribe of heathens lived at the foot of the Seven Mountains. They were very bold and were constantly at war with their neighbors on the other side of the Rhine, who, by the way, had accepted the doctrines of our Savior. They plundered and killed, robbed and burned, and no human strength was able to stop them. They had but one fear, and that was of a hideous monster which lived in a lonely cavern on the mountain. Every day he would roam the forests and valleys, destroying everything in his way, until the people thought him an angry God in the form of a beast. Often in the past, prisoners had been condemned to the dragon's hole, and they were never seen again.

One time in a great battle between the Christians and the heathens, a beautiful Christian maiden fell into the hands of the terrible heathens. She inspired a love for her in the hearts of two of her captors, who were leaders of the barbarous bands. On account of jealousy between the two lovers, the maiden was condemned to the dragon's hole.

On a beautiful morning when the sun was shining brightly and all nature seemed to be joyful, the maiden was taken in the midst of a crowd and bound to St. Wodan's tree on a great precipice near the home of the terrible monster. The animal soon appeared and the anguish of the girl was most bitter. The dragon came snorting and shooting flames of fire

out of his bloody eyes. His awful body was encircling her, when she snatched a golden crucifix from her bosom, and holding it up, she prayed to the Lord. The dragon stopped, raised himself, and uttering a growl, fell over into the yawning chasm beneath.

The people were struck dumb with amazement, and they listened to the maiden as she told about the wonderful powers of the gospel of the Great Redeemer. Her eloquence was most powerful and soon after the priests baptized the heathens, and the maiden became the wife of Rheinbold, one of their leaders, who had become a Christian. The people rejoiced together and built a castle on the summit of one of the Seven Mountains in honor of the newly married couple. On the spot where the dragon met his death they erected a Christian church. And the old castle remains to this day.

Have you ever heard Wagner's opera "Lohengrin"? The legend of the "Knight of the Swan," from which it is taken is localized at Cleve, a pretty town not far from Cologne. As it is a favorite opera in all lands, so the legend is one of the prettiest.



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF RHINISH
 ARCHITECTURE.
 Showing the old Gothic Door.

LOHENGRIN.

Long ages ago, deep sorrow came to the castle of Cleve. The great duke who owned the place and who had been much beloved by his people, died and left a sorrowing wife, the Duchess Elsa. One of the late Duke's vassals, Telramund, by name, rose in revolt and not only demanded the dukedom, but also the hand of the lovely Elsa. She made an appeal to all her people, but not a single knight came forward to defend her cause and to take up arms against the audacious Telramund.

The days passed in sorrow for the Duchess as the time for the marriage approached. The rebel Telramund had issued a challenge for any knight to meet him in single combat, but to no avail. The time came when he was to proclaim his rule to all the people. The beautiful Elsa was brought forth, but no one defended her. Telramund challenged boldly any one of the knights present to combat; not one was ready to step out for the lady's sake. Deep silence was over all. No one dared speak. They were all deluded by the bold, fearless way of the rebel. The last moment came, when Elsa sent up a prayer to heaven. On her rosary a little silver bell was hanging, which possessed the wonderful gift of giving forth clear ringing sounds. Elsa pressed the rosary to her lips and prayed for deliverance, when suddenly a little barge appeared on the river. Every one was dumb with astonishment as they noticed a warrior dressed in the brightest and richest of clothes sitting in a pretty boat pulled by a swan. The strange boat stopped just opposite the plain and as the knight descended from the barge, he gave a motion with his hand and the swan went on down the Rhine. The stranger approached the beautiful Elsa and, bending in obedience to her, he turned and accepted the challenge of Telramund. The contest was long and exciting, and the two fought hard for her hand. At last the rebel was killed and Lohengrin, the knight, became the Duke of Brabant.

The love between him and Elsa was most beautiful. And yet a cloud seemed to hang over her for she had promised her lover on their wedding day that she would never ask his name or anything about his home and ancestry. Years passed by, and three

boys were growing up in the old castle, sons that were the life and pride of the mother's heart. One day, however, through pride and curiosity, she asked the duke his name. The awful words had been pronounced. The husband went to the Rhine, and blowing his horn, the swan came gently over the river. Lohengrin stepped into the boat, waved a last farewell and was gone to come no more. The grief of the wife was intense, and after a few weeks of sorrowing she sank into her grave. It is said that her sons became the ancestors of a noble race in the Rhinish country.

One of the most interesting and modern cities of Germany is Mannheim, situated in the upper Rhine valley. It was founded in 1606, and since then its prosperity has been great, as it has always been the center of an agricultural country. The city is very regularly built and reminds one of Salt Lake in the manner of its blocks and squares. The old people of Mannheim can tell a very interesting legend about their place. It is called in the story books

THE GUEST IN THE MILL ON THE RHINE.*

In Mannheim there was once a miller who was a terrible miser. When the poor came to his house, he chased them away with bitter, unkind words. His servant who had worked for him faithfully for many a long year, could hardly sleep, because his master, suspecting thieves, would often creep into the mill at night, spying carefully into every corner to see what he could find. The faithful fellow, wakened from his sleep, would shake his head sadly when he heard the old man running about in the mill. One night again he heard the tread of the miller, who came creeping along looking for thieves. On reaching the granary, he uttered a curse. There lay an old man with white hair fast asleep. The miller then abused the servant, accusing him of allowing disgraceful tramps about his place.

* This is not my own translation.
—L. E. Y.

"Master! do not grudge the tired old man a little rest," begged the kind lad, "he won't do any harm to the corn."

But the angry man interrupted him with a cry of wrath. "And if it were the Lord himself! I won't put up with any lazy fellow or vagabond. Get up, you idle fellow!"

The water began to roar and the wind to blow around the mill, as the old man raised himself up.

"I have faithfully ground your fruit from year to year, and now you grudge me a little rest in your storehouse. Your thankless heart is harder than the mill-stone, but a punishment will humble you. The old man from the Rhine whom you despise, announces it to you now!"

The white-haired man seemed to become a giant, and hardly had he ended these words, when he dashed into the foaming waters and the mill fell with a great crash to the ground. A compassionate wave threw the miller and his servant on the bank of the river, but the next morning nothing more was to be seen of the mill on the Rhine.

One of the most ancient cities in Germany is Boppard, founded before the Christian era by the Celts and afterwards fortified by the Romans and used as a depot for supplies. The city has had a most interesting history and has been the center of much war and bloodshed. At the present day there is a very fine Catholic school there in an old Franciscan monastery. The hills surrounding the city rise majestically from the Rhine and nearby stand two famous castles known as the Sterrenberg and the Liebenstein. A beautiful legend is connected with them, and it has, I think, a fine ethical lesson for the reader.

STERRENBURG AND LIEBENSTEIN.

Once upon a time there lived an old knight in the castle of Liebenstein. He had two sons who were enamored of their foster-sister, Hildegard. The younger son was vain and proud, but he won the heart of the maiden, and his older brother with rare generosity

tore himself away and went to the Crusades. Months passed away, and good news came of the valiant deeds of the knight in far-off Palestine. It was now that the younger brother burned to share the honors of fighting as well, so he left the beautiful maiden and joined the Crusades. Hildegard lived a life of patient sorrow in the castle, never doubting, however, the faithfulness of her lover. One autumn day, the lover came back, bringing with him a Grecian bride, and the elder brother, hearing of his perfidy, determined to avenge his foster-sister's wrong. He challenged his



OLD TOWER IN BASEL, ON THE RHINE

opponent in love, but Hildegard, after a hard struggle, brought a reconciliation between them, when she afterwards retired to the nunnery of Marenberg. The older brother entered the monastery of Bornhofen, at the foot of the rock where the castle stands. The Grecian bride soon proved faithless, and went back to her home in the south. Then it was that the two brothers returned to the old castle Liebenstein, while Sterrenberg was forever deserted.

Passing over the line from Germany into Switzerland, the traveller comes to Basel. This is the

largest railroad center in the Alpine Republic, and it is said to have been first inhabited by the Romans. Here is where Caesar built his famous bridge across the Rhine. It has many towers of the olden days, and is a great center of historic interest. From Basel on up to the Lake of Constance, one passes many castles, all of which are in a fairly good state of preservation. At Saekkingen is a fine old "Schloss-thurm." It is the place made famous by Scheffel in his "*Trumpeter of Saekkingen*." A beautiful poem is this and not long ago, it was made the libretto of Nessler's celebrated opera. The story is taken from an old legend and carries with it a fine lesson of truth and honor.

Passing on up the Rhine, we at last come to the celebrated falls of the Rhine. By no means are they the equal of Niagara, but there is a tenderness to nature here that one can't help feeling. The falls

are the most noted in Europe, and have been known to man for a thousand years. On an autumn afternoon they throw off all kinds of gay rainbows. The water comes leaping over the rocks a hundred feet high. A railroad bridge—a fine piece of engineering, crosses the river just above the falls, giving the traveller a good view of them. The water has a greenish hue as it comes tumbling down, and it harmonizes well with its surroundings.

And now we must say "farewell" to the Rhine. We have but had a glimpse of its beauties and its legends. A German poet has sung:

Vorbei und dahin? Nein, rauschender
Rhein,
Ueber's Jahr dann soll die Wieder-
kehr sein,
Wenn die Rosen erblühen vieltausend-
schon,
Wenn lieblich die Thäler, lustig die
Hoeh'n.
Auf Wiedersehn!

SONG.

Kate Thomas.

Helene's bright eyes I meet without a flush;
My pulse scarce quickens at rare Margaret's blush;
By what fair lady have I e'er been stayed?
But thou, thou of the eerie smile,
Draw not anear,
Thou bringest danger to my heart, O Maid!

Lovely Louisa does not stir my blood;
Queenly Theresa I have long withstood;
Was I born ice? Have I too long delayed?
Ah, no—I fear thee of the eerie smile.
Draw not anear,
Thou bringest danger to my heart, O Maid!

THE WORK OF THE LORD.

Extracts From Discourse of

Elder Marriner W. Merrill.

Delivered in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, at the Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, October 6th, 1902.*

How vast is the work of the Lord! And how it is increasing and spreading abroad, notwithstanding the difficulties that have been thrown in the way! When we observe the progress that has been made in fifty years, it is wonderful to contemplate. While in that time twenty of our Apostles and Presidents of the Church have passed to the other side, yet we see today the Church is stronger and the people are more numerous than ever before, and there is more interest manifested in the forwarding of this work in the earth. Thus we see the hand of the Lord manifest towards this people in their growth and development. What will be that development in fifty more years?

We have great cause to give thanks and praise to our heavenly Father for His goodness unto us, and for His mercy in tempering the elements in the high mountain valleys. I can well remember when it was said that certain valleys in these mountains would not produce the cereals of the earth, because of the altitude and the frosts; but this saying has been brought to naught.

I remember very distinctly going with President Young on his first

trip into the Bear Lake Valley. A number in the company, after we arrived there and camped, predicted that there never would be any grain raised in Bear Lake Valley, because it was too cold. But we find that the Lord tempered the elements. I remember what President Young told them in the first meeting. He said, "You have come here to a cold, high valley; but if you will stay here and be contented, and serve the Lord, you will get rich." He assured them that they would be able to raise grain; "but if you can not raise grain," said he, "you can raise hops, and get rich raising hops."

We find that the elements have been tempered in all the high valleys. In Cache Valley we all huddled together, you know, on the low lands. I remember President Kimball saying one time when he was there that the day would come when we would want to crowd up toward the mountains and cultivate the land on the high benches. That saying is verified today. Go into Cache valley and you can see the valley cultivated in places almost to the top of the mountains, while the lower part of the valley is abandoned to grass.

The Lord has been with His people. He has been with His servants. And it has seemed to me, in watching the progress of the work of the Lord, as if every administration that we have had was a little stronger than the previous one; but

* Under date of September 25th, 1903, Brother Merrill writes that he is unable, on account of illness, to give us an article for the Journal, and requests us to make extracts from one of his sermons. Our readers will all join us in wishing President Merrill a speedy recovery.

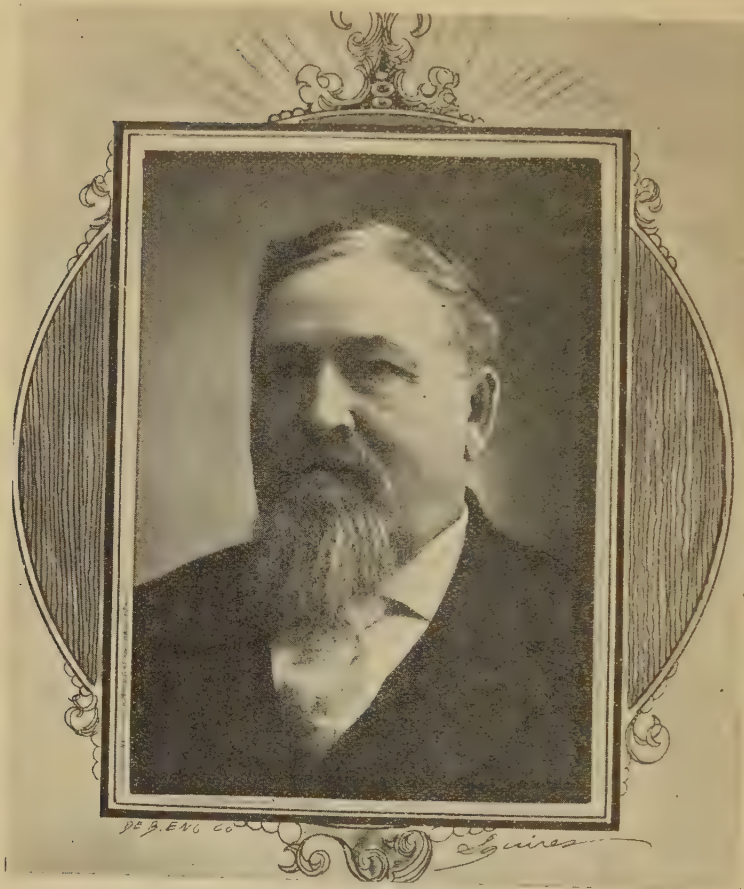


PHOTO BY FOX & SYMONS.

APOSTLE MARRINER W. MERRILL.

perhaps that is not the case. It may only be that in the development of the work of the Lord new things have arisen. The Lord did no promise he would reveal everything at once. He said He would give line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little; and as the work of the Lord develops new features are brought before the people. Things are revealed from time to time that were not necessary half a century ago.

Now, taking into consideration our condition and our circumstances, is there yet room for im-

provement among the Latter-day Saints? There certainly is. We have not all come to the unity of the faith yet. We have not all come to a perfect understanding of the Gospel. We learn a little today and a little tomorrow, advance step by step and keep learning a little more about the work of God.

The Lord has given unto His people a perfect organization, such as is not found anywhere else in the world. It was reported by somebody since the conference commenced that in one of the Stakes of Zion, there were no poor. When

I heard that, I thought to myself that that Stake was in rather a bad condition. The Savior said, "The poor ye have always with you." My experience in the Church has taught me that if no poor are found, it is because a thorough search has not been made. There is a certain class of people amongst us that won't make their wants known. They will suffer, and suffer a great deal, before they will let their neighbors know their condition. Such people have to be hunted for; and then looked after, by the Priests, or by the Teachers, or by somebody in order that their circumstances may be made known. I will guarantee if all the Stakes of Zion were searched carefully it would be found that there are poor everywhere; not so extensively perhaps in some Stakes as in others, but there are poor. The organization that the Lord has given us suits the condition of every member of the Church, and also the condition of non-members, because they, living among us, are to be cared for and treated kindly. Every family in the Church, and every family in the district, whether they are in the Church or not, ought to be visited. They are the Lord's children, and they ought to be looked after.

I conclude, from my own experience, that the very best thing in the world for the Teacher to do before he goes out, it to go off into a secret place, and tell the Lord he is going out in fulfillment of his duty, to labor as a minister of the Gospel among the people. If you will do this in humility, the Lord will be with you and direct you in your labors. Do not be in such a hurry that the most remote family in the district may not be visited. You may feel in your hearts that these people are no good, that they are not worthy, that they will not receive you kindly, and so on; but

there may be children there, on whom your influence may have great effect, and you cannot afford to neglect them. * * *

I testify to you that this is the work of the Lord. Joseph Smith was a great prophet. He ushered in this dispensation of the fulness of times, and it is gradually going forward. It has spread abroad upon the mountains and in the valleys, and will continue to do so. God will build up His kingdom and sustain His servants. Let us see to it that we are not found complaining or faultfinding, but let it be said of us that we have sustained the work of God and our brethren. God bless you, is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



How fulsome and hollow does that man look that cries, "I'm resolved to deal straightforwardly with you." Hark you, friend, what need of all this flourish? Let your actions speak; your face ought to vouch for your speech, I would have virtue look out of the eye, no less apparently than love does in the sight of the beloved. I would have honesty and sincerity so incorporated with the constitution, that it should be discoverable by the senses and as easily distinguished as a strong breath, so that a man must be forced to find it out whether he would or no. But on the other side an affectation of sincerity is a very dagger. Nothing is more scandalous than false friendship, and, therefore, of all things avoid it. In short, a man of integrity, sincerity and good nature can never be concealed, for his character is wrought into his countenance.—Marcus Aurelius.



It is all one to a stone whether it is thrown upwards or downwards; it is no harm for it to descend, or good for it to mount.—Marcus Aurelius.



Have you sense in your head? Yes. Why do you not make use of it then? For if this faculty does but do its part, I cannot see what more you need wish for.—Marcus Aurelius.

"TAKEN AT THE FLOOD."

Drift Woode.

A shepherd of old, in the good Book we're told,
While leading his suffering flock,
By means of a rod, as a token from God,
Caused water to gush from a rock.
Refreshing as rain on a dry, arid plain,
A song of the Master sang he,
Distilling like dew while they rested; in view
Of a land by a silent sea.

New once on a day, there came sailing this way,
Like a ship o'er a sea unknown,
A Pioneer train, o'er the unwatered plain—
Undaunted and battered and blown,
Led on by the Light of the Pillar by night,
The Light of all ages that be—
Far into the West they journeyed, in quest
Of a land by a crystal sea.

Before them it spread, like a vast ocean bed;
They followed the Gleam from on high—
Intelligence bright, shown by day and by night—
Like a lantern it swung in the sky.
'Twas the Rod and the Rock to this Pioneer flock—
The waters were theirs to command;
From mountain to shore, to control and to store,
And send them abroad in the land.

With power to rise, 'neath the showerless skies,
'Twas no time to weep or repine;
They held amidst strife, to the forces of life,
For forces of life are Divine.
They rowed with the tide, for God was their Guide—
The Pilot of Waters is he;
In solution the soil, well repaid them for toil,
In that land of the crystal sea.

The waters that break, from mountain and lake,
They follow a Golden Thread;
In intricate line, they shimmer and shine,
And the Desert's a floral bed.
The Master meanwhile, looketh down with a smile,
At the glistening fretwork below;
The forces that blowth are of Creative growth,—
The waters-rejoice as they flow.

So once on a day there came sailing this way,
Like a ship on an unknown sea,
A brave little band, in the quest of a land—
Of a land by a crystal sea.
A waste grim and bare, but Fortune smiled there,
For the waters gushed forth as of old;
Led on by the Might of a radiant Light—
The waters were turned into gold.

The plain is transformed by the current reformed,
And bright is the promise in store—
A glorious birth of the riches of earth;
Its deeps in abundance outpour.
Vegetation is rife of spiritual life,
Of which Irrigation's the clue;
To follow the stream is to prove that bright dream,
Of a Heaven and Earth made new.

SHEAVES.

A SEQUEL TO "LOVE THAT AVAILS."

Josephine Spencer.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

Ruth's first thought was of the "Bow Bells," and with Jasper she set out for the little Broadway theatre where the opera was still holding the boards.

There they procured admittance to the box office and asked to see the stage manager. It was not until the end of the second act that he came, and Ruth found confronting her the sleek, smooth-faced man whom she had seen on several occasions with Minna.

He assumed an air of irate condescension. "I can't comprehend why you should have come to me with this affair," he said bluffly, in answer to Jasper's questions. "I am in no way responsible for your sister's conduct, and I can give you no information concerning her." He excused himself abruptly on plea of his managerial duties, and they went away, feeling the conviction of having made a first false move.

To have watched the man, without consulting, they believed, would have resulted in better and quicker fruits than they now might hope to gain. However, they could only institute a watch, with hope that some inadvertent move might betray him.

Elmer was their next hope, and Jasper called at his rooms, to find that he had vacated them on the previous day. This strengthened their belief in his connection with Minna's step, and every possible effort was made to locate their

quondam every-day visitor. The quest was vain. In the long weeks of weary waiting and searching that followed, no trace of him was found.

Rella, upon whom they had counted as a possible unconscious aid in tracing the missing girl, proved an irritating will-o'-the-wisp. In all her haunts no sign or slightest clue appeared of her erstwhile companion; and as the weeks passed, without word or hint of her, Ruth's heart grew sick with hopeless dread. Surely if all were well with Minna she would write or speak. Some remaining throb of sentiment for the old associations of home and family would move her heart to tenderness! There must be some remnant of affection or gratitude alive yet for the memory of her own long years of sacrifice and devotion—Ruth could not bring herself to think else.

Jasper's already cancelled engagements had left his time untrammelled for the anxious search that now occupied every thought, and he had left no stone unturned by which to trace the wayward sister, upon whose safe restoration depended Ruth's peace of mind.

Sitting in the dining-room one night in the little flat, where supper had been waiting for a half hour, Ruth heard him enter, with, it seemed to her, a more buoyant step than for weeks past. He held in his hand a newspaper, and after kissing Ruth, gave her the journal, pointing out a paragraph in the dramatic column.

It announced the departure during the previous week of Manager Willard of the Broadway Bow Bells company, for London, where, it stated, he was to open a summer's engagement at a metropolitan theatre with a company of his own. The repertoire would include "Bow Bells" and a half dozen of the popular operas of the day; and it was rumored that among the lights of the cast would be a pretty "Mormon" girl whose voice and appearance had made a decided hit in the "Bow Bells" chorus early last season. The pieces had been thoroughly rehearsed and would be put on at once. Ruth hardly waited to read the last word.

"We must follow her at once, Jasper," she exclaimed.

"I have found out that Umbria sails on Saturday," he replied. "Willard sailed with his company last Monday, so that it gives them two weeks' start. It is the best we can do—however, and we can only hope that it may turn out all right."

The three days between their start seemed to Ruth like months. The thought of Minna, alone, in her inexperienced youth, with the great ocean dividing them, made her pulses heavy with nameless dread. If she had only known beforehand, it all might have been different; but now, she realized, it would be very hard to win Minna back.

There could be only one reason for the defection of the man they had employed to report upon Willard's actions—he had undoubtedly been detected, and bribed by the manager to the latter's interest. This and their own neglect in overlooking what public announcement might have been previously made of Willard's departure, had resulted in a delay of effort that they both feared would be now of doubt-

ful result. Yet neither hesitated at the ordeal before them. Anything was better than to sit supinely, letting the vain girl drift into a sea of unknown troubles without raising a hand to guide her back to safer havens.

Nearly three weeks had passed. The summer theatres, always at even popularity in the crowded English metropolis, were all running; and when Ruth and Jasper, quickly settled at their hotel, looked first of all for Willard's name in the row of advertised attractions, they found that "Bow Bells" was in full swing, with "his own special company of fifty performers, including principals."

Close after seven o'clock they entered the carriage Jasper had called, and were driven to the theatre. He had already obtained tickets, and they soon sat together in the crowded auditorium waiting, with quickly beating hearts, to learn what the rising curtain would reveal. The sight of Elmer, who entered the orchestra and sat wielding the baton through the overture, shattered their last hope.

There was a scene of dancing villagers, with chorus, interrupted by the reigning prince, who entered with his royal retinue, accompanied with clashing orchestra and song; then, presently, unheralded, the love-sick maid in page's disguise, following her lord as humble servant.

Spite of the unusual garb, it took but a glance of both to recognize Minna. The same fresh glow was on her cheek, and glad, bright light in her dark eyes—a light heightened now by the triumph of coveted achievement and consciousness of coveted distinction in her chosen career. Her lithe young form, clad in the close fitting suit of dark vel-

vet, with vest and collar of lace, was undeniably charming; and that her personality and gifts had made the "hit" that the New York manager had predicted, was evident from the applause that greeted her entrance and effort. Ruth sat through the two acts as one in a dream. All the sacred traditions of home, parental counsel and religion were hammering at her heart, while her senses took in the glittering fiction before her. This girl, strutting before a thousand eyes in habiliments which two years since she would have blushed to have disclosed to the eyes of even Dolph and Fred—and practicing a dozen little arts and graces to enhance the charm of the display—could this be the little Minna of her cherished care? The tears clouded her eyes till she could hardly see, and as the curtain rang down on the final act, she rose with a long sigh of relief that the ordeal was ended.

They found their way to the rear entrance with some difficulty, and it was only upon reiterated assertions of Ruth's claims as the sister of "Flotilde Folland"—this being the stage name on the program corresponding with Minna's role—that they were allowed to enter the jealously guarded precincts of the stage.

They were shown to the green room, where they sat a weary while, waiting,—their stay beguiled by snatches of talk and sly scenes enacted in the dim recesses of the stage beyond—that deepened the dread and revulsion that had taken hold on Ruth's heart. In one of the stage wings was a young girl whom they had seen in the chorus. She was joined presently by a man much older than herself, who, seizing her about the waist, planted a dozen kisses on her lips—evidently to her displeasure, as she made sev-

eral ineffectual efforts to free herself. The man passed on laughing, while her young voice, full of anger, flung after him—in vain, indignation.

"I'll tell the manager of this, Cy Langly—see if I don't. I shan't stand it to be persecuted like this by a man I hate like you."

"Better not get too flossy, little girl," he called back, "Willard's a chum of mine, and he'll stand in with me—treat you worse than I do, if I put him on to it. He discharged a girl once that got too high-toned for that sort o' thing. Likes that kind o' fun himself too well, to put a blanket on it for me. So long!"

In another dim wing a couple sat, the girl hardly older than Minna; her companion one of the choristers still in his stage costume—and there, too, was a repetition of the first scene—only in this there was no unwillingness on either side. Once they heard Willard's voice close outside raised in anger, and chiding with alternate oaths and stage-slang some chorus girl who had unconsciously offended him in her few lines.

"I told you to show your teeth, didn't I?" he bellowed. "You didn't go on to check off a funeral—your line was all about a wedding. And what do you do? Why you snail out on to the stage and whine—no, that's too tame—you snivel out your words as if a corpse was coming on instead of a bride and groom. You won't have a chance to do it again in this company. You can get out and let somebody in that knows enough to show her teeth when its time to smile!"

His voice died away—only the girl's sobs sounding near and nearer as she passed on her way out.

Ruth's quick throb of nervous

apprehension at Willard's voice had passed in her disgust and indignation at the scene—and with this also had come a calmness and resolution she had not felt before during the evening. Leave Minna in this cauldron of seething temptation, brutality, evil? Never! After all, she was Minna's rightful guardian and she would insist—

"Ruth!" she looked up quickly. Minna stood at the door, gazing at her with wide-open and frightened eyes.

Ruth started to go to her, but before she could do so, Elmer's weakly handsome face peered over Minna's shoulder. In an instant his arm was about Minna, and he drew her roughly away.

"Come," he said, his face turned suddenly pale, spite of his show of bravado, "come away. I shan't let you have any scene here."

Jasper's strong hand detained him. "There is something to be said before she goes, and she must stay and hear it," he said quietly.

"You are talking big for one who has no authority or right to talk at all," replied Elmer, his old assumption of fine behavior gone. "You have nothing to say that Minna needs to hear."

"By ——" sounded a voice behind him. Willard's face appeared in the doorway, and he stood with an expression of mingled anger, curiosity and enjoyment regarding the theatrical scene before him, the dramatic element perhaps a little paramount to the others in his feeling.

Jasper appealed to him quietly. There would be trouble he knew—but there could be but one thing done—to assert their authority, and act upon it deliberately. In a few words he stated their wishes. Minna should not be allowed to remain in her present position—and to con-

cur agreeably was the one thing reasonable to be considered.

Elmer listened with a fine sneer on his face.

As Jasper finished, he once more took Minna's arm within his own. "You are a fine elocutionist," he broke out roughly, with the sneer still distorting his features—"but you lack one thing in your play—and that is authority. Minna has only me to answer to for her actions now, and I have given her full permission to remain in this position."

Willard took a step towards him. "What in ——" he commenced, but Elmer interrupted him.

"It means that she's my wife, if that's what you want to know," he said stubbornly, "and you and the rest of them can make any fuss you like about it. One thing can be settled right here for good. Minna shall not go back to Utah while I live."

(Concluded in December *Journal*.)



A MOTTO.

"Soul of mine,
Wouldst thou choose for life a motto
half divine?
Let this be your guard and
guide
Through the future reaching
wide,
Whether good or ill betide,
Rise higher.
Let each care
Lift thee upward to a higher, purer
air,
Then let fortune do her worst;
Whether fate has blessed or
cursed,
Little matter, if thou first
Rise higher.
And at last
When thy sorrows and temptations all
are past,
And the great death angel
brings
Summons from the king of
kings,
Thou shalt still on angels'
wings
Rise higher."

THE ROSES OF DESTINY.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Edyth Ellerbeck.

When Marie set Thanksgiving day as the date of her wedding, I was the only one who dared remonstrate; and mine was but a feeble protest laughed to scorn by my wilful sister.

"Thanksgiving isn't at all appropriate for weddings," was my brave beginning.

"And why not?" returned Marie, bristling.

"I believe in the eternal fitness of things,—and you must confess that all the fuss and feathers of a reception destroy the quiet, *homey* associations of the dear old holiday. It's a day for the family, time-honored customs,—er—turkeys, and"

"Gobblers, you mean!" retorted my sister, with asperity. "Of all slimsy arguments! What could be more in accord with the eternal fitness of things than the performance of a sacred ceremony for which we'll be thankful all our lives?"

"Not so sure of that!" I grumbled, and a moment later hated myself for it, for Marie's eyes had filled with hurt tears.

"I take it all back and swear I never said it!" I cried as I comforted her in my usual rough and tumble way. "I don't want to be a kill-joy, Marie, but I did hope you'd put off the fatal—fateful—day as long as possible," I said dejectedly.

"I have. I wanted to wait till Christmas, but George has set his heart on Thanksgiving. I didn't expect to have another argument to meet," she ended reproachfully.

I apologized promptly, and waited a decent period before I asked, "And you are equally determined to have that young person as maid of honor?" I tried to put the question nonchalantly, but the attempt was not a brilliant success.

"Why, Hal, do you imagine I can *disinvite* her now?" asked Marie, rather more sharply it seemed to me than was necessary.

"No, but,—she might have the delicacy to excuse herself—" I suggested lamely.

"I'd never forgive her if she did—my very dearest friend! Anyway I think it rather selfish of you to expect her to hate the whole family just because she—" Marie stopped short, looking half frightened.

"Because she hates me," I finished, for her. "You needn't shy, sis, I am getting hardened," I assured her, and then got out of the room as quickly as possible.

Hardened? Was ever such a transparent falsehood? My wound was still raw, and no amount of covering could soothe the smart. That our quarrel was more foolish than the usual lovers' quarrel only made the case more aggravating. Kate's pride made her inexorable and all the humble pie I had eaten, all the dust and ashes I had heaped upon my head, had counted for naught. It had all come about in this manner: Kate had been elected president of some club or other, and in the absorption of writing her maiden speech for that august body had shamefully neglected me. In the expression of my deep displeasure I had been rash—insane—

enough to declare that I disliked speech-making women,—preferred to see them doing embroidery. How Kate's eyes had flashed!

"I hate embroidery!" she had flung back, "and if that is what you choose a wife for I fear you have made a mistake in honoring me." And with that and some biting retorts from me, we had parted.

When I came to my senses and realized what I had done in my insanity, it is no exaggeration to say that I grovelled. But Kate left me in the dust. And now she was to be my sister's maid of honor, and I was to be George's best man. The combination threatened to produce a chilly atmosphere for a bride and groom,—but they had brought it upon themselves, and with that I dismissed all responsibility from my shoulders.

The days preceding Thanksgiving were spent in a flurry of preparation. I, who upon attaining my majority a few years before, had congratulated myself that I had graduated from the position of errand boy, was again pressed into service, and for a week flew around at the bidding of my pretty sister with far more alacrity than fifteen-year-old Hal Dunning had ever displayed. But at times I was disheartened,—Kate and I had thought to plan all this together, and now—. All that sustained me was a vow, new-made: I had done with grovelling. Hereafter I would be as cool and indifferent as she was—or pretended to be. Moreover, I would seek diversion elsewhere. I was not so unattractive but that other girls might care to be good to me. Marie's bridesmaids, for instance! Part of the new resolution was to flirt desperately with them. The prospect was not altogether without charm; they were four of the most beautiful

girls I knew,—and the position of best man is not without advantages.

I was tired enough to drop when the final day came. But if I had worked all capacity for enjoyment out of myself, the appearance of the house fully repaid me. Before going up to dress I took a last stroll about the rooms, and could have patted myself on the head for the success of my efforts. The bay-window where George and Marie were to stand, was a veritable bower of smilax and roses. The triangle formed by the grand piano and the wall had been converted into an enticing nook by means of tall palms and marguerites: they had a peculiar significance and had been ordered with a view towards a tete-a-tete with their charming namesake. In the alcove of the library I had contrived another corner where violets played a conspicuous part; and on the landing of the stairway was a recess safely hidden from inquisitive eyes by a screen of autumn leaves. It was a rather neat job, I flattered myself.

But the unusual strain had told upon me. Had it not been for the prospect of those four charming bridesmaids (and a sight of Kate however icy), I should have pronounced myself unequal to farther exertion and have deserted George at the last moment, to so utter a wreck had the flurry of the past week reduced me. I struggled into my clothes, not caring how, so long as I got them all on. (Oh, dear sister, how little you thought of ever bringing me to such a pass!)

I found George in a perfect frenzy of nervous excitement, and then and there registered a solemn vow not to get myself into a similar position in a hurry,—a vow that one kind look from Kate could have shattered instantly. Marie,

however, had self-possession enough for both. I rather expected a few becoming tears, but the blue eyes shone clear and bright all through the ordeal, and only a slight trembling of the lower lip betrayed that this was an occasion of unusual importance with her. But mother shed enough tears to baptize the whole bridal party, and it was only upon my telling her that George was deeply wounded at his damp reception as her son-in-law, that she dried her eyes and assumed for the rest of the evening a hypocritical smile that was even more pathetic than the tears had been, but it answered the purpose.

Marie, in her wedding gown, was a sister for any man to be proud of, and when she stood surrounded by her bridesmaids, the sight was enough to set even the sternest of masculine nerves aflutter. I flirted desperately with all four, revolving among them like a bee in a garden, though which flower was most charming, I could not decide: all wore bewildering creations of chiffon, ribbons, and flowers, and each one was sweeter, daintier and more fascinating than it is fair for any girl to be.

Kate wore

white, and carried American Beauties, but she was thornier than the stems. Marguerite Elwood was a vision in blue, with cheeks like a peach, eyes that put the blue of her gown to shame, and hair as golden as a daisy's heart. Made desperate by Kate's stony indifference, I hovered devotedly about Marguerite. I grew poetical and quoted whole stanzas of Faust to her; called her Gretchen and was about to declare that Marguerites were, always had been and always would be my favorite flower; when my eyes fell upon Jasmine Rande. Jasmine was in



yellow. Jasmine is the intense kind of girl that makes one think of "Aux Italiens" and that sort of thing. I left Marguerite and crossed over to her repeating something about—

"Oh, the smell of that Jasmine flower!"

That was all I could remember of it, but she knew it all, and with her purple-black eyes looking into mine and the jewelled fingers playing with the flowers she carried, she half spoke, half whispered the mysterious lines,

"That smelt so faint, and smelt so sweet,

It made me weep, and it made me cold!

Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet

When a mummy is half unrolled."

Just at this interesting point supper was announced and I had to take Violet Dalton out. She was anything but what her name implied. She did not "droop her head as if to hide from view." She romped, teased, and did everything that a demure little violet is supposed not to do. I told her about the violet nook in the library, and she said she would look it up after supper. I said so would I; and she laughed. I led the way to the library, and Violet surveyed the nook with untinted admiration. We sat down on the cushion-laden couch and I was about to heave a sigh of content, when some one in the drawing room struck a few chords on the piano and began to sing. It was Kate, and in a moment back came all my bitter discontent.

"Shall we go where we can hear better?" I asked Violet.

"Shall I get you an ear-trumpet?" was her only answer; but Violet is a good fellow and understands.

As we went out of the alcove Violet stopped to speak to a man

who had just come. He wore violets in his button-hole, I noticed, so I didn't wait.

I turned Kate's music and waited like a dog for one little word. But none fell to me. Finally the other people around the piano moved away and we were left alone.

"I've been waiting all evening for this moment," I said, significantly.

"Why, what time is it?" she asked, coolly ignoring the meaning in my tone.

"Come and see the pretty recess I arranged on the landing," was my next attempt.

"I've seen it some half dozen times this evening," was the shower-bath that deluged my hopes of a tete-a-tete. Inwardly raging at myself for having given her the opportunity to repulse me again, I stalked away. She should see how little I cared! I looked around for Marguerite. She was in the nook on the landing, and she was not alone. I sought Jasmine and found her carrying on a very serious conversation with a young man that wore glasses. I joined a group of men.

A peremptory summons from the reception hall caused a general scattering in that direction.

"What's up?" I asked Violet, who stood near the door.

"Marie is going to throw her bouquet, and we are all to try and catch it. You know it means a wedding within the year to the lucky one," she explained vivaciously.

"Watch me catch it," I bade her, and made my way to the foot of the stairway. There all the unmarried guests stood in a group, laughing and talking merrily and watching with eager eyes the bunch of roses, each one awaiting with excited interest the moment it should

leave the bride's hand and fly into their midst.

Something of the eagerness of the others came over me as I stood there, and I found myself gazing with a sort of fascination at the long white satin ribbons in Marie's right hand, as with tantalizing slowness she prepared for the final toss.

Now!

Straight towards us it flew—a strange, new kind of bird with fluffy perfumed wings, and tail of gleaming satin outstretched in the air.

There!—over my shoulder it went, and I, turning swiftly, grasped after the prize. My hand closed over the stems and at the same time over something soft and warm. It was a hand—Kate's hand—the hand of Fate!

A shout of laughter greeted our performance. I felt myself flushing like a girl, and raising my head shot a swift glance at Kate. She was redder than her roses! A look lasting not a second answered my glance, but it was enough, and bending down I whispered low, "Come," and breaking through the laughing circle surrounding us, we ran together out of the room, down the long hall and into the deserted dining-room, where no one was near to hear or see. And all this time Kate's hand held the roses, and my hand held Kate's.

"It was Fate," I whispered in her ear. She made no answer, but hid her face in the bouquet.

"We owe those roses a debt of gratitude," I said as I surveyed the picture she made. "We must press them."

"I think we have,—already," she said and laughed up into my face.

I seized her again.

"And you're sure you've forgiven me?" I asked, still incredulous

of my vast good fortune.

"Of course. And I'm going to learn how to embroider!"

"Don't!" I begged, "I hate embroidery. Just keep on making speeches—but make most of them to me!" And then as her sweet lips promised, I cried,

"Oh, Kate, this is the happiest day of my life!"

"It's Thanksgiving, dear," she said.



Selfishness is often so refined that it is deeply wounded at the least remonstrance.



We can see one way with a little thought, but it usually takes a second or third thought to see the best way.



Man and wife well matched have heaven's glory as their companion; man and woman ill matched are encircled by a devouring fire.—The Talmud.



The day is short and the work is great. It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work; but thou must not therefore cease from it. If thou hast worked much, great shall be thy reward; for the Master who employed thee is faithful in His payment. But know that the true reward is not of this world.—The Talmud.



In Heaven a spirit doth dwell,
"Whose heart-strings are a lute";
None sing so wildly, or so well
As the angel Israfil,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

* * * * *

If I could dwell
Where Israfil
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might
swell
From my lyre in the sky.

—Edgar A. Poe.

THE VOICE OF THANKSGIVING.

Estelle Neff.

A president who had a profound reverence for God and sacred things, Abraham Lincoln, had the honor of issuing the first proclamation for our national holiday, Thanksgiving Day. Since his time, the presidents of the United States, and the governors of the various states, annually proclaim the last Thursday in November to be a legal holiday. In New England for a quarter of a century, this holiday was the principal social and home festival of the year. Christmas was very little celebrated by them at that time. It is a matter of regret that the religious sentiment which gave rise to America's distinctive national holiday is not at present a conspicuous feature of Thanksgiving Day celebrations.

The first festival of a thanksgiving nature in the West was in the month of August of the year 1848, when the Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake City enjoyed a frugal feast in celebration of the first harvest gathered in the Great Basin. In the succeeding years, breadstuffs became so scarce that many of our people were compelled to eat rawhide, and to dig sego and thistle roots for months upon which to subsist. Their faith stood the test. While suffering the severe pangs of hunger, this chosen people offered their oblations to the Most High, and with praiseworthy gratitude, they daily gathered around their meagre boards. Extreme suffering was averted by the generous dividing of their scant store. In the midst of such poverty and privation, the Psalmist's words, and the words of the Prophet-Isaiah were verified in modern Israel.

Offer unto God thanksgiving; and say thy vows unto the Most High, and

call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.

For the Lord shall comfort Zion * *
* joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

White-winged birds came in myriads and devoured the ravenous, destructive crickets which threatened to destroy the harvest. They were brought from afar by the appealing prayers, and the fasting of the Saints, whose faith in God was unshaken.

Gratitude is a duty we owe to God. The Scriptures enjoin it;

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His Court with praise; be thankful unto Him and praise His name. * * * Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

By songs and by prayers, we can show our love for the Father as well as by obedience to His laws. Habitual thankfulness to the Eternal One will awaken faith in Him; it has even convinced the unbeliever of His existence. "Act as though I were, and thou shalt know that I am." Some who claim that they are not sure of His existence, hold that it is selfishness that He require His children to pray unceasingly. How superficial is such reasoning! The purpose of prayer is not to aggrandize the Creator, but to school the souls of the beings who pray. Why are prayers demanded before certain blessings are conferred? Because there must be a harmony between the possessor of spiritual blessings and the blessings possessed. Could one of impure mind exercise the gift of prophecy, or the gift of healing? Never, for there would be discord between an evil mind and the pure gifts of the Holy

Spirit. Prayer keeps the soul in a state of preparedness for spiritual impressions. The Almighty does not reveal the exalted truths of His Gospel to people whose minds are not attuned to heavenly things.

There is oftentimes more joy in being thankful for little things than for big ones. And there is not much happiness without some degree of gratitude. Thankfulness is the quality which absorbs gladness and dispenses it to mankind; it will suffer great self-sacrifice rather than lessen the gladness of another. Some natures will treasure the memory of a tender word and count a smile as high reward. They endear themselves to us through their cheerfulness. This merry manner, this sunshiny spirit, is the sign of an inward thanksgiving for the joy of living.

Through little acts of kindness, we express our good will to our fellows. The gratitude which is most worthy takes the form of kindness to the unfortunate, as well as the favored, and to the dumb creatures, as well as to mankind.

The woman whose home possesses beauty, and every comfort, is guilty of ingratitude for these luxuries, unless at favorable seasons she share its pleasures with some less fortunate ones.

The daughter of Zion who is blessed with a transcendent talent must ignore her debt of gratitude to the Father, unless she use her gift generously and unselfishly for the benefit of others.

The child so fortunate as to be trained in youth in the art of gratitude has a life-long safeguard against the various forms of evil. Should his lower nature show itself by torturing some dumb creature, direct the little one in a study of that animal, its habits, its uses, its powers. When his interest is awakened and his sympathy is ac-

tive, he will no longer find pleasure in its destruction. The humane treatment of animals will soften and beautify his character, so that when grown to manhood he will be a power for good because of his tenderness and sympathy.

Chancing to meet a cripple on the street, or one maimed or diseased, a person of strong body and tender heart is moved to make a silent prayer: "God bless this afflicted one. Wilt thou, O Father, make up his lack by a love more abundant."

Gratitude to our fellows should show itself as much in kindly sympathy as in helpful deeds, in cheerfulness as in rich gifts. All thanksgiving to be acceptable to our Maker must have sunshine in it. "God is glorified not by our groans, but by our thanksgivings; and all good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good cheer." It is incumbent upon us to meet trouble with a brave face, to shun gloom and despondency. Despair is the weapon of the evil power. In the silent watches of the night, when we tell over the things for which we owe thanks, let us not forget to count as chief of these the power to be happy without the thing the heart most longs for. This rich and lasting happiness is not for the unrighteous: it is a gift of the Holy Spirit to the humble, and is obtained through prayer. Superior powers of heart and mind are required to live a humble, pure life, contentedly.

Dumb creatures have a certain capacity for gratitude. Listen to the glad bark of the dog and the soft purr of the cat when food is given them. Are not these words of thanks? Rank unkindness will not drive a dog from the master who once befriended him. His fidelity will stand the severest test, and his judgment of his friend is

always favorable, a phase of gratitude rare among men.

Even insensate things appear to carry out the thanksgiving thought. The sunflower, as though in appreciation of the life-giving light, turns its golden head all day toward the sun. When the darkness comes on, flowers droop their dainty heads; but at the sun's rising, they lift their sweet faces with a message of thanks to the orb of day. Trees and flow-

ers and grasses and ferns of all climes drink the rain drops and are refreshed, then, as though to express gratitude for the precious moisture, they reveal to the world a delicacy unseen before, a beauty unsurpassed. The glad voice of the noisy brook, the soft rustle of dancing leaves, the tuneful whistle of the birds, together with the merry hum of bees make up a grand thanksgiving symphony.

SOMETHING ABOUT FLOWERS.

E G

By the time this Journal reaches you the last of our fall flowers will be nearly gone, and the long cold winter will be reaching its flowerless arms out to us. How many have taken the trouble to pot a few geraniums that they may be cheered and encouraged by their bright hued blossoms during the long dreary days? I hear some one saying, "Oh, they are too much trouble. I haven't time to bother with them." Better take the time, sister dear, for the brightness and perfume of these flowers may linger in the hearts of your loved ones—prompting them to beautiful deeds when the tones of the harpsichord and guitar would never reach them. Besides the dear old-fashioned geranium, fuchsia, begonia, the Norfolk Island Pine, Boston Fern and Asparagus Springeri make beautiful house plants.

The Springeri is a species of asparagus. It is most beautiful for decorating the table, and is stronger and lasts longer than smilax.

The Norfolk Island Pine is much like a small cedar tree, and needs very little care.

The Boston Fern is full of blade-like stems. It needs little sun, but plenty of light. It should be watered three or four times a week, and the water allowed to drain off, before it is placed back in the jardiniere or saucer. I have a friend who has one in her north window on a small table, filling the entire space, and calling forth a great deal of admiration. If you have no south windows the three last mentioned will prove very successful.

How many of you have potted a few bulbs, that they may bloom for Christmas. If they are planted two or three in a six-inch pot, watered well and placed in the cellar to make roots, then brought out into the sunlight at intervals of from two to six weeks, you can have flowers from them all winter.

If you have not already planted a few snowdrops, crocuses, hyacinths, tulips, narcissus and oxalis in the garden ready for spring, do so now. These bulbs are cheap and will grow well in any ordinary garden loam; a sandy soil mixed with leaf mold is the best, however. Use old manure well pulverized, if any. Plant the bulbs not later than November or December, three to six inches apart, and from one to three inches deep, and cover with a thin covering of leaves or straw. The bulbs are hardy, but a little precaution makes them richer, and the protected ones bloom more. After the bulbs are through flowering the leaves soon turn yellow and die; they are then ripe enough to be taken up and stored away for planting again in the fall. If you desire, they can be left in the ground the whole year, and summer flowers may be planted between. I have left them in for five years with quite good results.

"Bulbs are the lazy man's friend—for they need no coddling. They are the busy man's investment, for they never fail him. They are Flora's masterpieces, for the grandest flowers that grow are the bulbous ones."

PICTURES.

Grace Ingles Frost.

Goethe says that "There is nothing in which people betray their character more than in what they find to laugh at." Very true, and also in the books that we find in their room and the pictures upon their wall. Can any one who has a love of beauty and refinement endure gaudily colored, meaningless daubs? It was very well to tolerate such pictures where nothing more elevating could be obtained, but in this age we should look for something better. Let us teach the little ones by having within their sight pictures that will give them a correct idea of true art.

Those of the family who are old enough should be encouraged to make a study of good pictures and the lives of the artists who painted them. This will be far more profitable reading for young minds than the novel, and not only for them, but for those of mature years who are desirous of adding to their store of knowledge.

Let the first picture that you study be the "Madonna de San Sisto," better known as the Sistine Madonna.* Not long since I was privileged to view a colored copy purchased in Italy. In it was the aureole of cherubs that Professor Van Dyke speaks of in his "Story of the Sistine Madonna." It is very seldom that these cherubs are discernable in a reproduction of the

Sistine, and never in a cheap print. There are numerous accounts given concerning the origin of Raphael's masterpiece, but some of these are only myths. However, Professor Van Dyke's account is considered authentic.

In studying famous paintings it is sometimes necessary to study one part of the picture at a time to understand it.

Many of our girls are adorning their rooms with pictures of actors and actresses. These pictures are preferable to some that we see, yet they do not cultivate a taste for real art.

Girls, take from the wall all pictures that you cannot learn something from, and send for some Perry prints. If you can afford but ten cents' worth, let those ten pictures be copies of masterpieces, and put them on your wall in an artistic manner. If you cannot afford to *passe-partout** or even mount them, put them up with pins. Take them one at a time, beginning at the Sistine, as before mentioned, and learn all that you can of the pictures and the men who painted them. By so doing your pictures will become friends, and you will grow to love them, and be more able to converse intelligently on art.

Many of our young people travel in foreign lands, where some of the

* Copies of famous paintings can be obtained for from one to five cents each by sending to the Perry Picture Co., at Malden, Mass., though I advise those who think of studying the Sistine to obtain the best print possible, or they will not get a correct idea of it.

* A kind of paper resembling leather which makes very pretty frames at a cost of ten cents a roll (about ten yards). It comes in black, brown, dark red and white. It is gummed on one side and should be pasted over the edge of both picture and glass to hold them together. Any glazier will cut the glass to fit your picture.



MADONNA DE SAN SISTO.

(Only the central figure of the painting is represented).

world's great art galleries are located, and very often they visit these galleries without being able to fully appreciate the greatness of the work before them. Let it not be so. Place yourself in a position to understand pictures and thereby show to the people of the world who call us ignorant Mormons, that at least we keep abreast with them concerning Art.

The books used in this study are

numerous, though Van Dyke's *"Art for Art's Sake,"* and *"History of Paintings"* are considered two of the most authentic. Elbert Hubbard's *"Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters"* is an excellent book to acquaint one with the home life of such men as *"Michael Angelo," "Titian," "Rembrandt," "Rubens"* and other noted artists.

In making a collection do not add to your pictures so rapidly that you

are unable to study each one, or you will find that you are not so much interested as when thoroughly understanding them in their order. Also in hanging your pictures endeavor to have all of Raphael's work hang in one place, and Leonardo de Vinci's in another, and so on. By doing this, they will be in a better position for study.

When it is possible to procure the photograph of an artist, place it in the group with his paintings.

To those who are fond of Shakespeare, a Shakespeare corner will be interesting.

If you are so fortunate as to possess a bust of this talented man, place it on a small stand in a corner of your room; obtain pictures

of his plays and group them on the wall above and around the bust, and you have a corner that will not only please you, but interest those of your friends who are Shakespearean devotees.

After having had only copies of good pictures upon the wall, or pictures that teach something, you will never again tolerate the pictures found in so many homes.

It is strange that we care so little concerning the class of pictures that we place upon our walls when there is so much artistic ability in Utah.

May the day speedily dawn when all deformities of art are relegated to the garret or furnace, where they belong.

SAY PLEASE, AND SMILE.

L. L. Greene Richards.

When the children were small,
One would frequently call
For something he wanted, in peevish
style;
And his mother would say,
In her quieting way,
"Wait — listen — my darling — say
please, and smile!"

At this warning for peace,
All confusion would cease,
The children were caught in the pleasant
wile;
One plump baby boy
Full of frolicsome joy,
Oft gave out the lesson, "Say, please a
mile!"

All over the world,
Hasty missiles are hurled,
To fall where they will; and all things
they rile;
So those who keep calm,
Must still pour the balm—
"Have patience—don't worry—say
please, and smile."

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN ILLNESS.

XI.

FOREIGN BODIES IN THE DELICATE ORGANS.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

Many disagreeable accidents are those in which bits of glass, or cinders or foreign bodies of any kind become lodged in the delicate external organs. Children oftentimes seem to have a mania for pushing peas or beans or shoe buttons or rocks up their nose or into their ears, though why they like to do so no one has ever found out. These emergencies are not necessarily serious if not neglected, though they may become so if not treated in a proper manner.

Foreign Body in the Eye.

The eye is one of the most delicate organs of the human body, and is one of the most sensitive to irritation of any kind. If a foreign body enters the eye, there is always an unusual flow of tears into the organ, and this is often sufficient to float it out. If not, do not irritate the eye by rubbing it; prevent a child's doing so, even though you be forced to tie his hands. For if the body has sharp corners or edges there is danger of lacerating the inner lining, and thereby setting up inflammation. By grasping the lashes, lift the lids and see whether you can see the particle on the eye ball; if so, take a fold of a clean handkerchief and lift it off. If the offending particle should be a sliver of glass or steel and is imbedded in the lid, it should be removed by a surgeon.

A simple method of removing a particle from the lid is to grasp the lashes of the upper lid and pull it

well down over the lower. Hold it there for a few moments and then let it slide back. The particle will often remain on the cheek. If not successful the first time, try a second time, and if then not successful, take the lash and holding a pencil over it, turn it back on itself and you can then wipe the particle off with a piece of clean linen.

Another simple means is to grasp the upper lid, draw it down over the lower and then blow the nose forcibly.

If a bit of lime or alkali is in the eye, bathe it freely with diluted vinegar or lemon juice. If a bit of strong acid substance should get into the eye, bathe it with water in which a little common baking soda has been dissolved.

Sometimes the eye will be a little inflamed and the cause of it unknown. A mild treatment is to dissolve one teaspoonful of boric acid in one cupful of boiling water, and when lukewarm bathe the eye freely therein. Take a piece of clean absorbent cotton and holding the lids open, squeeze the solution into the eye. This is soothing and cannot possibly do harm.

If these simple means fail to give relief, then if it is possible secure the aid of a specialist. Many cases of complete blindness have been occasioned by persons neglecting to have what seemed to them a simple accident attended to in the beginning and by skilled hands. When the eyesight is nearly gone such per-

sons may consult a specialist, but it is then too late.

Foreign Bodies in the Ear.

Foreign bodies often become lodged in the ear. Children seem especially apt to push shoe buttons, fruit stones or anything small or round as far into the ear as it can go. In such a case, hold the ear downward and with a small syringe gently force in lukewarm boric acid solution. Do not close the opening of the ear with the syringe, as then the force may be too great. The tympanum membrane or ear drum is very sensitive and extreme care must be taken not to injure it in the slightest degree, as deafness in later life may be traced to such a cause. If the body in the ear is anything that will swell—such as a pea or bean—do not use water syringe. A little oil placed in the ear may help to loosen it and make it easier to slip out.

If an insect has crawled into the ear, straighten the ear tube by pulling the external ear upward and backward and fill the tube with warm olive oil. The insect will sometimes float to the surface. If this fails, moisten a piece of absorbent cotton with a strong solution of salt or vinegar; fill the ear passage with the plug; lie on the affected side and apply pressure to the outside of the canal. In removing the plug the insect may be seen sticking to the plug.

If these simple means fail and it is seen that the tube is stopped so that syringing is of no avail, do not by any means try with forceps or probe to loosen the offending body, for by unskillful manipulation it is only forced farther in and great injury may thus be done. Send for a good physician and let him take the responsibility.

Earache.

Earache often comes on so suddenly and severe that it may be classed under the head of "sudden illness." Heat applied in some form will usually give relief. Heat a little sweet oil and pour into the ear canal, being careful that it is not too hot. Insert a small absorbent cotton plug and bind a larger piece of cotton outside of this. If relief is not obtained, heat may be applied by means of heated hops or salt bags or a so-called hot-water bag—a rubber bag filled with hot water. Sometimes persistent rubbing around the ear tube with hot oil will give relief.

Foreign Bodies in the Nose.

Foreign bodies in the nose are not dangerous unless left there so long that they cause inflammation. If a child is the victim and he is old enough to reason with, have him take in a full breath; close tightly the mouth, and the unobstructed nostril, and the force of the expelled air may be sufficient to dislodge the object. If the child is too young to do this, firmly close the free nostril and blow forcibly into his mouth.

If the object is not too far up place a finger over the object on the outside of the nose and with a bent wire or hairpin hook it out. A small piece of wire may be looped around it, or if it is not a pea or bean or some object that will swell, it may be syringed out.

Foreign Body in Throat.

If the least particle of water or crumb of bread passes accidentally into the air passages or wind pipe it causes the greatest discomfort. Such accidents are often termed "getting things down your Sunday throat." The particle will often be expelled by the violent fit of coughing produced. Should it fail to do

so, and in the case of a child cause him to choke, grasp him by the feet and with head downward give him a few sharp blows between the shoulders. If these means fail send for the nearest physician and if meanwhile the patient becomes unconscious from strangulation, employ artificial respiration as directed for drowning.

If anything has stuck in the œsophagus or gullet it may be hooked up with a bent wire or a pair of blunt scissors. If it is not too large

a drink of water or piece of bread may push it down. Once down it need cause no special worry, for anything that can pass the œsophagus can pass through the rest of the alimentary canal.

If a pin or piece of glass or anything sharp has been swallowed do not give anything to physic the patient, but rather give solid food that the object may become imbedded therein and thus do less harm to the alimentary canal.

THE COOK'S CORNER.

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

The time of the Thanksgiving feast approaches, and as it is essentially the time when all the family, large and small, are together, the dinner must be planned with that thought in view. There are certain rules and customs which must always be observed in the Thanksgiving dinner, and very little liberty is allowed in the selection of the menu. The only change that the inventive housewife can allow herself is to dress the old friends with new faces, so that they may appear a little differently.

The feast is to imitate as nearly as possible that given by our ancestors, with whom the Thanksgiving customs originated, and the menu should comprise as nearly as possible the same kinds of food which they prepared.

Inexorable custom says that the dinner must be served at midday, for it is a feast at which the children partake, and for them an evening dinner of such magnitude is out of the question.

Table-Decoration.

The table should be made as attractive and dainty as possible. A pretty centerpiece may be made of a dish holding fall fruits artistically arranged as to color, with brilliantly colored leaves. Bright tendrils of

green or of the brilliantly colored autumn vines may be laid on the cloth radiating from the centerpiece to the corners of the table.

Chrysanthemums or any of the fall flowers can be used as decoration, but care must be used to combine only harmonious colors. White, with the different shades of yellow, or pale pink with red and mauve make pretty combinations.

Another pretty combination is the vari-colored autumn leaves alone. These may be gathered in October or early November, when they are brightest, and preserved by being dipped in gum-arabic water. When they are dry lay them carefully away in boxes for they are very brittle. Make a centerpiece of fruit and lay the leaves lightly around it, with pretty sprays or bunches laid lightly on the cloth at intervals.

Any of the pretty mountain vines with their bright berries make effective table decoration.

Let the best linen and china be used and have little dishes of relish—pickles, olives, almonds, or bonbons placed on the table. An individual mould of cranberry jelly may be laid at each place, giving a pleasing dash of color.

The Menu.

The Thanksgiving dinner has been called a feast and so it is, for it is the one dinner in all the year at which a great variety may be served without offending good taste.

I.

Roast Turkey. Giblet Stuffing.
Cranberry Jelly.
Sweet Potatoes. Irish Potatoes.
Corn Fritters—Baked Squash.

Pickles.

Celery.

II.

Pumpkin Pie. Mince Pie.
Cheese.

III.

Fruit. Nuts. Raisins.

Soup may or may not be served at this meal. It was not served at old New England feasts, but those who think a meal is not a dinner without soup may serve sparingly a tomato bouillon or a consomme.

RECIPES.

Roast Turkey.

The recipe for cleaning, trussing and stuffing a large bird was given in the January Journal, so it need not be repeated in detail here. A medium sized turkey requires about three hours in cooking. Baste often with melted butter and water, and later with the fat in the pan.

Giblet Stuffing.

Clean the gizzard, heart and liver; cut off the neck near the body, and the first joints of the wings. Boil all till tender, then remove bones and gristle, chop fine, and mix with them two cups of soft bread crumbs. Season with salt, pepper and a bit of thyme. Onion and sage may be used if a strong flavor is liked. Add one-quarter cup of melted butter and one-quarter cup of finely chopped suet. If a moist dressing is liked, use a little of the soup or one or two beaten eggs.

Cranberry Jelly.

Boil one quart cranberries with one cup water ten or fifteen minutes; squeeze through a bag and put the juice with two cups of granulated sugar on the fire and let boil fifteen minutes after the "boil" is reached. Wet a mould with cold water and when the juice is cold pour in the mould to harden. Individual moulds may be used if preferred.

Corn Fritters.

For recipe see page 327, Vol. 12 of the Young Woman's Journal.

Filling For Pumpkin Pie.

Hibbard squash makes the best pies. Stew it until tender and pass it through a sieve.

4 cups of the squash puree'.

6 cups of milk.

1½ cups sugar.

6 eggs beaten light.

1 teaspoonful each of ground mace, cinnamon and nutmeg.

Beat well together. Line a deep pie tin with good paste and fill two-thirds full with the custard.

Mince Meat For Pies.

The following recipe is taken from an article by Christine Terhune Herriek in Harper's Bazaar:

"Boil and chop a piece of lean beef weighing a pound. Put with it half a pound of beef suet and two pounds of apples, peeled and chopped. The apples should be rather tart. Seed and chop two pounds of raisins and wash and pick over and dry a pound and a half of currants. Stir into them a teaspoonful each of mace, cinnamon and ground cloves, and half a teaspoonful of nutmeg. Put all together and moisten with three pints and a half of good cider. Add light brown sugar until it is sweet enough to suit the taste. All the ingredients must be thoroughly mixed and the jar covered closely. The mince meat must stand twenty-four hours before the pies are made; it is better if it is allowed to season two days. Line pie dishes with a good puff paste—there should be no such thing as cheap pastry—and cut with a jiggling iron strips to lay across the top."

THE BEAUTY BRIGADE.

Emma Maude Patterson.

(Maud Morton.)

Will the beauty brigadé "look pleasant, please," fall into line, and listen cheerfully while the brigadier-general "drills" on the proper care of the hands, for dishwashing, sweeping and taking up ashes lose their terrors when we know that by a little attention each day, and the use of rubber gloves, if one can afford them, the hands will still look trim and well-kept.

Firstly, if you'll take a strong magnifying glass and inspect your hands carefully until you become pretty well acquainted with all the myriads of tiny lines and crevices, not only those of interest to our friend the palmist, but the ones on the back of the hands, especially about the knuckles, you'll conclude, I think, to invariably call to your aid when washing your "paddys" the services of a good, hard-working nail brush, assisted by plenty of soap and hot water, and followed, at night, by the application of glycerine and rosewater, to which you may add a few drops of lemon juice and benzoin. The lemon juice will also be found excellent to remove ink stains, etc., from the hands and underneath the nails; if the aforesaid stains prove very obstinate, try Dr. Parker Pray's Ongaline, used by professional manicurists for that purpose.

It's not a bad idea to let a professional manicure your hands for you once, if you can afford it, so you may know just how it's done; but in case you don't care to do that, I'll tell you just how the lady "did" my hands. She brought forth a bowl of nice, soap-sudsy hot water, in which she paddled my hands while she told me, in a confidential sort of way, that the nails should be manicured twice a week, and the flesh around the little half moons should be carefully pushed back with the towel each time the hands are washed, and that if you've not been in the habit of doing this, it will be necessary to use the little ivory presser once a day, until the little moons cease their shy efforts to hide their beauty under their veils; but I've found that the rubber eraser on my pencil answers the purpose even better than the ivory, and is less apt to scratch and mar the nails. After my hands had been "under water" some five minutes, she dried them

gently, unveiled the moons, and then repeatedly, but very carefully, excavated underneath each nail with an orange wood stick, explaining that one must never use any sharp instrument for that purpose, as it makes the cuticle so rough that it catches and holds every minute particle of dirt. Then she dipped the bit of wood into Ongaline and went over—beg pardon, I should have said under—them again. Then another "dip" into hot soapy water, a vigorous plying of the nail brush, and she turned her attention to the hang nails, removing them carefully with the little tweezers, telling me that if I'd wear rubber gloves when doing housework, and use the following ointment, well rubbed in each night, whenever the skin about my nails seems dry and inclined to break into hang-nails, it would soon mend its ways.

Ointment.

White vaseline, 1 ounce;
Pulverized white castile soap, 60 grains.

Oil of rose, sufficient to perfume.

Then the manicure lady produced a small, flexible steel file, saying that the nails should always be filed, not cut, as the latter method makes them brittle and coarse-grained. She filed them so that they were just even with the tips of the fingers, whose shape she followed exactly. Then the powder was applied to each nail, rubbed a wee bit with the "buffer" or a bit of chamois skin. The amount of rubbing necessary depends upon the state of the nails—the slight natural polish you see on a baby's nails is sufficient—you don't want your nails to be mistaken for "hand mirrors" or advertisements of the latest varnish.

Nail Powder.

Talcum powder $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.
Pulverized pumice stone, 2 ounces;
Carmine, 15 grains.
Oil of rose to perfume (may be omitted.)
Sift through silk bolting cloth.

Or, if that is too much bother, try prepared chalk and the carmine, sifted through the bolting cloth.

Then a final "sousing" in clear hot water, and "Fifty cents, please. Thank you. Call again."



"MAUD MORTON."

We have received many words of commendation for our "Beauty Brigade" and the "Brigadier General" who had such a dainty, happy way of telling great truths. We have on hand the remainder of the series, which will conclude in the December Journal. And we had hoped for more from this newly found writer, but sweet "Maud Morton" has left us for a while, to go into the land of sunshine, where she so truly belongs. We loved to have her here, with her "supply of mirth, smiles and good cheer always on hand to lend," yet we know she is happier, freed from her tenement of clay. We do not mourn for her, but we miss her. And the sun shines not so brightly today; he plays hide and seek among the clouds. Now it rains, and we droop our heads in sorrow,—upon our tears are dried, and God's sunshine enfolds us, warming our hearts

with its comfort and peace. Come into its light, my girlies all, and let it lighten our minds and bring to our remembrance her words, "This old world of ours is a gigantic mirror—it so truly reflects back to us that which is within ourselves."

And now you know that "Maud Morton" was none other than Miss Emma Maude Patterson, of Salt Lake City, a grand-daughter of Daniel Spencer. And I must tell you why she used a nom-de-plume. When we received her first article, I told her we preferred to use her own name with it, but she laughingly shook her head and answered,

"It's so ridiculous for me to be telling the girls how to be beautiful." And I thought, "Not so," though I only agreed, "Of course it is," and let her have her way. The beauty of soul is

so far beyond this mere physical beauty, you know, though her picture will show that she had both.

I never met her that she did not impress me with her joy and gladness, though I know she, too, had her share of struggle. And I never think of her now without remembering the comment of one of my friends after having met her for the first time,—“She’s like a sweet wild rose.” And we love the wild rose, fresh from nature’s heart, and hope to be associated with her in the heavenly garden.

Dear little mother, your daughter-sister (for sisters you seemed) has only gone before to prepare the way for you. Take your bereavement as bravely as you can. You do not want to grieve her, and you know she would be sad to see your sorrow. Do what you can for her and join her in the brighter land when the Father calls. “She is not dead, she is just away.” Remember this and be happy, for she is on the greatest pleasure trip of her life.

A GLIMPSE OF COLONIA JUAREZ, OLD MEXICO.

Gladys.

A lady from Salt Lake City who has been visiting here for some months past, said the other day, to a party of residents, “I have two distinct mental pictures of Colonia Juarez,—one as I thought of it before I came here, a little sun-dried settlement with not a tree or shrub to enliven the landscape, and few, if any, habitable houses such as civilized white people would care to live in; the contrasting picture—as I have seen it and know it to be.”

I believe this lady is not alone in her idea of our Mexican Colonies, and lest any of you, the readers of the Journal, may have just such a mental picture, I am going to invite you to journey here, in imagination, and get a passing glimpse of us as we really are. It is only by comparison that judgment can be rendered or true appreciation felt. This is especially true of Juarez and her surroundings.

After travelling a whole day over a hot, dry, barren country from El Paso, you reach the little station of Nueva, Casas Grandes, and take stage for your destination.

At this season of the year (September) the sun is just setting as the start is made, and far and wide along the beautiful Casas Grandes valley, are visible the last gleams of his glory, touching the hill tops, the tree tops, the stacks of garnered grain, the fields of yellow corn, with here and there, through the branches of the trees, a glint on the river; and, in the distance to the right, illuminating the growing colony of Dublan.

We rattle along in regular old stage style; ford the river and soon reach the little antiquated town of Casas Grandes, so named from the ruins in the vicinity, which are said to be very ancient. Any one fresh from the up-to-date progressive towns of the United States, is sure to be struck with the quaintness of this little Mexican puebla, with its square, one-story mud houses built on a line with the street; its iron-barred apertures in place of windows, glaring indigo blue or Paris green paint, where there is paint at all, its dilapidated church and plaza; and not least of all, its queerly dressed, dusky inhabitants, who may be seen in groups squatting on the ground in the sun, or perhaps carrying on their heads or shoulders queer earthen water jars just as did the ancients. Indeed, you are apt to wonder if you are not far away over seas, in the land of Palestine or Syria, so strange and unfamiliar is everything in this region.

Yet on you go over hills and through hollows, traversing a road which seems almost endless, though really but sixteen miles long. At length you ascend what seems to be about the fortieth summit in this sixteen-mile drive,—when, glad surprise! refreshing sight! At last your expectancy is rewarded. Colonia Juarez is spread at your feet.

With the memory of the desert still fresh in mind, and Casas Grandes just left behind, you exclaim, An Oasis! And yet this is only a typical little Mormon town, with broad streets

crossing at right angles, shade trees, water ditches, gardens and orchards. Here is that same evidence of thrift, order and general progressiveness, which, as a rule, permeates the very atmosphere of a Mormon settlement, but in this particular place these unlooked for conditions literally charm the stranger and make a Mormon from other parts feel perfectly at home.

Juarez is located in a narrow canyon with the river Piedras Verdes (green rocks), a well defined line in the landscape, because of the many large old trees along its banks.

In the season just passed, the orchards literally groaned beneath their weight of the choicest fruitage. And during the rainy season, July and August, the hills are green that stretch along on either side with here and there a glimpse of a purple peak in the distance.

Nothing grand or imposing about this landscape, such as we see in the valleys and mountains of our own dear Utah, just a little nest of a hamlet,—cosy, restful, homelike.

So much for a general view. Let us now to a closer inspection. We have not arisen to the dignity of paved streets as yet, but they are broad, always clean and free from mud. Such articles as rubbers are unknown in our list of necessities. This condition is due to the naturally good drainage; the town sloping from either side to the river bed.

There are many good modern commodious homes, standing in the midst of fruit and shade trees, much as the Salt Lake City homes used to be in the Auld Lang syne, and here resides a people with hopes and aspirations similar to those of all other progressive Latter-day Saints. There is a blessed peace pervading this little spot of earth which is undisturbed by the turmoil of the world. Word comes to us of the excitement, the multitude of troubles that agitate the nations; and our sympathies go out to those who are in the conflict; but we feel almost as secluded and distinctly apart from it all, as though we were inhabitants of another planet.

We here have none of the allurements of so-called modern civilization. Our pleasures and pastimes are pure and natural. Our climate is good; indeed, almost perfect, with neither extreme of heat or cold. Because of this desirable environment and climate, we think it an almost ideal place in which

to rear a family, or send our boys and girls to be educated. This fact is becoming recognized by people of other states, as is evidenced by the attendance of students from Utah, Colorado and Arizona.

We have a splendid school, with an academic department, which is number one in its reputation among our church schools, turning out students who are a credit, not only to their teachers, but to the Church educational system. There is a growing enthusiasm on the educational idea, and a movement is on foot to build an up-to-date academy in the near future, which will substantially express the interest felt. We expect it will be completed by next year.

Many of the better class of natives are coming to us for education; while a number of our graduate students have gone to the various cities of Utah and the City of Mexico for special courses.

This whole region is teeming with historical interest—abounding in novelty for the ethnologist and the dreamer, while for the ordinary dweller, or seeker for a vacation of quiet and peace, it is, as one summer sojourner from El Paso has expressed it, "As near paradise as we may hope to get, in this mundane sphere."



Imaginary eminence is actual humiliation.



Nothing will upbraid you so much as unused faculties.



The world is saved by the breath of school children.—The Talmud.



Thy friend has an acquaintance, and the acquaintance of thy friend also has an acquaintance. Be discreet.—The Talmud.



It is the little rift within the lute
That, by and by, will make the music
mute.

And, ever widening, slowly silence
all. —Tennyson.

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A popular Eastern magazine recently published the statements of nine noted women as to what each would do if she had a million dollars. Clara Morris, the great emotional actress, whose genius, without the aid of physical beauty, wrung the greatest admiration from a critical public, whose ascent, unaided, from obscurity and poverty has filled her life with the richest experience, from out that experience writes:

The possession of a million dollars would make of me a very busy, hopeful and eager woman. My first thought would be to do something to counteract the effect of this great wave of contempt for domestic labor that is emptying homes of comfort and brightness, and carrying hosts of over-educated girls into line with dangerous temptations. I should try to convince a few girls of the dignity and beauty of the commonest household task, perfectly done; that dishwashing is an art, and the turning of a soiled plate into a brilliant, shining thing of beauty is a pleasure as keen as that the artist felt who painted it.



This brings us face to face with a question that is agitating the minds of thinking men and women the world over,—the question that of all others, perhaps, is more nearly vital than any other,—the home and home life. Upon the home rests the well being of the whole human race. Necessarily associated with the home is the performance of "the common household tasks." These

have, as far back as we have any record, been commonly assigned to woman as a part of her work, and very often they have been the only part for which she has had any time. Small wonder that in such cases daughters have come to detest the drudgery which has filled their mother's days, and made of her, who should be the household queen, a worn and broken woman. Small wonder that they have looked, and are looking, for that which will save them from the fate of that much loved being who has been the sacrifice upon the family altar. It is right that they should look, but let them in their search, not go to the other extreme, thinking by an avoidance of home duties and responsibilities to gain that for which we all strive—perfect happiness. Let them turn their minds, bright and active, as I know they are, to the lightening of the household tasks, rather than the avoiding of them. It is commonly claimed that very few of the inventions for making house-work easy have been made by women. Yet we know that women are capable and have done far greater work than the invention of these things. It is not because they are incompetent. Is it not rather because they do the work in a mechanical way, and have their minds on something else they are longing to do? Why should we leave it to men to do all the thinking for us and then complain at them because we never get through?

No man who loves his wife (and what man marries unless he loves?) wishes to see her become a drudge. He may not know how, with the cares and anxieties which beset him, to prevent it; but believe me he does not want it. He may be inexperienced, or even thoughtless, but he is not wilfully so, and you must lead him to see wherein he can help you.



And now some reader is thinking, "All very well in theory," "How do you know so much?" or "Oh, you have a model husband! Try an ordinary mortal and see!" Let me confess to you, I haven't any husband at all. And now I see the smile on one face broaden and catch the sarcastic words "I thought so." But stop little woman! I have had experience in another way. I have a father, and a dozen brothers, and I know them pretty well, too. And I have a few friends among the men. And I know they grieve, even when they cannot help it, to see the burden that falls on the woman's shoulders. And I know how eager they are for the hint, which the daughter or sister gives that will clear the wife's path. "Models they are," you say. Yes, models in some ways, just as are your fathers, brothers, husbands; but they need help to be such, just as we need help of them. Show them your needs, but do it without "nagging."



Have you ever heard of the old gentleman who boasted that he was the head of his house. And of the sweet little wife trudging along by his side, who demurely added:

"Yes, and I am the neck that turns the head."



I once heard it said of a certain

girl, "If she married a man and then found out she was mistaken in him, she'd set about making him what she wanted." And I thought it the greatest compliment that could be paid her, for I knew she would not want anything but what was noble.



Well, if I have drifted, forgive me this time. It all affects the home, you know, and it is for that I plead. I have been thrown a great deal into public life, I know something of the weariness of brain and body which men bring home with them. I know the soothing, refreshing help of a cheery fire, a prettily arranged table, and a joyous welcome. And on the other hand, being a woman, and having had, through some of the years, the responsibility of home-making and housework, I know, too, how difficult it is to have that perfect order for the home coming. But, my dear, all things that are worth having must be striven for. And I know we can not always keep our tempers, and leave worry alone, but it is worth trying. And each success makes the next one that much easier.

To my mind no other luxury in life is so great as that of a true "home," one that is all yours, to which you can come and find that greatest of all boons—peace. Oh, had you been buffeted around the world, living from hand to mouth in boarding houses, restaurants or hotels, you would then know something of why it is a luxury. Even the simplest meal prepared tastefully in a well ordered cottage has a relish for the homesick wanderer that the finest repast at the Waldorf cannot give.



So now we come back to our starting point, and again I urge that

we turn our energies toward making woman's work easier, rather than avoiding it. That we ourselves do not look down upon the household art, for art it is. That in our homes we lead more simple lives, if necessary, but that we try to convince ourselves "of the dignity and beauty of the commonest household task perfectly done." When we accomplish this, we have taken a great step toward the ideal home. The woman who studies her home duties as she would any lesson in school is the one who will make a success of her life and that of her associates in the home.

And if she is called upon to help earn the family living, how much better to take up something that will help to qualify her for a homemaker. How much will it avail, in your own little home nest, that you were a successful saleswoman or an expert typewriter? Or if any unfortunate circumstance should throw you, with a family of children, upon your own resources, what help would that be? The stenography you'd long ago have been forgotten, the fingers, unused and clumsy, would have to again learn the keys of the typewriter. The slender pay given a saleswoman, though sufficient in the old days, when you had only self, will be a pittance now to feed the hungry little mouths. How much better now if you were an expert cook, and could cater for the parties, etc., in your neighborhood, staying with your own little ones to look after them, or could take your old position of professional nurse. Your household art would be added unto, from the day of your marriage, rather than diminished, and you would be that much better qualified than in the old days.



It's worthy a thought, little girl, you who are starting out to earn a

livelihood. Do something that will help your life work. Never look down upon the girl who does domestic labor. The greatest profession now open for women is that of housekeeping, and no competent women need lack a good position.



One of the finest women I know, and one of the greatest culture, too, recently said to me,

"If I had to earn my own living I believe I should turn to housekeeping." She has known the joy of an ideal home, where she has the privilege of doing her own work, and she has known, too, the oftentimes hopeless task of securing competent help for an invalid mother, while women who could make competent housekeepers were slaving their lives out, and sometimes losing all, in the struggle, to keep up appearances and be something "better" than housekeepers. Shame upon the education that encourages such conditions! And we women stand idly by, never lending a hand to change it all, but giving the ball an added impetus by telling of how we "hate" dishwashing, or cooking, or some other housewifely duty! Never realizing that it is not this, but too much of it, without recreation and change, that kills.



No matter what our vocation in life, we all want a home. Let us do what we can to bring brightness and comfort there, and if we put heart and brain into the work, why can we not make of our abode a veritable heaven on earth?



Four shall not enter Paradise: the scoffer, the liar, the hypocrite, and the slanderer. To slander is to murder.—The Talmud.

OFFICERS' NOTES.

The Y. L. N. M. I. Stake conventions have been attended by the following members of the General Board:

August 10th, San Juan, Emma Goddard.

August 29th, East Alberta, Adella W. Eardley.

August 30th, Emery, Julia M. Brixen.

August 31st, Panguitch, Ruth M. Fox.

September 6th, West Alberta, Adella W. Eardley and Alice K. Smith.

Alpine, Conselor Martha H. Tingey.

Beaver, Sarah Eddington.

Benson, Ann M. Cannon.

Bingham, Minnie J. Snow.

Box Elder, Conselor Maria Y. Dougall.

Cassia, Elizabeth C. McCune.

Granite, Lillie T. Freeze and Estelle Neff.

Juab, Joan Campbell.

Malad, Emma Goddard.

San Luis, Julia M. Brixen.

September 7th—Kanab—Ruth M. Fox.

Pocatello, Minnie J. Snow.

September 13th.—Teton—Elizabeth C. McCune.

Union, Adella W. Eardley.

Bannock, Minnie J. Snow.

Big Horn, Helen W. Woodruff.

Tooele, Maria Y. Dougall.

Jordan, Martha H. Tingey.

Nebo, Julia M. Brixen.

Oneida, Sarah Eddington.

Parowan, Emma Goddard.

September 14th—St. George, Ruth M. Fox.

September 20th—Fremont, Elizabeth C. McCune.

Morgan, Adella W. Eardley.

Salt Lake, May Boothe Talmage.

Star Valley, Estelle Neff.

Uintah, Sarah Eddington.

Utah, Martha H. Tingey.

Wasatch, Julia M. Brixen.

Weber, Maria Y. Dougall.

North and South Sanpete, Minnie J. Snow.

September 27th—Bear Lake—Elizabeth C. McCune.

Cache, Minnie J. Snow.

Woodruff, Emma Goddard.

Summit, Joan Campbell.

Wayne, Julia M. Brixen.

Millard, Ann M. Cannon.

Hyrum, Alice K. Smith.

Sevier, Maria Y. Dougall.

North and South Davis, Lillie T. Freeze and Sarah Eddington.

The convention for Maricopa, St. Joseph, St. Johns, Snowflake and Juarez have been held in connection with their respective Stake Conferences, and have been attended by Aggie Campbell.



PRELIMINARY PROGRAMS.

(December 1st, 1903.) Program No. 8.

(Suggested topic for Testimony Meeting—"What have you to be thankful for?")

Devotional Exercises (10 minutes.)

1. Current Historical Events.

2. Extemporaneous Addresses.

3. Music, "Sunshine in My Soul."

(December 8th.) Program No. 9.

(Young Ladies' Subject—Literature A. D. to the 12th Century. Girls, please take note that scattered through the Journal, wherever there is a little space, are quotations from or pertaining to the writings mentioned in the Literary Department.)

1. Current Historical Events.

2. Selections from the Savior's Parables.

3. Music, "A Winter Lullaby."

(December 15th.) Program No. 10.

1. Current Historical Events.

2. Poem, "Two Lovers," George Eliot.

3. Report of Scientific Progress.

4. Music, "The Dawn of Love."

(December 22d.) Program No. 11.

1. Christmas Music during Devotional Exercises.

2. Brief Outline of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and selections therefrom.

3. Song, A Christmas Carol.

(December 29th.) Program No. 12.

1. Current Historical Events.

2. Solo, Laddie.

3. Reading, Tennyson's "Ring Out,

Wild Bells," or Prentiss' "The Closing Year."

4. Instrumental Music.

Conjoint Conferences.

The following appointments have been made for the Conjoint M. I. A. Conferences in the different Stakes:

November 8th, 1903—Utah, Juab.
 November 15th—Alpine, Parowan.
 November 22d—Malad, Emery.
 November 24th—Uintah.
 November 29th—Nebo, South Davis, Hyrum.
 November 30th—Panguitch.
 December 1st—Alberta.
 December 7th—Kanab.
 December 8th—Taylor.
 December 13th—Beaver, Wayne, Bannock, Box Elder.
 December 14th—St. George.

January 10th, 1904—Wasatch, South Sanpete, Bingham, Jordan.

January 11th—San Juan.

January 17th—Woodruff, Oneida, Summit, Granite.

January 19th—San Luis.

January 24th—Benson, Millard, Bear Lake, Tooele.

February 1st—Cassia.

February 14th—Sevier, North Sanpete, Pocatello.

February 15th—Snowflake.

February 21st—Morgan, North Davis.

February 22d—St. Johns.

February 29th—Union.

March 1st—Maricopa.

March 7th—St. Joseph, Big Horn.

March 13th—Fremont.

March 14th—Juarez.

May 8th—Cache, Weber.

July 10th—Star Valley.

July 24th—Teton.

TWO LOVERS.

George Eliot.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:

They leaned soft cheeks together there,

Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
 And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
 O budding time!
 O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stepped:

The bells made happy carolings,

The air was soft as fanning wings,
 White petals on the pathway slept.
 O pure-eyed bride!
 O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:

Two hands above the head were locked;

These pressed each other while they rocked,
 Those watched a life that love had sent.
 O solemn hour!
 O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:

The red light fell about their knees
 On heads that rose by slow degrees
 Like buds upon the lily spire.
 O patient life!
 O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,

The red light shone about their knees;
 But all the heads by slow degrees
 Had gone and left that lonely pair.
 O voyage fast!
 O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor

And made the space between them wide;
 They drew their chairs up side by side,
 Their pale cheeks joined, and said,
 "Once more!"

O memories!
 O past that is!

GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

LESSON XVII.*

MARRIAGE.

(Read Section 132 in Class.)

The important and holy ordinance of marriage is not discussed at length in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, but the statements there made concerning the marriage union are so important as to be worthy the most careful consideration of every daughter of Zion.

In March, 1831, a man by the name of Leman Copley came to Kirtland, Ohio, and joined the Church. Mr. Copley had belonged to the sect called Shaking Quakers, or simply Shakers,—a sect which held very strange views on many important subjects. After his entrance into the Church, Brother Copley still believed that the Shakers perhaps were right in some particulars of their faith. In order to have a more perfect understanding of the subject, the Prophet Joseph inquired of the Lord and received the revelation known as Section 49, which explains many of the Shaker doctrines, and, also, calls upon Leman Copley, Parley P. Pratt and Sidney Rigdon to preach the Gospel to the Shakers.

Among the Shaker doctrines is one which holds that marriage of man and woman is unnecessary, and spiritually degrading. This led the Lord to state that "marriage is ordained of God unto man" and that those who forbiddeth to marry are not ordained of God"(a). As a Church we know that there is no

more elevating ordinance than that of marriage.

Marriage, to be the source of highest happiness, must be entered into with the sanction of the Holy Priesthood, which has the power to marry a man and woman for all eternity(b). If two young people of this or any other church, marry, without being sealed for time and eternity, by some one who has authority, the marriage is not of force in the next world; and even though they have lived good lives, they can become only ministering angels before God(c).

If a young woman of this Church marry a man who has not accepted the Gospel, her contract with the man ceases at death, and she becomes at the best only a ministering angel to those who have obeyed the higher law. This, also, with the young man who marries an unbeliever.

On the other hand, those who are married according to the celestial order will remain married in the next world, and spirits will be born unto them there and they will grow in power and happiness as their posterity increases(d), until by this means they become Gods(e).

Only the Priesthood in this Church has the power to marry for time and eternity; so that it is useless for any man and woman, to make contracts by any other authority believing that they will be in force after death(f).

* Assign this lesson to a mature member of the Association, one possessed of wisdom and the spirit of the gospel.

(a) 49:15-18.

(b) 132:7.

(c) 132:15-17.

(d) 132:19.

(e) 132:20.

(f) 132:18.

All members of the Church may attain the highest degree of the celestial glory of God; but one of the necessary conditions before it can be granted is that the man or woman has entered into marriage which has been sealed for time and eternity(g).

In the plan which governs the earth's existence it is ordained that a certain number of spirits shall be allowed to take earthly bodies and gain the experiences that this earth has to offer. A prime purpose of marriage is to fulfill this plan by allowing children to be born(h). Any person who knowingly thwarts this purpose is subject to God's severest disapprobation.

Married life should be filled with love; the husband should love his wife(i), and the wife should delight in her husband(j).

According to the law of the Church, women have claim on their husbands for maintenance; and should the husband die, the storehouse of the Church shall keep the widow(k).

Section 25 (which read) is a revelation to Emma Smith, wife of the Prophet, and shows beautifully that

(g) 131:1-2; 132:4.

(h) 49:16-17.

(i) 42:22.

(j) 25:14.

(k) 83:2-6.

a wife should be of assistance and comfort to her husband, and that she should find her happiness therein.

Section 132 is the only revelation in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants dealing with the divine institution of marriage. It should be read and understood by the association.

REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

1. What is the object of marriage?
2. Why is it a very serious matter for a young man or woman to marry someone outside of the Church?
3. What kind of marriage is necessary for celestial glory?
4. Read and explain section 132:4-7.
5. Read and explain section 132:15-18.
6. Read and explain section 132:19-20.
7. Was the command in Section 25:5, a pleasure or a hardship to Emma Smith? Why?
8. Where are sealings for "time and eternity" usually performed?
9. Who are the "ministering angels"? (See Sec. 132:15-17.)
10. What is the destiny of those who obey the Law of the Priesthood with regard to marriage?
12. When was section 132 given?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

A. Assign to one or more members the duty of visiting some of the old, faithful sisters of the ward, and afterward telling their life stories to the association.

B. Invite some faithful sister to relate the story of her life. Ask her to mention the things that have made her life most happy.

LESSON XVIII.

CHILDREN.

In the great plan of salvation it is ordained that the spirits who shall take upon themselves mortal tabernacles on this earth shall come to us as children. This arrangement is our glory, for it is through our children that our families shall grow, the work of God continue, and His name be glorified(a). Chil-

dren are God's best earthly gift to man, though with them is attached a heavy responsibility.

Children are sinless, for they are redeemed from the beginning through Christ(b), and are therefore holy and sanctified(c). This is an important doctrine, since so

(a) 132:63.

(b) 29:46; 93:38. But behold I say
(c) 74:6 and 7.

make your little ones are redeemed from
11:16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

many religious denominations teach that children come into the world under the burden of Adam's transgression. Further, children cannot sin, for "power is not given unto Satan to tempt little children, until they begin to become accountable unto me" (d).

Children should be brought before the Church, to be blessed by the elders in the name of Christ (e). This is the custom generally followed in having children blessed in the regular fast meeting. A beautiful story is told of John the Baptist, who was called to prepare the way for Jesus Christ, that he was ordained to his life mission by the angel of God at the time he was eight days old (f).

Children, even though born in the Church, must be baptized when they arrive at years of accountability (g). The age at which baptism shall be performed has been fixed by the Lord at eight years (h). After baptism they should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands.

The Lord has expressly ^{but} commanded that children shall be brought up in light and truth (i) and shall be taught those things that pertain to their salvation. Among the necessary instructions are the subjects of prayer, faith in Christ, repentance, baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost (j). Thus children can enter intelligently into the Church. The Lord called W. W. Phelps to assist in the preparation of books for children, whereby they may receive instruction pleasing to the Lord (k). This shows the im-

portance not only of teaching children, but of teaching them correctly.

Upon the parents rests the duty of teaching their children the law of the Lord (l); and it is one of the heaviest responsibilities borne by God's people, for, if children grow up without being taught right the sin will be upon the heads of the parents (m). Frederick G. Williams and Sidney Rigdon, who were leaders in the Church, were rebuked by the Lord because they had not taught their children light and truth, according to the commandments, and therefore the evil one had power to afflict them (n).

Children have a claim on their parents for their maintenance until they are of age (o).

It should be the aim of all Latter-day Saints to be as children in the purity of their lives, and in the willingness to receive His law; for then we shall receive our Father's Kingdom, be blessed and receive mercy (p).

REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

1. In what respect can it be said that children are our glory?
2. Why are children sinless at their birth?
3. Can children sin?
4. What is the purpose of having children blessed?
5. When should children be baptized? What authority have we for that particular age? *68-28 and 1*
6. Relate the brief story of the childhood of John the Baptist, as found in the Doctrine and Covenants. (84:27, 28.)
7. What should children be taught?
8. Read the rebuke to F. G. Williams and Sidney Rigdon, because they had not brought up their children properly. (93:41-44.)
9. In what particular should we all imitate children?

- (d) 29:46 and 47.
(e) 20:70.
(f) 84:27-28.
(g) 18:42.
(h) 68:27.
(i) 93:40.
(j) 68:25-28.
(k) 55:4.

- (l) 68:25, 26.
(m) 68:25.
(n) 93:41-44.
(o) 83:4-5.
(p) 99:3.

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

A. Have some of the members collate and relate evidences of the truth of the doctrine that those who are well

trained in youth usually become good men and women.

B. Have a teacher of experience (preferably from the kindergarten or primary school) give a brief talk on child nature.

A DAY IN THE LIBRARY.

THIRD HOUR: TO THE TWELFTH CENTURY.



Roman writers of the first century after Christ were: Sēn'eca (born shortly B. C., as mentioned in the first lesson), one of the noblest and greatest men of his time;* Pliny (plīn'ī), author of a natural history in thirty-seven books, who, drawing too near Mt. Vesuvius while it was erupting, was stifled; Ju'venal, the satirist; Tacitus (tās-ī-tus), the historian, whose biography of Agric'ola (a-grīk'-o-la) is one of the finest ever penned; and the younger Pliny, whose letters to the Emperor Trā'jan speak of that "depraved and extravagant superstition," Christianity. Quintillian, (kwīn-tīl'-y-an), the rhetorician, Spanish by birth, was the friend of Juvenal. At his time lived Josēphus, the Jewish historian. A little later Plū'tarch, a Greek, produced his lives of famous Greeks and Romans

arranged in pairs, as "Demosthenes and Cicero," "Alexander and Cæsar," etc. The New Testament was written almost wholly in Greek. Marcus Aure'lius, one of the best emperors of Rome (d. 180 A. D.) is well known for his *Meditations*. Eusebius of Cæsarea, Palestine, known as the father of ecclesiastical history, died in the year 340.

At the end of the fourth century the first part of the Jewish *Talmud** was finished, the second part not being completed until the sixth century.

The *Talmud* is a remarkable book, containing everything from ethics, astronomy, antiquities, and dates down to fairy tales and jests. One of the stories tells how Elijah and a certain rabbi went upon a journey and stopped at the house of a poor man whose only possessions were a wife and a cow. The good people made the strangers as comfortable as possible. However, the next morning the cow died. Then they met a rich man who grudgingly gave them bread and water. Elijah mended a hole in the rich man's wall. Again, they entered a synagogue and asked for a night's lodging. They were refused. Elijah, departing, said courteously: "I hope you will all be made presidents." At another synagogue where they were given fine accommodations, Elijah wished that but one president should be over them. The rabbi

* Seneca was first tutor, afterwards consul to Nero. But the Emperor had become so wicked that he hated Seneca and had him charged with conspiracy and condemned to death. Nero took his wealth.

* "Talmud" means "doctrine."

was puzzled and asked Elijah to explain himself. He did so thus:

"In regard to the poor man who received us so hospitably, it was decreed that his wife was to die that night, but, in reward for his kindness, God took the cow instead of the wife. I repaired the wall of the rich miser because a chest of gold was concealed near the place, and if the miser had repaired the wall he would have discovered the treasure. I said to the inhospitable synagogue, 'May each member be president,' because no one can serve two masters. I said to the hospitable synagogue, 'May you have but one president,' because with one head there can be no divisions of counsel. Say not, therefore, to the Lord, 'What doest Thou?' but say in thy heart, 'Must not the Lord of all the earth do right?'"

Another tale is:

Rabbi Meir was sitting on the Sabbath day and instructing the people in the synagogue. In the meantime his two sons died. * * * His wife carried the dead bodies into the upper room, laid them on the bed, and spread a white cloth over them. In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my sons?" enquired he, "that I may give them my blessing?" * * * "They cannot be far off," said she, and set before him something to eat. When he had given thanks after the report, she said, "Rabbi, grant me a request." "Speak, my love!" answered he.

"A few days ago a person gave me some jewels to take care of, and now he asks for them again. Shall I give them back to him?" "This my wife should not need to ask," said Rabbi Meir. "Wouldst thou hesitate to return everyone his own?" "Oh, no!" replied she, "but I would not return them without your knowledge."

Soon after she led him to the upper room, approached, and took the cloth off the dead bodies. "O, my sons!" exclaimed the father sorrowfully, "My sons!" She turned away and wept. At length she took his hand and said: "Rabbi, hast thou not taught me that we must not refuse to return that which hath been entrusted to our care? Behold, the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; praised be the name of the Lord."

"The name of the Lord be praised!" rejoined Rabbi Meir. "It is well said: 'He who hath a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

In the sixth century, probably earlier, we have our old Anglo-Saxon epic, *Be'-o-wulf*. There is nothing English in the scene. That is laid in Denmark. Beowulf is, of course, a mythological hero. The poem tells of Grendel, a monster but half human, who dwelt in a moor, near the sea, and who for several years made attacks upon the followers of a king who had built his castle on the edge of the moor. Beowulf (warwolf), the strongest living man, came to this king's assistance.

Then came from the moor under the misty hills, Grendel stalking: * * * he rushed straight on the door, fast with fire-hardened bands, struck with his hands, dragged open the hall's mouth: quickly then trod the fiend on the stained floor, went wroth of mood, and from his eyes stood forth a loathesome light, likeliest to flame. He saw in the house many war men sleeping all together, then was his mood laughter. * * * The wretched wight seized quickly a sleeping warrior, slit him unawares, bit his bone locker, drank his blood, in morsels swallowed him: soon had he eaten all, feet and fingers. Nearer forth he stepped, laid hands upon the doughty-minded warrior at his rest, but Beowulf reached forth a hand and hung upon his arm. * * * The hall thundered, the ale of all the Danes and earls was spilt. Angry fierce were the strong fighters, the hall was full of the din.

Beowulf's friends tried to help him by thrusting at Grendel with their swords, but "no war blade would cut into the wicked scather." Finally Beowulf tore off the arm and shoulder of his antagonist, who fled away to die. His fiend mother, however, came to avenge him, and Beowulf had another battle. He followed her to her sea cave and

killed her. Later, in his old age, he killed a dragon who ravaged the country because the hidden treasure he guarded had been stolen. The dragon's fiery breath, however, proved too much for the brave old warrior. He died, and the epic ends.

"The whole poem, Pagan as it is, is English to its very root. It is sacred to us, our Genesis, the book of our origins."*

Early in the seventh century (620) came the *Kō-ran* or *kō-rān'*, the sacred book of the Mohammedians. They believe that sometimes the angel Gab'riel, sometimes God Himself, dictated to Mohammed, and they therefore, honor its teachings, and handle it with the utmost reverence. The *Koran*† teaches that there is but one God, one true religion, and that Moses, Christ, and Mohammed were the greatest of all prophets sent to bring straying mankind back to the truth. Gabriel is God's right-hand angel, not the one to "blow his trumpet in the morning." Israfil, "whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures" is the angel of the resurrection. On the Judgment Day, the souls of the dead will be thrown into Israfil's trumpet and he will blow them out like a great crowd of insects to fill all space. Azrael, as in the *Talmud*, is the angel of death.

The Arabs looked upon baby girls with such pleasurable(?) emotions that they often buried them alive. The following extract from the *Koran* rebukes certain people who call the angels daughters of God:

They attribute daughters unto God; (far be it from him!) but unto themselves children of the sex which they desire.* And when any of them is told of the birth of a female, his face becometh black,† and he is deeply afflicted: he hideth himself from the people, because of the ill-tidings which have been told him; considering within himself whether he shall keep it with disgrace, or whether he shall bury it in the dust.

Mohammed thinks that the Creator would have had judgment to keep what an ordinary man kills to be rid of.

On the whole, the *Koran* is rather an uninteresting mixture of things that do not seem sensible. It lacks the poetic expression that you naturally expect. Mohammed tried too hard to be a prophet.

In the last half of the seventh century (about 670), Cædmon (kād'mon) gives us the real beginning of English poetry. *Beowulf* came from the continent, but Cædmon's poetical version of the Bible is a product of Yorkshire. There was an abbey where he dwelt, founded by St. Hilda, a lady of royal birth, who had become a Christian. Cædmon became a "brother" and lived in the abbey for ten years prior to his death. He is often referred to as "the monk of Whitby," that being the name of the Yorkshire town where the abbey was. When Cædmon died Bæda (called the Venerable Bede), was about eleven years old. He became the most learned man of his time. It is from his history that we discover how Cædmon "did not learn the art of poetry from men, nor of men, but of God." Bede writes:

Cædmon was a brother in her (Hilda's) monastery, specially distinguished by divine grace, for he used to make songs apt to religion and

* A good little book to have is Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price 35 cents.

† "Koran" means "the book to be read."

* i. e., sons.

† shadowed by chagrin.

piety; so that, whatever he learnt through interpreters of Holy Writ, this he, after a little while, composed in poetical words, and, with the utmost sweetness and feeling, would produce in his own English tongue. By his songs often the minds of many were made to glow with contempt of earthly and desire for heavenly things. He was a layman until of mature years, and had never learned any poem. Sometimes, therefore, at a feast when, for the sake of pleasure, all should sing in their turn, he, seeing the harp coming near him, rose from the table and went home. Once, having left the house of festivity, he went out to the stables of the beasts, care of which on that night was entrusted to him, and there, when at the usual hour, he had yielded to sleep, one stood by him, saluting him and calling him by name: "Cædmon, sing me something." "I cannot sing," said he, "I have gone hither out of the feast because I could not sing." Again spoke the other, "But you shall sing to me." "What ought I to sing?" said he, and the other answered, "Sing the origin of creatures." Having received this answer he immediately began to sing to the praise of God the Creator verses meaning thus:

"Now ought we to praise the author of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and His counsel, the deeds of the Father of glory. How He, being the eternal God, became the author of all marvels; the Almighty Guardian, who created for the sons of men first heaven for their roof, and then the earth."

Cædmon, awakening, remembered some of the lines, and made others similar. These he related to the steward, and by him was led to the abbess who ordered him to tell his dream, and repeat his poem. A portion of sacred history was read to him and he was directed to put it in verse. This he did by the next day, and the abbess then advised him to become a monk. Having done so, he was taught the sacred history, and by remembering and ruminating, like a clean animal, he turned it into sweetest verse, making his teachers in turn his hearers.

Cædmon probably inspired Milton's *Paradise Lost*. He tells how the Lord 'shaped the angels with His hands, gave them intellect, and placed them in happiness.'

And to one

He added prevalence and might of thought,
Sway over much, next highest to Himself
In Heaven's realm. Him He had wrought so bright
That pure as starlight was in heaven the form,
Which God, the Lord of hosts, had given him.
* * * * * But he perverted it,
Against Heaven's highest Lord he lifted war.

* * * * *

Then was the Mighty wroth, Heaven's highest Lord
Cast him from His high seat, for he had brought
His Master's hate on him. His favor lost,
The good was angered against him, and he
Must therefore seek the depth of Hell's fierce pains.*

In the eighth century, we have Charlemagne and Haroun Al Raschid (*hah-roon'-al-rash'id*) caliph of Bagdad, about whom clings the delightful air of legend. In the second half of the ninth century the Norwegians settled in Ireland to hand down from there some of the finest myths in all myth-lore. At this time, Alfred the Great, noble, scholarly, warlike and wise, was doing good for England in literature as well as government. Roswitha, a nun, and the first German poetess, lived in the tenth century (920-965). She was the first European dramatist. Her plays are of the "realistic" order, and were written in Latin.

At the end of the eleventh century and the beginning of the twelfth (1050-1121) comes the Persian poet, O'mar Kayy'am (O'mar the Tent-maker)† with his magnificent

* It must be remembered that the English extracts have been modernized. We could not read the Anglo-Saxon.

† Omar himself was not a tent-maker, but a great mathematician and astronomer, as well as poet.

Rub'aiyat (Quatrains). It is a rare, pessimistic drinking song, full of the philosophy: We know not whence we come, we know not whither we go; fill the cup and let us be as gay as we can in this miserable world!

Omar sings to his sweetheart:

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!*

* * * * *

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
Today of past Regrets and future Fears:

To-morrow! Why, To-morrow I may be

Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

* * * * *

Oh, threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!

One thing at least is certain—This Life flies;

One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;

The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

* * * * *

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,

And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell":

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,

And Hell the shadow from a Soul on fire,

Cast on the Darkness into which Our-selves,

So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go

Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held

In Midnight by the Master of the show.

* Enough.

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays,
Upon this Checker-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

* * * * *

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ.

Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line.

Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.



REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

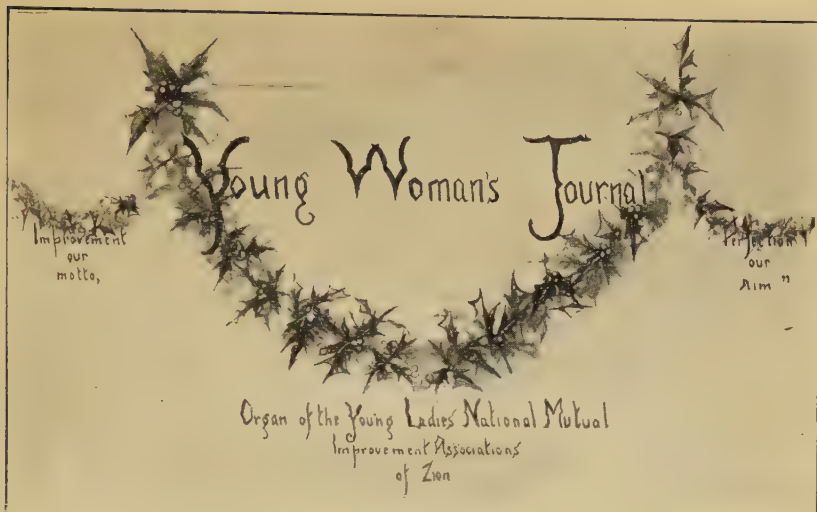
1. Who were the writers of the first century?
2. Who were the New Testament writers?
3. Give one of Christ's parables.
4. Why do you suppose Christ spoke in parables?
5. Read the verses that you think the most beautiful of the Sermon on the Mount.
6. What is the Talmud?
7. Tell the story of Elijah and the rabbi.
8. Tell the story of the rabbi whose two sons died.
9. Relate briefly the Spanish Jew's tale, "The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi" found in part first of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."
10. In part three tell the Jew's tale of "Azrael."
11. Read Longfellow's "Sandalphon."
12. What is "Beowulf?"
13. Tell the story of Beowulf.
14. What is the Koran?
15. Who is Israfil?
16. Who is Azrael?
17. Where are these angels mentioned?
18. Did the Mohammedans think so much of girls as boys?
19. Who was Cædmon?
20. Who was Baeda?
21. How did Cædmon find out that he was a poet?
22. Why should we know more about English literature than the literature of other nations?
23. What does Cædmon say of the fall of Satan?
24. From what scriptural references do you think he got his idea?
25. Who was Roswitha?
26. Read the verses from the "Rubaiyat."
27. Do you like Omar's philosophy? Does it agree with ours?
28. Do you like Omar's poetry? Why?
29. What is a quatrain?

Her holy eyes, praise God! are not yet dark
With the dread shadow of the awful cross;
She only hears the angel cherubim
Sing to her Child, while higher angels hark.



Blessed of Women! She has seen unrolled
The mighty scroll of the Omniscient Word,
Was set aside ere earth was formed to hold
Within her arms the Savior of the World.

—*Kate Thomas.*



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JUDGMENT.

Annie Pike.

When I died,
An angel met me at the Gate
Of Heaven and cried,
"What hast thou done of weight,
Or worth?
On earth
Since thy terrestrial birth,
That thou so full of sin
Shouldst enter in?"

I took my heart into my hand,
And laid it bare;
So many sins and faults were graven there,
I did not dare
To lift my head,
Or answer to demand.

'Twas the angel said,
"Is it not true, you shirked—
While others worked—
The labor of house and field,
For books and for a song;
And all day long
You sang that song—
Not an immortal song,
But one of foolish rhyming reeled,
That tried to crown a tender thought?"

"Question me not!"
I trembling said;

"When I was living seemed so good the thing,
 But now that I am dead,
 So senseless is the little song I sung!
 I was so young!
 Let me go back and work as others do;
 I cannot sue
 To enter in,
 Knowing the song I loved to sing
 Has been
 My greatest sin."

Then said the angel dreaded,
 "Genius that sings but one immortal song
 To make men strong
 Must by that right in Heaven belong;
 But thou who wedded
 Dumb music to a dead thought—
 What hast thou wrought?
 If your song could
 Measure an inch of good,
 Or where or how,
 Tell me—thou!"

"A little child died;
 At its side,
 My words I sung at the mother's quest,
 I told her why
 I thought God meant the little child should die;
 And while I sang she said it gave her rest
 And peace, and that, God must know best."

"Is that all?" the angel said.

"An old man with whitened head,
 And fingers fumbling,
 And weak, stumbling
 Steps, and eyes that looked on graves
 Behind, and then before on graves,
 I sang my song to him,
 And saw the light
 In his dim
 Old eyes grow bright,
 While I sang the song—
 And with tears he kissed me for the song."

"Canst nothing better say?"

"I had a sister who put her heart in the highway,
 In the highway she laid it for a man to walk on,
 And when he was gone,
 Foolish sister! she tried to make it whole,
 Where it was crushed she tried to make it whole,
 And I, seeing the agonizing blur
 Blinding her soul,
 I sang to her—

Oh, had I power for nobler work instead!—
Her wet cheek pressed to mine, 'I love thee!' she said."

"And that is all?"

"I cannot call
It much—my brother, when
He stumbled and was like to fall,
Heard my poor lay and walked upright again."

"But there were men,"
Said the angel, "who laughed at thy lay."

"There were many men,"
I murmured, ashamed,
"Who mocked when I was named;
Who would say,
That he who tills the land
Is king of me who walk with idle hand."

"But when men laid thy folly bare,
Was not thy heart sad?"

"This was the joy I had;
That I could turn my song into a prayer,
And that God hearing me would understand;—
Men never knew the greater work I planned!"

"Why did you sing?
Why fling
Your useless chirp on the unheeding air?
What gay attire did your fancy wear?
Poor little sparrow, can it be
You dreamed of immortality?"

"I only wept and hung my head,
And said,
"My heart was full; I knew
No other thing
To do
Than sing!"

Then the air throbbed space—
I felt a Voice sink through the awful space,
"Turn thy face
Toward me, child of the Christ-loved land,
I understand!
I demand
Nothing I did not give:
And in that thought let all men live!
The cup shall be given not as men think,
But he who is athirst shall drink.
Not by the earth-bent task nor the earth-forgotten song
Shall men be judged, but whether it came
Warm from the heart with right or wrong
Impulse, or aim;

He who saves but his brother saves the race,
 And if it comfort but one, it lightens my task,
 And this is all that I ask!
 Sing! ye who feel it! Work! who possesses the grace;
 He who sings or he who works with his hand,
 I understand!
 He is welcome—and this is the test—
 Who sings but a feeble song if that song be his best!
 Not the honest task nor the earnest song, though made with defect,
 But the work of the man who might have done better shall I reject!
 The chirp of the sparrow I love with the nightingale's song—
 Though *men* listen not, each in my choir belong!"

BUILD FOR THE FUTURE.

Matthias F. Cowley.

We congratulate the daughters of Zion on their being, like the Prophet Nephi, born of goodly parents; of fathers and mothers who, as did our father Abraham, go out from the lands of spiritual darkness to the place appointed of God for the gathering of His people,—to the Land of Zion where the Church of Christ, in the last days has been established never again to be taken from the earth,—the land of Adam, of Jared and his brother Mahonri-Moriancum; the land of Joseph and of his posterity afterwards, where the pure in heart should find an asylum of peace and rest.

The mothers of our young ladies have toiled and suffered for the Gospel's sake. Their self-denial and devotion to righteous principles, guided by the hand of Omnipotence has made them the noblest mothers in the world. They have been earnest, thorough and sincere. What they have done has been done well. Pre-natal conditions, youthful environments and above all pre-existent characteristics has produced in their posterity vital powers, virtue, truth and earnest thrift.

The prospects of the daughters are

great, for the purposes of the Lord in them are the grandest and the noblest ever predetermined for any generation of women since the worlds began. Withal, the responsibilities resting upon them are correspondingly great and important.

"What's worth doing at all is worth doing well" is an old adage and a true one. It is a singular fact in this world of hallucinations that evil things are often well done and many people are in deadly earnest in a bad cause while many who know the truth and have espoused a good cause manifest a spirit of contented indifference. It has been said concerning the Latter-day Saints, "Our enemies are active; our friends passive." The young ladies of Zion, as well as the boys, should be earnest in every good word and deed, especially in their efforts to understand the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. They should make it a part of their very being. They should feel the Gospel in spirit and in truth, and not merely know it from an intellectual standpoint.

In every walk of life we see indifferent, half-completed work.



PHOTO BY FOX & SYMONS.

APOSTLE MATTHIAS F. COWLEY.

Girls become infatuated with pleasure-seeking, and by constant indulgence are often blinded to the useful achievements of house-work and industrial pursuits so essential to their well-being. "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." The gambler is infatuated with his profession. A man will stand at the pool table for hours and push a billiard ball with a wooden stick, or sit at a table playing cards, completely absorbed, it may be for fun, but most generally it is with ambitions to outdo his companion and win sums of money. When the game is over he sleeps and dreams of gambling. What has he learned? What good has he done to humanity? None at all, and even if his playing has not been for money he has wasted time and talent.

In our pursuits of recreation it is right to be sincere and earnest, but these pastimes should be elevating and refining. The games employed by the gambler will too often lead to drunkenness and other kindred evils. The young ladies of course do not gamble or engage in the grosser evils, but they have a great mission to help reform the opposite sex and wield a good influence. Many a wayward young man has been saved from ruin and degradation by the influence of his mother, his wife, his sister or his sweetheart. Any young woman who fails to exert her influence for good over her associates, whether boys or girls, is guilty of a wrong. "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is a sin."

President Joseph F. Smith has re-

cently advised us against the wasting of time and talent in playing cards. In this counsel, his brethren in authority are one with him. We hope that the girls and boys, as well as the men and women, will all heed this counsel. If they do, the blessings of the Lord will attend them and they will see more clearly by the light of the spirit of truth the propriety of it. Let me here incidentally remind the young ladies that right-spirited obedience to the counsel of the presidency of the Church will, in due time, be attended by a personal and convincing testimony that the counsel is right.

Be thorough in every laudable work. If some one else can do the same thing well in half the time you can, don't be discouraged. Don't try to imitate others, be your own natural self, and exercise the gifts and talents with which the Lord has endowed you.

If your financial limitations will not permit you to wear as costly clothing as your neighbor, don't feel ashamed, and don't coax father or mother to encumber themselves to assist you to do so. Contentedness, the spirit of the Lord, the living within one's income,—these are the gems of true life and conduct.

Our Heavenly Father never designed monotony in His creation. The scientist tells us that no two blades of grass are alike, and that no two beans upon a parent stem agree as to size and color. The earth is diversified with mountains, hills, valleys, oceans, lakes, gulfs and rivers to please the eye of man. The soil, the climate and the vegetation all vary for the benefit of mankind and the glory of God. So it is with the gifts, talents and blessings of men and women; all have a place to fill, and no matter how strikingly diverse, they are centers for some force or power.

Our young ladies are especially blessed with bright minds. The Lord has said that "To every man is given a gift by the spirit of God." (Doc. & Cov., 42:7.) There are many gifts and every daughter in Zion may be the recipient of one or more thereof. Without cultivation these gifts may lie dormant and in time be taken away as the talent was from the slothful servant. The Lord has said,

"But with some I am not well pleased, for thy will not open their mouths but hide the talent which I have given them, because of the fear of man. Wo unto such, for mine anger is kindled against them. And it shall come to pass if they are not more faithful unto me, it shall be taken away that which they have." (Doc. & Cov. 60:2, 3.)

The principle thus involved applies to all the Saints alike, men and women, and to every form of labor contemplated in intelligence and truth. To exercise the talents given us we must know what they are and be guided by the inspiration of the Lord to use them properly.

President John Taylor used to tell the young people to do their work thoroughly. He said, "When people look at your work, they will not ask, How long did it take to complete it? but, Who did it?" In what we say and do we should be influenced by the question, What effect will my expressions or my labors have upon the future? The Prophet Joseph Smith taught this.

Evil work and evil deeds may be said and done in obscurity,—in the darkness of the night, but daylight will follow and reveal. So, our words and actions record themselves in some way, whether comprehensible to man or not. They do not fade away as the dew before the sun's direct ray, but remain firm and everlasting as the "Rock of Ages."

As the constant ticking syllables of time remind every human being that he is fast approaching the great change which comes by dissolution of the body and the flight of the spirit, so sure and certain does his memory go back to the scenes of youth. The aged man oftentimes remembers more clearly the playmates of his boyhood than he does the faces of his friends which he looked upon only last week or yesterday. So as he breaks away from this temple of clay and is ushered into the spirit world, or as he rises with the just, there dawn upon his memory in perfect clearness the scenes and associations of his pre-existent state. He is a witness of all his deeds and words, he needs no accusers.

The Prophet Nephi tells us that the spirit which possesses our bodies when we lay them in the grave will have power to possess them in the eternal world. Death does not so change the spirit of man as to waft him from a state of sin to one of righteousness. His spirit remains the same. He must obey the law of God before he can reap the blessings. His agency is not taken away, he enjoyed and exercised it in the world before, he does the same in this world and will to all eternity. If his course has been evil in this earthly probation, his actions have not only brought ultimate misery and woe to himself, but in many instances blighted the peace and happiness of others not accountable for his sins. In the great hereafter when, "He who is filthy shall remain filthy still," his sinful desires may not be gratified and they certainly will not when the results would bring misery to others. The righteous will be free from the grasp of the wicked. The wicked will dwell in a state of misery and torment. Again, the Prophet Nephi tells us

that the devil shall have no power over the spirits of the righteous after they leave this world. The great reward for the living of a righteous life is the bright recollection of good deeds and the eventful salvation from the grasp and influence of sin.

One of the twelve apostles in this age, a man now past three score years, who has served God and kept His commandments from childhood, who was prostrated near to death's door and had no thought of recovery, bears testimony that his memory reverted without effort to his good deeds, and labors of love for the welfare and salvation of humankind. His little errors and mistakes were not remembered and his soul was full of inexpressible joy and gladness. This, my young sisters, is a practical instance of the state of a righteous man or woman when they are passing from this life to the one beyond. "Death is sweet unto them." The grave has no victory and death has no sting.

"It does not pay to sin" were familiar words of President Woodruff. How important that our lives should be pure, our spirits obedient and our souls sincere. This life is but a span, a drop in the mighty ocean, a grain of sand upon the seashore. Carlyle calls it, "A dream between two eternities." And yet how important! It is a life of trial, temptation and test. Shall we be weighed in the balance and found wanting? No, not the daughters of Zion. Let them fill the great destiny in store for them by the Providences of our Eternal Father and they will be as ministering angels of salvation in this life and enjoy a fullness of eternal glory in the mansions of the Father.



"It is not enough to have great qualities; we must also have the management of them."

SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN NORWAY.

Anna C. Gaarden Widtsoe.

As soon as the month of November draws near, the Norwegian people begin to think about Christmas, since every Christmas-gift, in order that it may be properly esteemed by the receiver, must be made by the giver's own hands. Winter and the season of northern darkness, have then already begun.

The young men, who are nearly all trained in fine wood-work and carving, employ the long winter evenings of the two months before Christmas to prepare various articles of wood for presents. This takes considerable time; for each gift, when it is finished, may be called a work of art, and bears witness to the skill and the poetic sense, which the imposing northern winter, together with the idyllic summer, has given the people as cradle-gift. A boy's relatives and girl-friends are they who receive at Yule these beautiful gifts, which he has labored so diligently to prepare.

The girls are no less busily occupied during these months. Besides spinning and weaving some new article for herself, a girl must also prepare gifts for her relatives and friends. Usually she gives to her boy-friend some thread which she has herself spun, twisted, and bleached, and which must be of flax. The quality of the thread and the bleaching, yes, even the manner in which the little skein is made, tell much concerning the girl's ability and character. It is designed that this thread shall be carried by the boy on his voyages, and is then used for such work as may be needed while he is away from home. Thus, this simple thread has

a romantic significance. When it is at hand, the boy's thoughts revert to the girl who gave it him and to the last Yule-time, and it becomes a bond between him and home.

The Christmas-thread is nearly always accompanied with other gifts; such as garters, mittens, slippers and many other things. These are prepared in various ways: some are woven in little hand-loom not more than a foot square; others are knitted; and many are embroidered. Young people never give each other sharp-edged gifts of any kind for they bring ill-luck.

As in all other places where it is observed, Christmas is in Norway the children's festival; the more so, since both old and young become children in spirit during the celebration.

Norwegian children are taught to believe in a large Christmas-goat, which is very generous and kind to good children, but punishes bad ones. The Christmas-goat comes into the living-room at five o'clock in the evening, and brings the children's presents. These are distributed the same evening (Christmas eve). The goat takes her place under the table and remains there until eight o'clock Christmas morning. Then the children look under the table; and if there are found three or more grains of barley, the following year will be prosperous; but if there is but one, or none, there will follow an unfavorable year. Christmas-gifts for the children are of course common in Norway as here. No child must be forgotten: all must receive some new present.

When Christmas week draws

nigh, there is a tremendous bustle: people work then nearly day and night. There must be brewed and baked and slaughtered and cooked enough for a week, or better, two; for Christmas in Norway is not a one-day affair, but lasts for thirteen days or more. The Norwegian peasant knows no such thing as an eight-hour day. His working day, all the year round, is twelve, fourteen or sixteen hours long. But, in return, his Christmas is two weeks long, and sometimes more. He can then get much-needed rest, and yet find time to visit and to receive visitors.

Christmas eve all the domestic animals are given double rations, and to each is said: "Now, you must eat well and be comfortable. Tonight is Christmas eve." The little birds are also remembered. The peasant places with his own hands a sheaf of grain, and sometimes two or more, upon the roof, and invites all birds to come and feast. That night the gray sparrow is allowed to eat with the dove; for all must feel that it is Yule.

The supper consists of cream-mush, with roast pork or *luddefisk*. Every one must taste of the Christmas mush. Even the brownie has his portion of mush and milk carried to the hay-loft, where, it is believed, he dwells during the cold season. Christmas eve no wayfarer can be denied shelter; and none that is needy must be left in want of food.

After supper, the members of the family, both master and servant, take each other by the hand and say 'thanks for the food,' after which they sing the well-known Christmas carol: "A Little Child, so pleasant, is born for us on earth." Then the Christmas tree is brought forth, all adorned with candles and pretty gifts. The candles

are lighted; the gifts are distributed; and thus the tree becomes the symbol of the highest Christmas joy. One or more candles burn during the whole night, in honor of the new-born Child. The young members of the family stay up until the dawn, or at least till midnight, at which hour it is supposed the Lord was born. This also is done in honor of the Christmas Child.

The older folks retire a little after midnight, but are awakened early by the neighbors who come to wish them a merry Christmas, and bring wine and cake. They drink together the new-born King's *skaal*, after which each returns to his own home. No further visits are made that day, for Christmas is the holiest day in the year. People go to church, greet each other when they meet, and pass the rest of the day in quietness with the family.

These simple ceremonies speak clearly enough of the people's earnestness, of their childlike faith, and of their great respect for the Divine, according to the light they have. Such a people would, without doubt, become very zealous, obedient, and faithful, if brought into the gospel's light.

When Christmas day is past, the holiday amusements begin with parties, sleighing, coasting, skating, and *ski*-racing. These sports last until the thirteenth day after Christmas. The thirteenth day is celebrated in memory of the three wise men who came from the East and presented to the Christ Child, gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Christmas sports are continued moderately for yet another seven days, but then all festivities end, and life begins again its accustomed round.

In the cities, Christmas is celebrated in about the same way that it is here. At five o'clock Christ-

mas eve, however, the festival season is begun with an hour's ringing and chiming of church bells. The Christmas goat here also brings gifts and Christmas goodies to the children. Not long since it was customary for twelve boys, representing the shepherds of Bethlehem, to go along the streets and sing Christmas lays. The leader carried a large, shining star, representing that which guided the Wise Men to the place where the Child was found in the manger. The boys received gifts of money from

the rich before whose houses they sang. But this custom has now passed away.

Christmas, then, is in the far North also the greatest festival day of the year. No other holiday can be compared to it. It is this year as much a day of festive joy as it was centuries ago, and the song of peace on earth, and good will toward men, is as welcome and as new today as it was that first Christmas morning when the angels sang together.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

Edyth Ellerbeck.

The dense group of small boys and idlers jostling one another roughly about the vendor's wagon made an opening with guilty haste as the determined-looking young physician approached. Teasing an infuriated Chinaman lost its charm under the menace in those blazing gray eyes, and even the ring-leaders of the "gang" retreated to the gutter to watch developments. The Chinaman, not noticing the appearance of the physician, raised his whip again over his prostrate horse and brought it down with a cruel whack upon the quivering, skinny flank.

"Stop that!" With a roar of anger the young man sprang for the Chinaman, and wrenching the whip from his hands, turned as if to use it upon the human brute. A torrent of Oriental oaths fell from the vendor's yellow lips as he danced up and down in impotent rage, and finally, robbed of his whip, began to kick at the now gasping horse.

Then the lash descended, and under its chastening sting the Chinaman subsided and grovelled like a dog as the physician bent over the dying animal.

The poor beast, starved and driven to death, had slipped, going down the steep hill and one shaft broken by the fall had made a cruel wound in his side. The doctor drew his lips tight as he made a careful examination of the hurt. As he rose a policeman, as always tardy, came hurrying up, bustling and fuming with importance. At sight of the small silver star of the Humane Society gleaming on the physician's coat, however, his pompous air subsided somewhat and he listened respectfully to the brief orders the other had to give.

There was a short colloquy and then the policeman, resuming his important air, drew from his pocket a small revolver. Reading his intention in the act, the Chinaman sprang forward with an ugly menace in his little slant eyes. A

threatening flourish of a club made him cower back sullenly; and a moment later a report rang out.

The little tragedy had taken place just outside the Osbourne Home for the Aged, and as the physician appeared at the gate to make his morning calls a curious throng of the old inmates, out in the yard in defiance of cold and rheumatism, pressed about him with eager questions. "That Chinaman starves his horses and then beats them to death if they break down," he explained, his indignation not yet cooled. "That poor beast was suffering tortures—would have died anyway—we merely put him out of his misery a little sooner. Don't let it upset you," he said kindly to some excited old women—"it was only humane to shoot the animal. I wish you would always report to me when you see an animal ill-treated. Now you had better go in,—this weather isn't May, you know, and I shall have you all on my hands if I don't look out."

"All money in your pocket, doctor," spoke up an animated old man with a sly, good-humored smile.

"Now there you're wrong," the doctor returned in the same jocular manner, "I'm paid for you all 'by the lump'"—so you see it is to my advantage to keep most of you well! So take your rheumatism out of this raw air or I'll charge you up for my valuable time. You see you can't all be so young as Daddy White here." This last was the standard joke of the Home, and was received with the usual delighted laughter in thin cackling voices. "Daddy" White was the oldest man in the institution, but his bright, unclouded mind and boyish love of a joke had kept his spirit youthful though his body was bent and twisted with the ills of old age.

The old fellow joined in the

laughter, but the observant young physician noticed that for once there was a strained note in his laugh, and his eyes held no hint of mirth. As the doctor approached to assist his feeble steps he trembled as with extreme weakness. Friendly as well as professional solicitude gleamed in the doctor's eyes, now free from anger and full of sympathy for the old man, and there was the tenderness of a son in the way he helped his aged patient up the steps into the bare room that Daddy White called home. The doctor's strong arm lifted the shrunken form into the one easy chair, and then sat down for one of the social chats that he always looked forward to with this intelligent old man. But today Daddy failed to respond. A moody, discouraged look clouded his wrinkled face, and a nervous clasp and unclasp of his rheumatic fingers betrayed an unusual state of mind. The doctor sat regarding him in puzzled silence for a moment or two, and then asked gently:

"Are you feeling worse, Daddy?—asthma giving you trouble?"

"No, not *worse*," the old man replied with curious emphasis, "but I'm discouraged," he said with an odd quiver in his usually steady voice.

"Why?—tell me how I can help you," urged the doctor, still puzzled. "You know I'll do anything in my power for you."

Daddy White was silent for a moment, then asked suddenly,

"Will you answer me some questions?"

The doctor was used to the old man's queer ways and laughed good-naturedly as he replied,

"Certainly if I can."

"Well, then first you tell me why you had that horse shot." The weak old eyes gazed out from under his

shaggy brows with a strange glow in their depths.

"Why, just as I explained to all of you,—the animal was fatally wounded and I wished to put him out of his misery as quickly as possible. It was the only humane thing to do," he concluded, surprised at the old man's strange manner.

"Of course, of course. Nobody doubts that. And do you always do it—never let a poor suffering creature linger on in agony?"

"Certainly not,—a bullet or sometimes a few drops of chloroform are often the only remedy for an animal's suffering. I cannot endure the sight of a dumb creature in pain—and I never permit it to continue a moment if I know the case is hopeless." The doctor spoke emphatically, the lines of his still boyish face alight and earnest.

"Dumb creatures, eh?" the old man broke in earnestly,—“and if they're not dumb they can writhe in torture and you'll not care! They can be old and poor, a burden to themselves and everybody else; they can suffer death in life every day—but no bullet or chloroform for them. And you call yourself humane!"

"Daddy White!" cried the doctor, aghast, suddenly catching the drift of the old man's tirade. "You don't understand what you're talking about. It's a different matter—no man has a right to tamper with human souls!"

"Who spoke about souls? It's human bodies I'm talking about—bodies that have nerves to suffer a million times more than a horse or a dog! What have I been for years?—a shrivelled up bag of aching bones, suffering more every hour than you'd let a dog suffer a minute. You've known since the beginning that I couldn't get well—and who would want to at eighty-

three? Oh, you're humane, you are!"

"You are not yourself," the doctor said soothingly, though the old man's accusing eyes had made him suddenly conscious of a terrible responsibility. "You have let yourself get worked up. Why, I've considered you my model patient,—I've never heard you complain before. What has disturbed you so?"

"Seeing you kinder to a horse than you are to me," was Daddy's reply, but given reproachfully, no longer angrily.

"Daddy, don't!" begged the doctor, "this kind of talk can't do any good; it hurts you and it pains me. I must see my other patients now. Tomorrow you will tell me that you didn't mean a word of this. Good-bye,—I'll leave your medicine with the matron."

The old man tried to hold out against the kindness in the doctor's voice, but the look of genuine pity and concern that filled the youthful gray eyes was too much for him, and he held out both twisted hands with a gesture of appeal:

"Don't mind me, then,—I'm not worth worrying about. And doctor, don't tell anyone I complained—I've never lost my grip before."

"You may trust me. I've never heard a moan from you till now, and I know what you have had to bear. Hold on to your courage and I'll help you all I can." He nodded kindly to the old man and slowly and thoughtfully left to make his other calls in the Home.

A sense of care and responsibility made the young physician's face curiously old and lined as he hastened down the worn steps some time later. In his hurry and preoccupation he failed to see a young lady who was hastening up the steps, and only her quick swerving to the right saved them from a collision.

"A thousand pardons!" exclaimed the doctor as he clutched at the railing to steady himself, and then as he caught sight of the girl's face "Why, Miss Crandall—is it you?" he cried, "what a brute you must think me!" He held out his hand, coloring and looking oddly young and boyish again.

"Good morning, Doctor,—you narrowly escaped having another patient on your hands." The look of quiet amusement that accompanied her hearty hand-clasp put the doctor at ease again, and the embarrassment faded from his face as she continued lightly, "My practice at basket-ball, I'm convinced, is the only thing that saved the day—or my neck! Since when have you been given to such deep pre-occupation that you barely escape upsetting your best friends?"

"Fact is, I'm rather upset myself, this morning," he replied, smiling into her bright face. "An obstreperous patient has just made me wish I were back in college again with no 'practical' experience."

"It must be hard," was Miss Crandall's sympathetic reply. "I know something of what you have to contend with,—my mother is on the advisory board of the Home, you know, and she has *such* times! Why some of these old people seem to think they are conferring a favor by submitting to be taken care of." She lowered her voice confidentially: "I've just been buying socks for our most particular man. He'll probally refuse to wear them,—he says that woollen ones make his skin prickle, and that cotton and cashmere don't keep him warm!" She had assumed a conversational attitude, as if a steep stairway were the most natural place in the world for a prolonged conference. The doctor was only too pleased at her willingness to chat for a while, and

he stood looking down at her with something more than mere interest in his expressive eyes. "I really take great pains to please them," she continued,—*"poor old things!* If they only wouldn't grumble,—all of them don't; you know Mrs. Binder?"

The doctor smiled reminiscently, "Isn't she a character?"

"Isn't she a *dear*? Why we talk for hours sometimes—I enjoy her so. And next to her comes Daddy White—isn't he the jolliest old thing?"

At the mention of the old man, the doctor's face grew suddenly grave.

"Be very good to Daddy today, please. He isn't just himself this morning. Can't you read him something very cheerful?"

"Cheerful! Why, he'll never listen to anything else—he is a confirmed optimist. I just dig at the library hunting for the sort of thing he enjoys."

"You angel!" was the doctor's inward comment, though all he said was, "You probably know him better than I do. Just keep him happy if you can, and don't let him talk about himself."

"Why, it seems odd for you to speak so of Daddy, for he's the bravest, uncomplaining old—hero, that I know," she exclaimed warmly.

"He is a hero," returned the doctor, "but even heroes, you know, have their 'off days.'"

"Of course," she admitted, "and it must be more than hard to keep up the role of hero before your physician. I hope I shall never require your services, Herr Doctor!"

"I am always at your service, Miss Crandall," he answered, with a look that made her run breathlessly up the steps, calling a "Good day," over her shoulder.

Christmas—the Christmas of the story-tellers—always comes in the same way: clear and cold, the ground white with virgin snow; the air crisp and merry with the music of sleigh-bells; great-coats and furs, mittens and muffs, the accompaniments of any journey into the biting atmosphere—who is not familiar with the picture?

It seems like an upsetting of old conventions, therefore, for a Christmas day to be ushered in with all the soft, insinuating grace of a May morning; without a flake of the "beautiful," or a hint of chill in the balmy air; with a few belated winter-birds trilling in the bare trees and the sun as bright and the sky as blue as though it were summer's.

"It might be Easter Sunday," said Camilla Crandall to herself as she started out for a Christmas visit to the Home. Her tone bespoke a deep content with the state of the weather, and her face reflected the sunshine that she had deemed an anachronism. She made a pretty picture as she walked briskly along, her bearing full of the elasticity of youth, her clear eyes alight with the sheer joy of living. It detracted nothing from the picture that her arms were laden with great bulky bundles, but rather marked her as obviously a Lady Bountiful.

It was not quite by accident that Doctor Storey overtook her, though he affected great surprise as he greeted her.

"You out so early?"

"Call this early?" she challenged, "Why, I've been up since before daylight—such is the joy of having small brothers. I have been fearing my old folks would consider me a belated Santa. I had planned to come in a sleigh as an appropriate setting for my role, but this weather has upset all my calculations. Aunt

Hetty offered her automobile, but that was so distressingly modern I preferred to walk. I'm glad I have met you, for I want to ask a favor."

"Name it," he replied happily. In his eyes the day was not so bright as her face, the sky not so clear as her eyes, nor any music so sweet as her voice. "I warn you that I shall demand a favor in return."

"Bargain driver!" she retorted, "I must know what you will demand first."

"Beg, not demand," he corrected. "It's a share in your bounty,—a Christmas gift."

"Why, I haven't a thing you would care for," she exclaimed, looking at her odd bundles.

"You have the only thing in the world I want," he said, "I'll tell you on the way home."

The sudden trembling of her hands threatened the safety of her burden of packages, and in her anxiety lest he should perceive it, she laughed and said hurriedly, "You're as brazen as the little darkies that go about crying 'Christmus Gif!' I am far less selfish, sir, I ask for another's sake; the day is so fine I want to wheel Mrs. Binder out in the air for a while. Now, don't be horrid and professional, but just indulgent for this once, please!" she begged.

He laughed.

"Why, the air will do her good. But don't seek the shade,—defy freckles and keep her in the sun."

"Watch me!" she cried gaily as they separated at the door of the women's ward. And the doctor's reply was no less fervent because inaudible, "Won't I, though!"

When the rumble of a wheeled chair sounded on the gravel outside, he made the fresh air an excuse to throw wide the sash, and then sat on the sill whence he could view the pretty scene below. To

old Daddy White, who was propped up by pillows so as to see out the low window, the look on the young man's face was a revelation,—a revelation that made his old face soften and his voice quiver oddly as he said:

"Aye, Christmas is a merry time for you young people,—it doesn't bring the burden to you that it does to us old folks."

"Burden?" echoed the doctor, turning in surprise from the window.

"Yes, the burden of a new year,—when you'd hoped never to see another." He shook his white head dejectedly.

"I hoped you had got over feeling that way," said the doctor, saddened in spite of himself. "Don't get despondent, Daddy, you've a fighting chance to get well," he added hypocritically.

"What good can I do even if I should get well? I've not a chick nor child dependent upon me, I'm too old to work if I had. I'm a burden on the charity of others. There are dozens waiting a place here: it would be a boon for some old soul if I died. My death can do more good than my miserable life." He looked up at the doctor with wistful, hungry eyes.

His words took all the brightness out of the day for the young man, and brought a struggle within himself that made him weak and helpless before the old man's arguments.

"There's some good that each of us can do," he said lamely, conscious that the words were a hollow mockery to the suffering creature before him.

"What good can my life be?" Daddy flung back at him scornfully. "A burden to myself and everybody. My death is the only thing that can benefit anyone,—oh, think of it!" he urged.

For the first time the doctor visibly weakened. He had heard this question argued many times by eminent authorities in the vague, abstract manner of their cult,—but never before had the living issue faced him so impellingly, so inexorably. He buried his face in his hands for a few minutes, and when he raised it again it was white and set with resolve.

"Daddy," he said huskily, "Bear it a while longer and let me think—I can't see clearly. Just now it seems as if your death meant more to you and the world than your life, suffering as you do. But let me weigh everything, your case and my own responsibility, and then if I can't see that you're doing any good in the world, I'll shoulder it and—help you."

"Oh, doctor—I can see Heaven opening!" the old man cried fervently.

"But,"—the doctor added with solemn emphasis, "if I can show you one little mite of good that you are doing, even unconsciously, you must promise to be satisfied."

"I can promise, I am so sure," breathed Daddy, holding out his hand to seal the compact.

The doctor rose to go. Just a moment he lingered beside the open window. The spring-like breeze and the music of women's voices came softly in to the two men, the one so young, the other so bowed with age, both deeply stirred by a profound crisis.

The girl was speaking and every word came clearly to the two at the window.

"It's a lesson to us heedless young creatures, Mrs. Binder," she was saying, "Our troubles seem big and terrible till we see how much you have to bear, old age and pain—and how nobly you bear it."

The old woman, illiterate but

with an inborn gentility, replied earnestly, and it seemed to the young physician that every word was a message for him and the sufferer beside him.

"We all of us have our lessons, I reckon. It's a poor sayin', mebbe,—that 'mis'ry loves company,'—but a truer sayin' never was writ. Mebbe it ain't that I'm glad somebody else is sufferin',—just glad I ain't so bad. Now there's been times when I just couldn't a borne my pain if I hadn't stopped to think: 'Ther's poor Daddy White in the other ward a sufferin' something cruel, and not a moan does a body hear from him!' I've seen him smile and say somethin' jolly when I knew he was bein' racked with agony. Mrs. Peters and I has said, many's the time,—if it wasn't for the example of that brave old man, we could a-cried out and cursed the day we was born!"

A curious thrill kept the doctor motionless for a moment before he turned and looked at his patient. The old man sat with his hoary head bowed upon his shaking arms, and the younger man kept quite still, not caring to break the almost sacred silence. It was the old man

himself who stirred first: he raised his seamed and wrinkled face, and on the aged features there was a mingling of heroic strength and pathetic patience.

"Thank you, doctor," he said steadily, "thank you for making me stop and think. I had rather lost my hold on religion—thought He had rather lost His hold on me. But that message was for me, I know, and you'll see I'm no weakling when there's work for me to do. But you'll help me hold the fort, won't you?"

The doctor took his outstretched hands and in that moment each was born anew.

There was only one that shared their secret. As he walked home with her that bright Christmas day, he told her, his young face full of a light and faith that had never been there before, all the brief, tense drama upon which the curtain was almost ready to fall.

And if he told her something besides Daddy White's story, it is because the moist eyes she turned upon him when he had finished held something deeper and sweeter than sympathy.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

Ruth Hamilton.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night and the star of Bethlehem shone over the hills of Judea the Spirit of Christmas had its inception! the spirit of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man. The star still throws its gleams over us all, but in the hurry and bustle of this modern life are we not losing sight of the vital part of Christ-

mas? With our decorated trees amid myriad electric lights, our roast turkeys and plum puddings and our gifts each year becoming more costly and magnificent, are we not absorbed to the exclusion of holier and more serious thoughts?

The many shops with all their wealth of display and glittering tinsel are but temptations to beguile

us into paths quite foreign to the old and original idea of Yule tide. With all the preparations people hurry and worry to such an extent over the details that it has grown to be a common thing to hear exclamations of thankfulness the next day, that Christmas is over. It is even dreaded and looked forward to with fear by many who find it quite impossible to meet all the requirements of the season, especially in the matter of gifts. Many a time has the day been a dreary one to loving parents owing to the fact that the children could not be given the same things as the little ones next door, while many a tot has passed as mournful a time from just such a cause. All this could be alleviated if we would only seek to gain a better understanding of the real spirit of Christmas.

The reckless extravagance in the gifts between grown people often leads to more sorrow and pain than to real pleasure, while a gift of a simpler character, accompanied with genuine love or friendship, would prove more effective and lasting. It is becoming more and more the day for the children, and that is, to a certain extent, as it should be, only the child should be taught in the first place the true significance of the day and not be allowed to regard it as the day for costly toys and over-eating.

Far be it from us to discourage any person in the enjoyment of the custom of gift giving and merry making, but the aim is to show that the same results can be secured with less trouble and expense and if the more serious side of the question is considered the day can be made one of genuine peace and good will.

By all means have the family dinner, and, with the pride of the housewife, make it worthy of the home. If, however, the turkey is

of the choicest and the plum pudding of the best, have a thought to those who will partake of it, and surround your board with people who can not only appreciate it, but who can, by their own wit or brilliancy lend a charm to the family circle and prove a welcome addition to the feast. Then again it may be that you know of some young man or woman near your home who would deeply appreciate an invitation to a home dinner, being far from their own fireside. The influence of your home and its family circle in this instance may be productive of much good to those young people. And no extra pains need be taken for them. They will think only of the good will prompting the invitation.

And just a thought to charity, a poor widow or a crippled old man could be made happy in a thousand ways, and not one of them would demand a great outlay of time, trouble or money and what a wonderful increase one would get on the investment!

Let us think it all over. Adhere to the best of the old customs, but if any of our readers have been prone to look upon Christmas in the mere worldly way make a resolve that the coming holiday will be passed with entirely new ideas, with the spirit of love and good will as the first consideration.

By doing this Christmas will be looked forward to as the happiest day in all the year, a day full of brotherly love and universal rejoicing, a time in which to sink all past grievances and any feelings of hatred, malice or envy.



One's own house is best,
Small though it be;
At home is everyone his own master.
Though he but two goats possess,
And a straw-thatched cot,
Even that is better than begging.

—The Edda.

THE RECONCILIATION OF DICK AND DOROTHY.

Kate Thomas.

"Has he gone?" Morton questioned with a half-smile.

"Who?" asked Dorothy.

"The disappointed suitor."

Dorothy blushed.

"I don't know what you mean," she said coldly.

"You are unlike most girls, aren't you? You never mention your conquests."

"I never make any."

"Oho, Dorothy! When I myself am daft over you at this very moment."

"I myself! The great *ipse dixit*! No, no, Dickory, you speak too lightly to mean it."

"Is there any oath a fellow could take that would sound believable to you? You have a good brain, Dorothy. Can't you comprehend that a man means it when he says he loves you?"

"Frankly, no, I can't," said Dorothy. "It doesn't stand to reason. Ah, me, Dickie, I am only the froth on the soda water—fairly passable as a friend, but not lasting enough for a wife. What man on earth could be happy with a Huge Impulse?"

"You might give him a chance to try it. If it proved too horrible, rope is cheap and trees are plentiful. Dorothy," he said, coming near to her, "in all sincerity, I love you."

She shook her head.

"You only think so because—"

"Because?"

"Because you think so. Truly, truly, Dick, there isn't anything about me worth loving. Don't let's talk about it any more, please."

"One question," he pleaded. "Dorothy, do you like anyone—in a

friendly way, I mean—better than you like me?"

"Of course not," she said half impatiently.

"Then," he said firmly, "there never will be anyone you care for more. You *shall* love me! I'll *make* you!"

Dorothy started and turned her luminous eyes full upon him.

"I wish you would," she said half wistfully. "Really, Dick, that's what ails me. I can't love of myself. Somebody would have to make me. And the men are so queer. They don't know how to do the courting. They are courted. If you snub them ever so little, they go home pouting, and never try again. And if you tell them that they have mistaken their feelings, and don't care for you nearly so much as they imagine, they believe you implicitly."

Morton laughed.

"You are delicious!" he said.

"Only truthful. Oh, if there were a man strong enough to win you whether you would or not! To storm you and take you! I despise a man that cannot make a woman love him!"

Morton reached out his hands and took hers.

"I will storm you and take you!" he said boldly.

A sudden realization of the scene submerged her. She tore her hands away.

"You shall not!" she cried. "After this! You shall not!"

"I will!" he said through set teeth. "I will make you love me—though I may not love you then."

She looked at him with startled, hurt eyes.

"A big first step," he whispered inwardly, "though it was rather brutal."

Aloud he asked,

"Are you going to Skelton's to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"May I call for you?"

"Ralf will be glad to come for me." Her tone dismissed the question.

"But not more glad than I," he insisted.

"As you please," she said indifferently. "And, remember, this thing is not of my seeking. I value your friendship, but I cannot let you rule me. If it all ends unpleasantly, you must blame only yourself for your overwhelming conceit."

"I shall not blame you. But I shall win! To you the game is pastime. I am fighting for my life."

"Nonsense," she said lightly. "Three months from now I'll be getting a card to your wedding. Now, won't you please go home?—There's a good boy—for you have excited me."

"Then I will go at once. I'm rather excited myself. Didn't expect anything of the kind to happen when I dropped in. I brought you some candy. It's in the hall."

"Thank you, ever so much."

"*Auf wiedersehen*—dearest!" he added with a sudden, swift, enveloping look. Then he was gone. Dorothy leaned her burning face against a kindly old arm-chair.

"Oh, he doesn't mean it, he can't mean it!" she whispered. "Why didn't he tell me in a sensible manner! I—I didn't know I was beginning to think of him in this way. But I will show him that he cannot play with me."

It was rumored later that Dorothy Verne was haunted. The ghost

was Richard Morton. Under his quiet persistence Dorothy was pitifully helpless. He was not too attentive, but he made it generally understood that he was ever at her service. He gave her few chances to snub him openly. Neither did he seem to begrudge her attention that came from anyone else. But his unobtrusive monopoly of her had its effect, and her friends dropped away one by one. Dorothy's heart rebelled, but she was too proud to voice her protest.

At last, when the glorious summer came, he swerved from his allegiance.

"It's no use trying any longer," he said, "and I'm going to quit you."

It was his master stroke. After isolating her, he would leave her alone to find out how necessary he was to her. He became interested in a Miss May McKey, who had come to spend the summer with a friend. At first Dorothy smiled, and was rather relieved. Then she began to doubt him. With the fear that he might have left her in earnest, came the terrible consciousness of how much she missed him. And the words, "Though I may not love you then" seemed to float in the air before her.

One moonlight night in July the climax came. A rowing party had been planned. Dorothy was going with Owen Winter. She had waited with her hat on for one hour, wondering why he did not come, when his small brother brought a note.

"I'm more than sorry, Dorothy," it read, "but at the last minute have a telegram from Bob. Old Beeman's will again, I suppose. Have barely time to get the train. Ring up Will Crossman. He's mourning because he has to go alone. Wish I had time to find him. Have a good

time for me too. Confound it, it's always my luck!

Yours 'on the fly,'

O. W."

Too disappointed even to scold the boy for his tardiness, Dorothy took off her hat and threw herself disconsolately among the pillows of the cosy corner. Visions of the laughing group on the lake came to her. She was the only one who would be missing, and not one of them would give her a thought—not one! She saw them gliding over the still waters calling to one another and singing snatches of old songs. She pictured Richard Morton bending forward to watch his pretty companion's face as it shone like a white flower in the moonlight. Never before in all her life had she felt so utterly lonely. And it was his fault—his deliberate, cruel action that had made her so! She gave way to a torrent of tears.

Meanwhile, by the lake side, the laughing party, waiting patiently to load and push off, were asking, "What makes Dorothy so late?"

"I saw Owen Winter making a dash for the train three-quarters of an hour ago," said a new arrival. "Would that have anything to do with it?"

"Everything," said Richard Morton, emphatically. "Miss McKey, there has been some mistake. Will you let Crossman look after you until I fetch Miss Verne?"

"Let Will go," suggested half a dozen voices, but Morton was already on his way.

He knew all the humiliation and pain that was struggling in the proud, tender heart he wished to win. No one but himself had the right to break upon her then, and find her perhaps in tears. No one else could tell her half so well how there would be no beauty in the

moon or in the rippling water unless she were there. He could feel his arms close around her. Never before had he been so happy. He threw open the door without knocking.

"Dorothy!" he called.

She looked up with streaming eyes.

"'After us the deluge!'" he cried gaily.

She did not see the wild pulse of his heart. She heard the tone of mastery in his voice; she saw the mad exultation in his eyes. He had trapped her! He had seen her in tears, and he mocked them! His was the victory; her's the humiliation! A great wave of uncontrollable fury swept over her. She lifted her hand and struck him on his smiling mouth!

Then she stood stunned with the horror of it. She saw his face grow deathly grey, and his lips stiffen into a faint, white line. She saw him grope for the door like one in a dream. She heard the gate click. Still she could not take one step or utter one sound.

The next day she sent him this letter:

"I think if you commanded me to, I could kill myself! I did not know that there was in me anything so wicked! Oh, if you knew how I am suffering! I cannot ask you to forgive me. All I beg of you is to try and understand that you struck me too—as sharp a blow as if you had taken your hand."

To this there came no answer.

On Christmas eve Dorothy reached Sunnyvale. She intended to pass the rest of the winter there with an old school friend who had not been long married.

"It will be a queer Christmas with no snow!" mourned little Mrs. Myers. "You must creep into bed

early, Dottie, for I have to sing in church tomorrow."

"What time is church?"

"Eleven. It is a tiny Episcopalian chapel about two blocks away. The pastor and Tom have vindictive discussions on religion. Tom has no hope of converting him, but they have become quite friendly. So, inasmuch as we have no service to-morrow, we promised to sing down there. Somehow I love to sing on Christmas. I am so very glad that Christ was born."

"Haven't you waxed rather religious since I saw you last?" queried Dorothy.

"I don't know. You see Tom is such a reverential mortal that I'm bound to catch some of it. Besides it makes us happy, so where's the harm? Can I get you anything else, dear?"

"No, thank you. You have provided everything. And I will rise prompt at ten."

"Lazy bones! Goodnight, sweet dreams."

The Christmas service was not satisfying to Dorothy. There was too much form and not enough feeling. So she wandered off in her own thoughts. Last Christmas Dick had given her his first gift. Her eyes filled. Tears came often to Dorothy's eyes now. She who had never used to cry! Then some strange power made her look towards a side-seat facing them. Who shall say how much of life is chance and how much fate? She was encountering the steady gaze of Richard Morton!

Church over, Dorothy sought the air. She was smothering. As her friends joined her, Morton lifted his hat to Mrs. Myers and passed quickly on.

"Hello, Morton!" called the general Tom. "Whom are you running

aces with? Come here a minute."

Morton was forced to turn.

"Mr. Morton has been here four months," whispered Mrs. Myers to Dorothy. "Tom is so charmed that he almost says his prayers to him."

"Miss Verne, may I present Mr. Morton?" broke in Tom. Dorothy bowed slightly without raising her eyes.

"Come and have dinner with us," went on Tom. "You haven't anything else to do."

"Come by a'l means," urged his wife. "Our table holds just four nicely, and you are all alone in the cold world."

"Will Miss Verne invite me also?" asked Dick.

"Of course. Why shouldn't she?" questioned Mrs. Myers. "She hasn't been acquainted with you long enough to know your objectionable features. Come along, children."

Tom and Morton mercifully fell behind. Dorothy was wondering how she would get through her dinner without spilling her soup or upsetting her plate.

"Love at first sight!" commented Mrs. Morton, squeezing Dorothy's arm. "Why, when Tom asked him to dinner he looked as if it were an invitation to eat *you*."

"I didn't look at him," said Dorothy indifferently.

"You were a goose," said her friend. "Notice him at dinner. For your safety, I shall put the table between you. It would be a pity to have you disappear along with the cranberry jelly."

"You need not fear for Mr. Morton," said Dorothy. "I imagine from the glimpse I had of him, that we should always be at sword-points."

At the table, Dorothy thrust a large piece of holly carelessly into

the center bouquet to screen herself from Morton.

"As a passing thought," he said idly to Tom, "why is it that guilt, so bold to do, always hides itself from the eyes of the accuser?"

Dorothy removed the holly.

"After all," she said indifferently, "it spoils the effect."

"I don't know," said the unsuspecting Tom, answering his guest's question, "unless it is that guilt still has a scrap of conscience left."

"Perhaps so," said Dick, as if the subject needed no further discussing. "Miss Verne, may I trouble you for the bread?"

Dorothy, who was conscious only of a desire to slap him again unwittingly held out her glass of water. The three laughed.

"I asked ye for bread, and ye gave me that which cometh out of the stone," cried Mrs. Myers.

"Absent minded, Dorothy?" asked Tom.

"Unpardonable, considering the interesting conversation," said Dick.

"It was only a passing thought," retorted Dorothy. "Why is it that the people who find it impossible to do anything amiss, are always dwelling upon the faults of those who are not so perfect?"

"I don't see the point," said Tom puzzled.

"But it is undoubtedly there" said Dick.

"Some day," said Tom, changing the conversation, "Mattie and I hope to put more leaves in this table to make room for a row of shining little faces. Come to dinner with us then."

"It seems cheerful as it is," suggested Dick.

"Yes, it is a very merry Christmas," said Dorothy, glancing across at him.

"Have you two met each other before?" asked Mrs. Myers.

"Does it seem likely that Mr.—Mr.—"

"Morton," prompted Dick.

"Morton and I would have dined together if we had? He would certainly have excused himself."

"If you people begin bantering each other," Tom remarked, "you'll be quarrelling in earnest before long. "Dorothy has a fearful temper when she's roused."

"I don't doubt it," said Morton.

"And you are not over-tame."

"As I should imagine," said Dorothy.

The rest of the meal passed in comparative peace. Then little Mrs. Myers drew her husband aside.

"There's a mystery here," she whispered. "Now we must arrange some way of leaving them alone."

"Oh, Mattie, still romantic, although married! You might be altogether mistaken."

"It won't hurt to try," said his wife. "Oh, I wish spying wasn't dishonorable. I'd so like to watch them through the window."

"Dottie," she said to her friend, "will you forgive me if I leave you to the tender graces of Mr. Morton for exactly ten minutes? It isn't the proper way to treat company, I know, but Tom and I must run in and say 'Merry Christmas' to Susie, or she'll never smile again."

"Couldn't I go, too?" Dorothy asked.

"Not very well, if you don't mind. But don't quarrel. Remember that it's peace on earth, good will to even Mr. Morton today."

Dorothy sighed as they went out. Dick stood quietly waiting for her to say the first word. She did want to tell him that she was sorry, but she was determined that he should relent. Woman's best weapon for

all time was tears. If she could only cry! She thought of sick Widow Jones and her five starving children. They did not affect her. She thought of the story of dog Carlo, who had saved the little boy from drowning. That used to give her a choking sensation. It was powerless now. Dorothy's weeping apparatus was plainly out of gear. With this thought, the ridiculousness of it came over her, and with the impulsiveness so natural to her, she clasped his arm with both hands, and began to laugh.

Morton's face grew stern. Unclasping her fingers, he kept them in a vise-like grip.

"Dorothy," he said passionately, "is this a pretty trick to throw me off my guard? What do you want me to say? That I love you so much that the touch of your hand makes me tremble? I will say it over and over till your ears grow weary of the sound. I love you! But I will not be the thing that you coquette with. I demand all that I give. When your note came to me, all blotted with your tears, I blotted it more with mine, though I wouldn't send one word in answer. But I knew then that some day I should go back

to you and beg you humbly for a word. I couldn't imagine a lifetime without you. You were the heart of me. And when you came like a star dropped from heaven into that little church this morning, the leap of my pulse almost smothered me. I could have crawled to your feet for the pleasure of having you dig your little heel into me. I am sorry for the past, but I had to be brutal. You are so wilful. You would have thrown me over against your deepest feeling, if I had let you, simply to have had your own way."

"You are doing all the talking," she complained.

He shook her.

"Dorothy, you are like a naughty child. You shall talk as much as you like after, but you must first answer me one question. You are not capable of governing yourself. Will you promise to take me for your wedded husband, for better or for worse, for time and all eternity, and will you love, honor and obey me?"

Dorothy gave a great sigh.

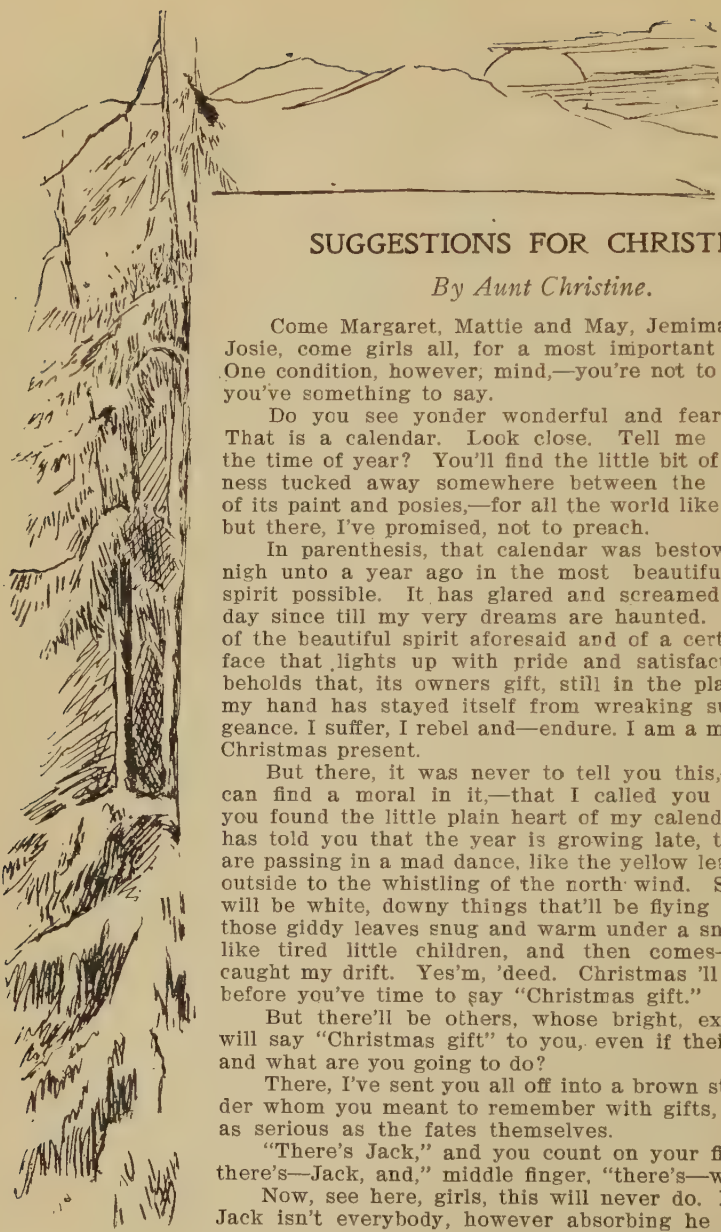
"I am only too glad to say yes," she answered.

A PRAYER.

Jean.

*O Savior of the thorn-pierced brow
And of the bleeding side,
How came it in Thy grace that Thou
For such as I hast died?*

*O Savior of the breaking heart
And of the weary head,
Give me the strength to do my part
For which Thy blood was shed.*



SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS,

By Aunt Christine.

Come Margaret, Mattie and May, Jemima, Jennie and Josie, come girls all, for a most important consultation. One condition, however, mind,—you're not to speak unless you've something to say.

Do you see yonder wonderful and fearful creation? That is a calendar. Look close. Tell me quickly what the time of year? You'll find the little bit of plain usefulness tucked away somewhere between the gorgeousness of its paint and posies,—for all the world like some girls—but there, I've promised, not to preach.

In parenthesis, that calendar was bestowed upon me nigh unto a year ago in the most beautiful Christmas spirit possible. It has glared and screamed at me each day since till my very dreams are haunted. But because of the beautiful spirit aforesaid and of a certain toil-lined face that lights up with pride and satisfaction when it beholds that, its owners gift, still in the place of honor, my hand has stayed itself from wreaking summary vengeance. I suffer, I rebel and—endure. I am a martyr to that Christmas present.

But there, it was never to tell you this,—unless you can find a moral in it,—that I called you here. Have you found the little plain heart of my calendar? Sure, it has told you that the year is growing late, that the days are passing in a mad dance, like the yellow leaves whirling outside to the whistling of the north wind. Soon, girls, it will be white, downy things that'll be flying and covering those giddy leaves snug and warm under a snowy blanket, like tired little children, and then comes—ah! you've caught my drift. Yes'm, 'deed. Christmas 'll be upon you before you've time to say "Christmas gift."

But there'll be others, whose bright, expectant eyes will say "Christmas gift" to you, even if their lips won't, and what are you going to do?

There, I've sent you all off into a brown study, to wonder whom you meant to remember with gifts, till you look as serious as the fates themselves.

"There's Jack," and you count on your fingers, "then there's—Jack, and," middle finger, "there's—well, Jack."

Now, see here, girls, this will never do. I insist, that Jack isn't everybody, however absorbing he may be; he must be relegated to the top shelf for the nonce. It isn't for you to give Jack things—at least, not yet,—it's dreadful bad taste, even if you have given him your heart,—goodness knows that's enough. So try again,—first finger,





"There's mother," next, "there's father,"—Ah, that's better! then, "there's sister and Jimmy and"—and soon you've named all ten fingers and still there are so many others will be expecting—

Margaret, was I mistaken, or did the tone of your voice say,

"I think it's rather hard on one," when you mentioned the "others" and "expecting?"

Girls, girls, beware! Don't fall into the quicksands that are making a vulgar fashion out of what should be a beautiful expression of gladness and good will. To give, just because it is expected of you, is a weakness; you're too vain to risk being thought stingy: that's all. A gift has first value in the good will that inspired it, in the joy of the heart in the giving. Sure, Margaret, you wouldn't want one without that, would you?

So, dear girls, prepare your gifts only where your hearts' warm pleasure goes with them, and be brave enough to appear stingy where nothing but social obligation or some other absurd bugaboo urges you.

But there, into what ugly paths I have drifted! Don't I know, that when the Christmas contagion once takes you it will swell your heart, till it's ten times bigger than your purse. You'll want to give, and give—Ah, the world is so full of people waiting for you to make them glad with gifts!—till your purse is empty, and you'll begin to charge things wildly and grandly reckless of consequences.

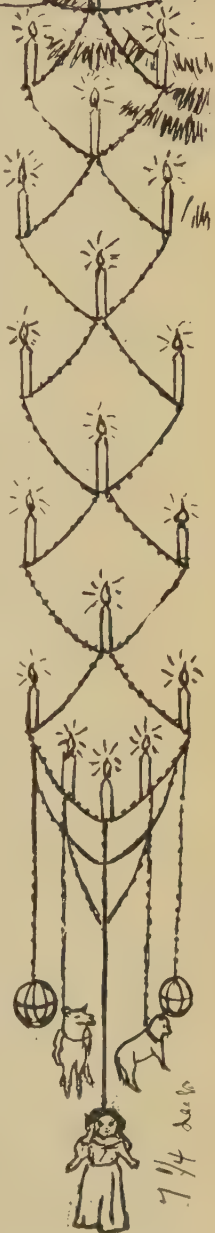
Ah, here's another pit, Jenny and Josie. When the intoxication wears off will it not be a little hard to pay those debts so generously incurred? Will you all the while be glad that you "did it anyhow?" Or will there be days when you'll feel depressed and burdened? If so, it is hardly fair, even to those to whom you gave. For who takes pleasure in the gift that works a hardship on the giver?

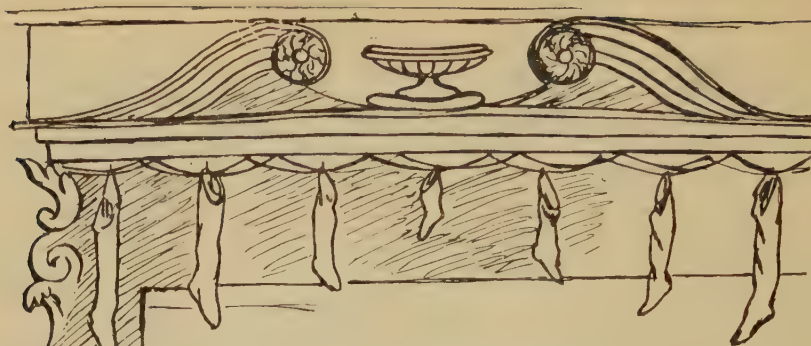
But surely by this time you have decided who are the real candidates for your offerings! I know, that you haven't forgotten the quaint little woman with the German accent and the horny hands, who does your washing, and who sits, with her flaxen-haired children, around a meager hearth and tells them of the Fatherland, where the Christmas spirit has its home. She doesn't expect it, and her delight and surprise will be so genuine, that it will thrill you to just remember it. Oh, no, to miss that, would be to miss the finest meaning of Christmas-tide.

"What shall I give?"

Get your purses and shake out every blessed dollar, dime and copper. It is the cold business of the subject that confronts you now, how much can you afford to give? Heigh ho! Our most lofty sentiments have their feet chained to some stubborn fact that will not move a peg. You think of the dazzling, witching things that will soon be spread out to tempt you. Ah, the Christmas shops! And your face lights up with a bright thought.

"Girls, why not wait till the Christmas openings, and then we'll find just what we want!"





You little temptress! Have you never heard that procrastination is the thief of time? It will be e'en more, it will be the thief of your precious coins, and will have them out of your pocket before you've fairly started, unless you have your ideas all pigeonholed and indexed, and can hold on to them like a captain to his wheel. Even then, you'll soon sigh,

"It won't half reach."

There, 'tis now I'll tell you why I've called you to counsel thus early, it is that you may have another treasure at your command—time, precious capital, you know, to skillful fingers. Set these two servants to aid each other and surely you will evolve gifts sufficient to almost satisfy your most generous moods. Then, too, it is this working at love's labor that makes your gifts precious. And it will be no less a gift unto yourself—a gift of experience to hand and heart and brain.

Your first consideration will not be "what do I love to give?" but rather, "what will please them that receive?" The secret of successful giving lies in this: study the tastes and wishes of your dear ones, watch for a chance suggestion, listen for a desire expressed, or better still, anticipate the wish that is silent. I hear some one ask,

"Is it good form to give necessities?"

Yes, and no, my dear, that is, it depends. It is easy to bestow gifts whose purpose is to give pleasure; it requires fine tact to give for the sake of filling a need and not, at the same time, give a wound.

There are two classes of people only, outside of your own home circle, to whom you would dare to offer them,—those, who have no pride in the matter, whose conditions in life have trained them to expect gifts of charity, and those few others who have pride,—pride that has been tempered to humility by heavy blows, whose dignity of soul is such that they can accept your much needed gift gladly as a grace from the Father in whose hands you have been made an instrument. But even then beware, be humble in the giving.

Perhaps this general rule may guide you safely,—outside of your own family circle let your gifts be ministers to pleasure only, unless, you veil their serious purpose by adding that which is not needful, so that the latter shall appear as the true aim. Apropos, you have a dear friend whose means are scant. It makes you feel seriously apprehensive, to see her face the winter's storms without the shelter of an umbrella, yet, poor child, she tells you in confidence she "cannot afford one, at least not this month." How you wish to make your Christmas present meet her needs! Dare you give her an umbrella such as she herself would purchase? Indeed no! you would wound where



you meant to be kind. But one choice above her needs, into the border of which, your skilled fingers have wrought her monogram with loving care,—such a one surely she can only rejoice to receive.

"Now," you urge, "suggest something I may fashion with my hands."

Well, you know the call of the season is for hand-trimmed garments from complete dresses to accessories. Embroider an evening waist for sister of fine white lawn. Do it in French raised work, part solid and part open. Work it with white silk floss and the result will be exquisite, far more so than that of some gaudy colored ones we know so well.

A waist of etamine or scrim, with a stripe of drawn work down the front and a design in cross stitch worked on either side in shades to match would please mother, I know.

Collars of great variety may be fashioned, trimmed with lace, embroidery or drawn work. One elegant stole collar for a jacket, I saw, made of white broadcloth, embroidered heavily around the outer edge like a reverse. Other washable material might perhaps prove more serviceable.

Piano scarfs, tablecenters, vestibule curtains, are beautiful and effective of tan linen scrim, ornamented with drawn work borders, the darning being done in white. Gobelin and cross-stitch embroidery combines with this charmingly, and will, by the way, be unusual.

A set of napkins, hemstitched and marked with a pretty embroidered initial is always acceptable to the housekeeper.

Scarfs of finest possible lawn or net, upon which a design is appli- quied with duchess braid, make dainty covers for pillows, chiffonier or bureau. Material of the color prevailing in the room might be basted underneath.

The dainty girl appreciates home-made, or better still, hand-made lingerie. What say you to making a set of nainsook or lawn with lace trimming for sister?

A unique and inexpensive present may be wrought of burlap of a heavy firm quality. Cut it the size of a rug, allowing for a broad hem. Hem and baste into a frame. Then work upon it a pretty design in cross-stitch, with Spanish yarn or finely cut rags of bright, but harmonizing colors. Line with some heavier material, then finish at the ends with fringe.

Do you draw or paint? Then what a field is open to you! A box of choice stationery, each sheet and envelope headed with his monogram will please brother, I'm sure; while a series of sketches or Gibson heads, neatly mounted on black cardboard will be acceptable for his room. But beware, or these may become to him what that calendar is to me. Brothers usually know and appreciate what is good.

Have you learned how to make that airy Teneriffe lace? A collar or handkerchief edged with wheels of finest thread is exquisitely pretty.

Also, a sofa pillow or scarf of gray linen into which wheels are let in borders or groups is a new idea. In this case the wheels are best made of tan colored thread. An outline design embroidered with heavy silk may be combined with this.

Have you been so fortunate as to attend a school where the new manual training is taught? Basketwork of all sorts makes acceptable gifts, as covers for flower pots, receptacle for nuts and candies or popcorn, for mama's darning cotton or thread, and many other uses.

Pyrography and wood-carving are artistic enough to please any one. Panels, picture frames, portfolios, toilet boxes, tables, tabourettes and stools purchased before they are painted, all may be made to delight an artist.

Then there are many little things that take but a modest portion of time and yet make welcome gifts,—paper boxes made little works of art by your brush and paint, bead baskets filled with Christmas goodies, magazine-covers, work-bags, toilet boxes, cushions, aprons, ties and innumerable other things.

And now I've started your train of thoughts, let me bid you good-bye, wishing you all success and a Merry Christmas.



SHEAVES.

A SEQUEL TO "LOVE THAT AVAILS."

Josephine Spencer.

(Concluded.)

CHAP. IV.

Ruth stood at the window and watched the gorgeous crimson sunset creating a scenic paradise with the crude material of snowclad plain and gray, alkali-bound lake. From their home on the northeast bench they could see the salt stretch of water quite plainly, with its background of island peaks, and it was Ruth's delight to watch the transformation that took place each day in the landscape under the uncertain but ever beauty-creating mood of the changing skies.

Presently, she tip-toed to a corner where a piece of furniture stood swathed in dainty muslins and ribbons, and peeped over its edge. The pink and white flesh of the doll-like figure there harmonized very well with the tints of the tiny swinging couch, while the dark gray orbs that looked up at her, and thick dark locks that clothed a diminutive head made a telling and not discordant contrast.

Ruth picked up the two months' morsel and bore him to the window. There was an unwritten law prevailing in the family that the best that earth could provide in the way of beauty, wealth or power was none too good for the junior member of the household—which was in itself a sort of court in which he reigned in regal state.

He deigned to show approval of the bright cloud panorama arranged for his entertainment, by a series of expressive gurgles, which brought a corresponding glow of

elation and pride to Ruth's heart at having thus successfully ministered to the capricious pleasure of a being to whom she willingly played the part of abject slave.

There had been a time when music, and the varied memories of their summer of European travel and sightseeing had been to Ruth the pre-eminent absorption; the development of her gift of vocal music, a secret she had for a time guarded and then sprung upon Leonard with triumph, had seemed the crowning thereof; but since the advent of the Autocrat, it was strange to her how all these figured as mere accessories to the entrancing interest of devotion to the small sovereign. A symphony of Beethoven's—the Venetian vase they had picked up in the city of the Adriatic, and whose price would have seemed a small fortune to her in past days—how important these had seemed once—and how immaterial just now—save as they might serve to pander to the pleasure or progress of the supreme family personage!

Jasper, his mother, and the children were all in the same thralldom. Mrs. Leonard and Nellie, whose home adjoined theirs, and which was joint residence with Ruth's for Amy and the boys—made a part of the courtly retinue which paid unceasing homage, and few things were considered now in either household which were not referred mentally to the interests of the small liege lord.

When Jasper Leonard came in a few minutes later and caught them both in one embrace, his absorption in Ruth's recital of the various phases of precocity that had appeared in his son during the day, would have mystified many with whom his record for hard, practical thinking and working, had left no room for an image of domestic gentleness.

Since their return to Utah they had made Salt Lake their home, the entire family removing shortly after their arrival. Leonard's time was kept occupied now with his literary and other work, his office down town being a study and business center combined.

The summer abroad had been of infinite pleasure and benefit to Jasper and Ruth—spite of the cloud that rested upon their hearts in memory of Minna's unwise step. They themselves were still young, and the sight of things and places which had seemed almost dream-like in their imaginations, could not help but dispel some of the shadow of their trouble.

It had been a relief in a way to Ruth to find Minna married to Elmer. Spite of his weakness, and the glaring fault of his allowing Minna to occupy her unwise position, there were worse things that might have happened to her without his protection; and Ruth had faith enough in him to believe that he would, at the worst, shield her from these.

They had heard nothing from either Minna or Elmer since the parting at the theatre in London, Ruth's two letters, written at Berlin and since their arrival at home, respectively, having been ignored. Before Christmas Leonard had heard that they had returned to Elmer's home town in Pennsylvania,

and were teaching there—and Ruth had sent a Christmas-box to them which had remained unacknowledged. In the three months that had passed since, they had heard nothing and the thought of it was a trouble that dimmed even her joy in her child.

There had been warm words spoken by all in that brief but stormy meeting at the theatre; but in this, as in all things, Ruth had much more to forgive than to be forgiven, and she could not understand the resentment that could hold out against her overtures. There was one possible explanation—that Elmer had nursed his anger at their deserved reproaches into an unending resentment, and had arrayed his will against Minna's wishes.

There was something probable in this to Ruth, remembering Elmer's easily touched self-esteem; and in that case there was nothing more to do but wait till happily, time, or circumstances, might break down the barriers between them.

It was a joy to have had hint given that Minna had left the stage and upon this Ruth was forced to wait. She still kept devotedly on with her music, and was teaching Amy and Nellie; and this, with the duties attendant upon the care of the Autocrat, kept her mentally and physically occupied for the most of her time.

There was something in Leonard's manner that roused Ruth's attention today, even before he had laid aside his overcoat, and stood fumbling for something in the pocket of his inner coat.

"What is it, Jasper?" she asked expectantly.

In reply he handed her a letter, the first glance at which brought an exclamation from Ruth's lips.

It was postmarked at the Penn-

sylvania town to which she had sent the Christmas-box and was addressed in Minna's writing.

Tearing it open in haste, Ruth read:

Dear Ruth,

I don't know if you will want to hear from me after this long time—and especially after the way I have treated your letters. But Ruthie, it has not been all my fault—for Elmer felt that you had been unjust to him and would not let me write. But we have had such a hard time that I know you will forgive me at least, and hope that you will try to excuse Elmer for my sake. Oh, Ruthie, if I could only have seen things with your eyes, how much I would have been spared! I don't want you to think I am sorry about marrying Elmer—because I love him—and I know he has done all that he has done to gratify me and make me happy. But can I ever forget or wipe out the humiliation of my experience with the "Bow Bells"? I am afraid not. It was all right till Mr. Purdy, the stage manager, found out Elmer and I were married. There was nothing too good for me till then. Elmer says he was in love with me and expected to have me himself—and that was the cause of all his favors. I wanted Elmer to tell him in the first place, but Elmer thought it would spoil my chances, so we kept it from him till that night you came to the theatre—then he found out—and then my trouble began. There was nothing I could do that was right—nor Elmer either. He picked quarrels with both of us on the slightest pretexts and made me drudge like a slave in rehearsal and on the stage. Finally he was so insulting that we both had to resign—and there was nothing to do but come back to America, for the only position I could

get in opera was in the chorus, and Elmer refused to let me do that—and he couldn't get any position at all—so at last we went to Elmer's home and opened a conservatory. Oh, Ruthie! you don't know what a hard time we had. Elmer's friends that we thought would take us up and help us had other engagements and we couldn't get enough to do, even to live on. Elmer has used up all the money he had, and this week we had to close up the studio and go to Elmer's mother's to live. He is terribly discouraged, and feels as if there is nothing to live for—but I felt if you and Jasper knew of our bad fortune you would gladly help us out. I told Elmer I was going to write to you—and for the first time I could see just how his spirit is broken—for he made no objection. We talked it over and thought if you could lend us the money to come back to Salt Lake and open a vocal and piano studio, we could soon pay the amount out of our earnings. It seems the only thing that has brought any hope to Elmer since we left the "Bow Bells" company, and I do hope you can see your way clear to help us out. I know you will overlook our neglect—for we have had so much trouble we haven't just known what to do—but you can be sure that it will never be so again.

I hear from friends in New York that you have a son. Perhaps I shall have one soon—and that is why I am so anxious to be near you. Please forget all, and write to your loving
MINNA.

Ruth gave the letter to Leonard silently—and as he finished, looked at him with swimming eyes.

"How soon can we send for them?" she asked presently.

"As soon as you like, sweetheart," he said.

(The End.)

THE ELEMENT OF LAW IN JEWISH LIFE.

Rabbi Louis G. Reynolds.

The meaning that people attach to the word "law" is dependent upon the peculiar circumstances under which they are reared, as well as upon the influence under which their so-called moral and spiritual temperament are being formed and gradually developed. We have neither time nor space to enter upon a detailed study of the mode, in which environment lends coloring to ideas; but even a cursory examination of the word "law" as used in the Roman and Hebrew languages will give us a clear insight into the widely differing conception of law manifested in the thought of these two classical races. The Latin word "*lex*," the origin of which can be traced to the Sanscrit root "*lag*" means to bind or fasten, and essentially implies, that the fundamental sanctity of law is derived from no higher source than magisterial authority, which binds and fastens it upon the voluntary or involuntary acceptance of the people. The Hebrew word "*chok*" signifies "*engraved*" or "*deeply imbedded*" and symbolizes a much higher, diviner and more deeply spiritual conception of law. The essential meaning is that all the standards of life and conduct, aspiration and activity, collectively called law, derive their holiness and power from their being God given and God appointed, as demonstrated by their being "engraved" and "deeply imbedded" in every known phase of universal and individual life. As thus seen, the Roman conception of law is of a political, while that of the Jew, is of a religious nature. The goal of the one is, at most, a satisfactory

adjustment of political and commercial difficulties, while that of the other is the enthronement of a divine, eternal and immutable principle, which by its workings, will so regenerate the human mind as to make difficulties impossible. This sublime conception of a divinely sanctified law and the deep consciousness of its elevating influence on man, is the very foundation of the Jewish religion and the vital spark of Jewish life.

Upon purely doctrinal questions, with the sole exception of God's absolute unity, the Jewish people have ever differed. In ancient times it was the Pharisee, the Sadducee and the Essene; today it is the Reform, Conservative and Orthodox Jew. If doctrine were the only element of coherence in the life of the Jew, he would long ago have disappeared. What kept the remnants of Israel together was the strong and undying consciousness of being a supremely moral race, a race of sound normal thought and exceptionally fine virtue, a race that has become so, through long centuries of strenuous life, during which every morbid desire was being subordinated to and kept in check by the recognition and practice of the divine laws of life.

The Aryan mind, which delights in mysteries and shadowy speculations, has never been able, even after it accepted Christ, to appreciate the transparent clearness of the Jewish religion. Educated into the notion, that God is a changeful and capricious being, quick in anger and exacting propitiation, the classic race could not successfully follow the reasoning of the Jew.

The latter insisted that religion is law—a collection of standards that must discipline and elevate human life. He considered no attribute of the human soul, no quality of the human mind, no incident in human life, no trait of human character as mere accidental dispensations of a secret power. He looked upon them as the necessary systematic growths, extensions and developments of disciplined personality, individual worth and individual effort. He would not cast the chances of human redemption to the doubtful mercies of a blind faith, mysterious creed or capricious unreasonable God. Instead he placed himself in close touch with a well ordered and methodically arranged universe. He proclaimed the universality of law, the principle that religion must be lived, that religion must flow through all the arteries of life, that it must penetrate and vitalize every phase of human development, that it must wind its tendrils around all the fibres of legitimate ambition and every human effort to grow.

This Mosaic philosophy has proven its truthfulness and power more than once. Today the more thoughtful and best trained of the human race are beginning to discern in the laws of Moses that delicate blending of love and justice, sentiment and thought, poetry and reality, cheerfulness and earnestness, emotion and intellect, fearlessness and obedience, which enabled them to survive centuries of persecution and to so regulate the life of their adherents as to guard them from morbid excesses and life-sapping tendencies. It is owing to this discipline of the Mosaic law that the Jews had no need of Puritanism or prohibition parties, that he can drink wine without becoming a drunkard, partake of pleasures

without becoming a profligate, indulge in all the joys of life without becoming enervated and effeminate. It was owing to this happy combination of faith and practice, to this avoidance of extremes, to this translation of religion into life, to this continued drill in regularity of habit, to this Law which balanced and restrained, that we see no drunken Jew in the streets, hardly a Jewish convict in the prisons and almost no profligacy in the Jewish home.

Very often has the Jew been accused of being religiously exclusive. It is pointed out that he engages in no missionary work, that he makes not the least effort to spread his religion among his fellowmen, that the spiritual destinies of the race are therefore a matter of very little concern to him. The truth is that the Jewish conception of religion precludes any missionary work that is at all analogous to that seen in the Christian churches. We do not send out missionaries to teach people what to believe, because we know that the relations between God and man are not and cannot be affected by merely what one believes. What really does affect that relation is the mode of life, the element that dominates all spheres of human activity, the principle that pervades all phases of human intercourse, the comprehension of and obedience to the constructive laws of the universe, the mental gathering and perpetuation of those rules of life which expand the sympathies, illumine the mind, sharpen the intellect and widen the vision. We believe that one, in order to be truly religious, must do more than merely believe in or recognize the laws of the perfect life. We insist that he must actually live them, that he must constantly practice them, so that uninterrupted ex-

ercise in them, may make them an organic and integral part of his being, an hereditary force, which will bequeath to posterity a moral capital, a sort of spiritual assets. What can a Jewish missionary do among a race of people? He has no patent creed to offer, no spiritual panacea to sell, he knows of no doctrine, the mere mechanical acceptance of which will change the brute into a godly man. What the Jew has to offer is not easily accepted. He demands a revolution in one's life, a change in one's habits, a gathering together of all instincts and passions under the stern discipline of God's eternal and immutable laws.

However, in the broadest and most extensive meaning of the word, the Jew has indeed been an eternal and never ceasing missionary. His deep, unflagging devotion to the law, his care of and solicitude

for all the true civic and domestic virtues, his firm invincible resistance to all that savored of violence and despotism, his heroic martyrdom in the cause of religious liberty and civic independence, has roused Europe from its mediaeval torpor. To-day, the constitutions of the best and most progressive governments are based upon the eternal principles of the Mosaic law and the governments that are the furthest from it are the nearest to extinction. Friends, the best and highest message I can bring to you at this festive season is the message of the eternity and omnipresence of God's law. Place your heart, mind and soul under its health-giving and beatific discipline and it will not take long before you will exultingly repeat with the psalmist: "And I will walk in liberty, for Thy precepts have I sought."

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Leslie.

Under the mistletoe, Nell and I,
 Nell with the ripe, red mouth,
 Nell with the dimples and playful pout,
 And breath like the wind from the south—
 The warm, warm wind that makes the grain
 An ocean of billowy gold,
 The warm, warm wind that kisses the trees
 Till their fragrant blossoms unfold.

Under the mistletoe, Nell and I,
 Nell with her lips apart,
 Nell with her eyes half gay, half shy,
 I with my beating heart;
 Under the mistletoe, no one by,
 Her lips are a challenge fair,
 Oh, ignominious coward I,
 I long but I do not dare!

WORDS BY
RUTH FLOREDGE

SLUMBER SONG

MUSIC BY
JOHN McLELLAN

The musical score is handwritten in ink on aged paper. It features a piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *mf* and *p*, and pedaling instructions marked with asterisks and the word 'Ped'. The melody is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are written below the piano introduction and are divided into two verses. The first verse begins with '1. Sleep-lad-en eye-lids downward fall, The dream fays their el--fin'. The second verse begins with '2. croon in his ear a ten-der note, They rock him soft in their'. The score continues with two more systems of music, each with two verses of lyrics. The final system ends with a double bar line. The handwriting is elegant and characteristic of early 20th-century musical notation.

1. Sleep-lad-en eye-lids downward fall, The dream fays their el--fin
2. croon in his ear a ten-der note, They rock him soft in their

1. bug--les call With touch as light as this-tle-down, They
2. fair-y boat. They float him off from Wide-a-wake Strand, And

1. place on my babe a bright dream-crown, And fair-y sprites will
2. guide their bark to By--lo Land. The fair-y sprites will

Note:—The smaller notes throughout are to be sung to words of second verse

1. guard my sweet; And fair-²y sprites will guard my sweet;...

Chorus

THE BEAUTY BRIGADE.

Emma Maude Patterson.

Why will the average girl endeavor to make of herself a human caricature of a Japanese pood'e dog just because some hairdresser lady has assured her that a head whose "crowning glory" is roughed and puffed and fluffed, and re-enforced by "rats" and "hair cushions" and fortified by combs, hair retainers and hair pins innumerable, is "the very latest thing," when her common sense tells her that the style is unbecoming to her, that the "rats" will cause dandruff (and, frequently, headache) that "roughing" breaks the hair and that the many combs,—side combs, back combs and pompadour combs—are enough to drag even the most luxurious tresses out by the roots!

Why won't she understand that the impression of good looks she conveys is due more to the way in which she wears her hair than any one thing? She should know that, generally speaking, the girl with a long face should wear her hair full over the ears; that the girl whose face is broad should wear it high on her head; but that she should experiment, and when she discovers the style most becoming to her individuality, wear it that way, making such concessions to fashion as she may without reminding observers of the wax heads in the hairdressers window.

For the blonde, and pale, ashen-haired girls, fluffy locks seem most in keeping. Golden or any light-colored hair brushed back in a mass reminds one of molasses candy—which is all very sweet and nice in its way, but one doesn't like the idea of a mass of it on one's head. Auburn hair, on the contrary, looks

better in a mass, bringing out the beautiful lights and shadows.

The blonde with dark eyes usually looks well with her hair worn low on her brow—the contrast between the golden hair and dark eyes is charming. The dark-haired girl usually looks best with her dark braids wound smoothly around her head.

If the hair seems greasy, damp and oily, try the following lotion daily:

Powdered bicarbonate of soda.... ¼ ounce
Powdered borate of soda.... ¼ ounce
Eau de cologne 1 fluid ounce
Alcohol 2 fluid ounces
Tincture of cochineal ½ fluid ounce
Distilled water 16 ounces

Mix thoroughly and agitate until solution is complete.

The above lotion is said to produce a slight reddish tint, so if your hair happens to be black, perhaps you'd rather not use it. Washing the hair every two weeks with plenty of eggs and hot water will do wonders toward eliminating oil and dandruff. Use three or four eggs, more if the hair is very thick. Break the eggs into a dish, beat up, and pour half the portion over the hair and scalp, allowing to drain into a bowlful of hot water (not warm, hot) and shampoo well; then use the rest of the eggs in the same way, remembering that the scalp as well as the hair needs cleansing. The eggs make a beautiful lather. Rinse in several waters, and finish up with a bath spray shower, if you have one.

If the hair is dry and breaks easily, it's a good plan to apply olive oil to the scalp about twenty-four hours before shampooing.

We were all in such a hurry to get to the matinee the other day, that I forgot to say that, in applying any tonic to the hair, it's well to use a medicine dropper, dropping the tonic directly on the scalp, then rubbing in well, remembering that it's what is absorbed by the scalp that benefits, not what is smeared on the hair itself.

If the hair is very *dry and dead and harsh* this tonic should be used:

Alcohol	4 ounces
Castor oil	2 ounces
Oil of rose	6 drops

Apply with medicine dropper, as directed above.

Here is another hair tonic that's said to be excellent:

Sulphate of quinine	30 grains
Acetic acid	2 grains
Resorcin	120 grains
Water	4 ounces
Oil of Eucalyptus	2 drams
Tincture of cantharides	3 drams
Alcohol	12 ounces

Mix, shake until dissolved and filter. Apply as above.

To cure *dandruff*, use the following:

One heaping tablespoonful of sulphur. Pour over it one quart of boiling water; cover air tight for twenty-four hours. Drain off the clear part, and rub well into the scalp every night.

And here is an *ointment for scant eyebrows*:

Red Vaseline	2 ounces
Tincture of cantharides	1/8 ounce
Oil of lavender	15 drops
Oil of rosemary	15 drops

Mix thoroughly, and apply to the eyebrows with a tiny toothbrush once a day until the growth is sufficiently stimulated. Then less often.

To stimulate the growth of the *eyelashes*, use the following:

Cologne	2 1/2 ounces
Glycerine	1 1/2 ounce
Fluid extract of jaborandi	2 drams

Shake well, until the ingredients are thoroughly mixed.

Apply to the lashes with a tiny camel's hair paint brush. Free the brush from any drop and pass lightly along the edge of the eyelids, being extremely careful that no minutest portion of the lotion touches the eye itself.

In using both of these recipes, before applying the grower the eyes and eyebrows should be washed in warm water, to which a little borax has been added—about a teaspoonful of borax to a bowl of water. Dry the eyes before applying the lotion.

Someone inquired what will cure *warts*. Both of the following recipes are said to be excellent:

Calomel	30 grains
Boracic acid	15 grains
Salicylic acid	5 grains
Cinncabar	3 grains

Rub into the warts two or three times a day.

Or, this:

Solution of ethylate of sodium, 2 drams. Every two or three days touch the wart with the solution, administered with a camel's hair pencil.

In using anything strong enough to remove warts, it is of course necessary to be extremely careful not to touch the skin about the warts, as it is liable to burn.



A foolish man
Who among other people comes,
Had best be silent;
For no one knows
That he knows nothing
Unless he talks too much.
He who previously knew nothing
Will still know nothing,
Talk he ever so much. —The Edda.



He whom temptation never has assailed,
Knows not that subtle sense of moral strength;
When sorely tried, we waver, but at length,
Rise up and turn away, not having failed.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN ILLNESS.

XII.

POISONS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

Poisons may be defined as those substances which if taken into the system cause a derangement of health, or if taken in sufficient quantity cause death.

There are three classes of poisons: irritant, narcotic and acro-narcotic. An irritant poison is one which is strong enough to eat or destroy the tissues of the body, and causes death by shock to the nervous system. A narcotic poison, induces intense drowsiness or unnatural sleep, and causes death by its action on the brain without any local pain or disturbance. An acro-narcotic poison is one which combines the action of the other two.

Three important things to do in most cases of poisoning are:

1st. Get rid of the poison by giving something to induce vomiting.

Such a substance is called an emetic. Salt and warm water or mustard and water in the proportion of one teaspoonful to one cup of water are both good emetics. Do not take time to see that all the small lumps are out, but stir up quickly and give in small quantities—a cup full at a time—and repeat every ten minutes until free vomiting results. Too large a quantity must not be given at a time, as it may distend the wall of the stomach, causing paralysis and failure to act. The solution must not be too dilute or the action will be that of a physic rather than an emetic.

A few drops of the wine or syrup of ipecac is an excellent emetic. If none of the above substances can be obtained vomiting may be produced by tickling the inside of the throat with the forefinger.

2nd. Give some substance which has power to neutralize the poison first taken.

Such a substance is called an **antidote**. In the case of poisoning by any strongly irritating poison, such as lye or carbolic acid, it is best to give the antidote immediately.

3rd. Give some substance which will soothe the injured or irritated parts.

Such substances are white of egg, milk, mucilage and water, gruels, olive or castor oil. In case of poison-

ing with phosphorous or cantharides, oil should not be given as it favors the solution and absorption of the poison.

After the irritant poisons, the diet must be watched carefully, and only bland non-irritating foods, such as strained gruels, milk porridge, and raw eggs in milk, allowed.

If, after any kind of poisoning, symptoms of shock are noticed they must be treated as shock from any other cause—of course after the antidote has been administered and the stomach emptied.

Some of the common poisons and their antidotes are given below.

ACIDS.

If an acid and alkali are brought together in the right way a chemical reaction takes place and a substance is formed which is neither acid nor alkaline in its nature. An acid thus acted upon, is said to be **neutralized**, which means that it is no longer active.

In the case of poisoning by strong acids the general treatment would be to give some alkaline solution to drink, so that the acid would have no power to further destroy the tissues.

The common acids are acetic, citric, muriatic, nitric, oxalic, sulphuric, tartaric, carbolic and prussic.

For nitric and oxalic acid, give a solution of magnesia or lime.

For sulphuric acid give a strong soap suds.

For carbolic acid give lime water and milk, or syrup of lime.

Additional warmth and stimulation to the body are also necessary.

In poisoning from prussic acid give dilute ammonia. Rub the spine with cold cloths, and the rest of the body with the hands to secure additional stimulation.

For the other acids give any dilute alkali—such as soda, ammonia, lime, magnesia or chalk powder.

As soon as the antidote has been administered, give something that is sure to induce free vomiting, and after that, a bland mucilaginous drink to soothe the injured membranes.

The Alkalies. Ammonia, caustic

potash, or washing soda, salt-petre, lime and lye may be accidentally taken, and are all strong caustics.

The antidote for any of them is a drink of dilute vegetable acid such as lemon juice, vinegar, or hard cider. Olive or castor oil may be given to drink. Next induce vomiting and give soothing drinks such as white of an egg mixed with water.

Antimony. Antimony may be taken in the form of tartar emetic, wine of antimony, or syrup of squills. Produce vomiting and give very strong tea to drink. Follow with mucilaginous drink or gruel.

Arsenic. Fowler's solution, Paris green, rough on rats and arsenious acid all contain arsenic. Give an emetic of mustard and water. The antidote for arsenic poison must be freshly made to be effective. Add a solution of washing soda or ammonia to the tincture of iron until a heavy red substance is formed in the solution. Strain through a cloth and wash the precipitate (the red substance) and stir it in milk or water. Give it freely and frequently—as much as you can make the patient take. Give an emetic and soothing drinks. After Fowler's solution, give him water freely to drink.

Mercury. Corrosive sublimate, calomel, and Blue mass are the forms in which mercury may be taken. Albumen is the antidote. Give the white of egg, milk, flour gruel or paste. Induce vomiting.

Tincture of Iodine. Give a paste made out of flour or starch and follow later with an emetic.

Sugar of Lead. The antidote is Epsom salts. Give that or white of egg or milk. Induce vomiting.

Phosphorous. Ends of matches, phosphide of zinc, pills and various kinds of hypophosphites contain phosphorous. Wash out the stomach; copper sulphate, five grains, is a good emetic in this case. Give soda in solution, milk, and white of egg. Do not give oil.

Narcotic and Acronarcotic Poisons.

All narcotic poisons act upon the system in a similar manner. Emetics must be given promptly and the patient kept awake. It is not safe to do so by forcing him to walk around and slapping him with wet towels as it is too exhausting and apt to give cold.

In the case of acro-narcotic poisons violent spasms are often caused. A

physician may quiet them by giving hypodermic injections or by giving ether to inhale, but it is not safe for the inexperienced person to do so for fear of complications.

Strychnine. Give an emetic and after that strong tea to drink. The spasms may be relieved by giving ether to inhale, but one must be very careful not to give too much or it will add to the exhaustion and stupor.

Chloroform. Employ artificial respiration as for drowning. Give stimulants and apply friction to the body to keep up the circulation and the heart action.

Opium. Laudanum, paregoric, morphine, are all similar in their action. Give an emetic as soon as possible. Rub the body vigorously with cold cloths. Give strong black coffee, to drink, and also as an injection through the rectum. Keep the patient awake and if necessary perform artificial respiration.

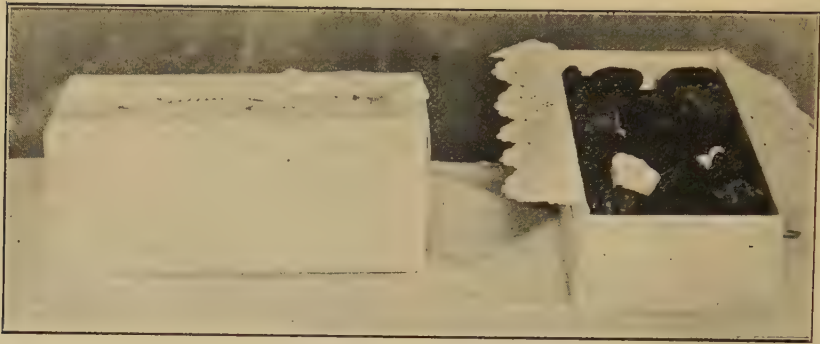
Aside from the poisons given above, cases of poisoning occur from the eating of poisonous foods, such as certain kinds of mushrooms and toadstools, spoiled meats, fish, milk, cheese and canned goods.

In such a case prompt action is very necessary. Give emetics until the stomach is entirely empty and then some strong quick physic, such as castor oil or Epsom salts. Rub the body with alcohol and water and keep up the strength by giving brandy and water internally.

Action must be so prompt in case of poisoning that there will be no time to hunt for a book and then find the antidote for the certain poison taken. So it would be well for each one to go through the above list until so familiar with it that to mention the poison calls up in the mind the proper treatment. All may not agree as to the remedies here offered being the best, but if by experience you have found other and better methods, keep to the best always.

If you are interested in this subject, and live near a physician, it would be well to form little classes and practice under his direction.

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking Dr. Willard Y. Croxall, for his interest and help in the preparation of this series. Each lesson was read and if necessary corrected by him before it was printed, so that the instructions contained may be safely carried out.



THE SEASON'S COMPLIMENTS.

THE COOK'S CORNER.

Hygienists tell us that the American people are becoming a nation of dyspeptics as much through their excessive use of candy as any other one cause. The abuse of candy should be avoided, for it will in time ruin the most healthy digestion.

But at the Christmas season candy seems most appropriate and if eaten in moderation it will probably not be injurious.

A dainty box of home-made candy makes a suitable gift for a girl to give to any friend. It is about the only one she can make her gentlemen friends without offending "the proprieties."

The foundation of all French cream candies is called **Fondant**.

Take two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of water and a pinch of cream of tartar; place over the fire in a graniteware sauce pan, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Then place on a part of the range where it can remain undisturbed and cook slowly till done. Do not move the pan or stir the sugar after it has begun to boil. As it boils small crystals will be found around the edge of the pan near the surface of the syrup. With a wet cloth or brush remove these as fast as formed being careful not to touch the boiling liquid. Have handy a cup of ice water and a skewer or small stick of wood. When the syrup begins to form large bubbles as it boils, watch it carefully and test frequently, as a moment's cooking now may prove too much. The syrup must have your undivided attention at this stage.

To Test: Dip the stick in the ice water then in the syrup and again in the ice water. If the syrup adhering to the stick can be rolled into a soft

ball, it is done. Remove immediately, but carefully, from the fire and pour into a large platter which has been previously oiled or greased. Let it cool until you can dent the surface with the finger. If a scum of crystals forms, carefully remove it or the process will have to be done over again. When it is cool, work with a wooden or silver spoon until it is a smooth white mass. Then take in the hands and work until it is very smooth and creamy. The fondant may be kept indefinitely in air-tight jars.

Things to Avoid: If the paste is grainy, it will be unsatisfactory. To move the syrup after it has dissolved, to dip in a spoon, to allow the crystals from the sides to enter the syrup, may be sufficient to cause this condition; hence these things should be avoided. The cream of tartar lessens the tendency to grain.

If it has become grainy or has cooked too long, add a spoonful of water and cook it again, using the same precautions as at the beginning. This may be done over and over again. No sugar need ever be thrown away unless it has burned.

Bon-bons of Fondant.

An endless variety of bon-bons can be made of the fondant. If it has a tendency to harden place the jar containing it in luke warm water.

Nut Creams. Roll the fondant into a small ball and place a walnut or any other kind of nut on each side.

Nut Loaf: Mix well one cup of chopped walnuts, pecans or blanched almonds, with one and one-half cups of fondant. Form into a loaf and place whole nuts in rows on the top. Cut



Nut loaf.

in slices, wrap each in oiled tissue paper.

To Blanch Almonds: Pour boiling water over the cracked nuts and let stand a few moments after which the tough skin will slip off easily.

Cocoanut Bar. Mix one-half cup of grated cocoanut with one cup of the fondant; roll into a sheet one-inch thick and cut into small squares.

Chocolate Creams. Roll the fondant into small balls; set away for a few hours to harden. Scrape one ounce of bitter chocolate; melt it in a dish over hot (not boiling) water; add two tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a quarter teaspoonful of butter. Stir until smooth. Don't let stand over the hot water too long or it will harden, after which it is useless for this purpose. After it is smooth, keep it soft by placing the bowl in warm water. Dip the balls in the chocolate; when well covered remove with a fork onto greased paper and set in a cool place to harden.

Nut or Cocoanut Chocoates are made by rolling nut loaf or cocoanut bar into balls and then after they have hardened, dipping them into melted chocolate.

Creamed Nuts. Place two tablespoonfuls of fondant into a cup and set the cup in hot water. Stir constantly until the fondant is of the consistency of molasses. Drop in the shelled nuts and turn until well coated; remove to greased paper. Any kind of paste may be dipped into the softened fondant as well as in the chocolate.

Caramels.

Chocolate Caramels. One-half cupful each of molasses, granulated sugar and brown sugar are placed in

Dipped choco- Plain chocolate Cream ball dip-
lates with a nut on top. Maple caramels ped into softened
cream. fondant.

a sauce pan; also one cup of grated chocolate and one cup of cream or milk. If milk is used add one heaping tablespoonful of butter. Cook slowly stirring all the time until it will form a hard ball when dropped into cold water. Turn into greased platter. Mark into squares and cut before it is cold.

Maple Caramels. Take one cup of maple syrup, and three-quarters cup of cream; stir constantly over a brisk fire until a drop of it will form a hard ball in cold water. Pour into greased tins, mark and cut as in the chocolate caramel. Nuts may be added just before taking from the fire.

Molasses Candy.

Place one cup of brown sugar, two cups molasses, and one tablespoonful each of butter and vinegar in a sauce pan over the fire. Boil gently until a drop of it will harden in cold water. Just before taking from the fire add one teaspoonful of baking soda, which makes the candy lighter in color. Turn into greased tins and when cool pull until it is white and firm. Twist into sticks and cut into inch pieces.

Panocha.

4 cups brown sugar.
2 cups chopped nuts.
1 cup cream or milk.
1 teaspoon salt.
1 tablespoon vanilla.
1 teaspoon butter.

Boil sugar, butter, salt and milk until it drops hard in cold water. When done, pour in vanilla and nuts; any kind of nuts may be used. Pour on buttered plates and cut into squares.

Leah D. Widtsoe.

THE GIFT ETERNAL.

Emily Calhoun Clowes.

There is a gift freely given,
That shines with a radiant light,
And glows like that Star to the Eastward
Out from a Spiritual Night.
A gift carried down thro' the ages—
Joy-laden to hearts that are gay;
A guidance sweet to illumine
Lives that are earthbound and gray.

It bubbles in child animation;
It ripples in laughter and song;
In tinkling feet of the nursery
It dances, the whole day long.
It tinges the cheek of the maiden;
It flutters in youthful hearts;
It gives to the poor in abundance;
And life to the weary imparts.

It falleth soft as a snowflake
On wounds that are bleeding to heal;
On hearts that are storm-tossed and restless
It setteth a gentle seal.
It tarries in sorrowing households
Where one has but gone away,
And "Let not your hearts be troubled"
In whispers, it seemeth to say.

This last divine gift of the Master—
His peace, love and cheer to earth—
Brings sweetly unto our remembrance
That glorious advent—His birth.
Christmastide! And the Master!
"Not as the world gives" that day;
He giveth of infinite treasure
That "your joy might be full" *alway*.

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Long, long ago, a little child awakened on the earth. To those who knew not His divinity how insignificant was that humble birth! Yet the glory of His life has rung down through the ages, reverberating through the world wherever human tongue is heard, silencing the clamor of greed and selfishness, dispelling hatred and malice, instilling love and forbearance, and whispering unto all a cure for every sorrow, a sweet refrain to soothe the cares of mortality. And if we heed it not, it passes on to bless another, re-echoing to us again when our ears are opened to the divine melody.

Even those who do not believe in His divinity confess admiration for the great Teacher who has meant so much to the world. Thus they do Him honor, even in their unbelief. But the day will come when "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Standing now on the eve of that day celebrated in honor of His birth, read yourself, little girl, and see what that day means to you. Is His spirit born in your heart? Do you seek to bring peace and joy wherever you go, and leave no wound behind? Let no worldly thought crowd out the beauty and greatness of the Savior's love. Let it fill your heart; 'twill shine out, il-

luminating your path and lighting the way for weary feet; 'twill prompt good thoughts and noble actions and the joy of living will be complete.

I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in;

Naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. * * * *

Inasmuch as ye have it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.



And now as the day dawns, unto one and all "A Merry Christmas and our heart's best love." Let us unite with the heavenly host to bring "Peace on Earth, good will to man."



Our frontispiece for this number is Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair." This is perhaps the most popular of the Madonnas. The original is owned by the Italian government, and is at present in the Uffezzi Gallery in Florence, Italy.

No words are necessary to tell why it has become famous; it speaks for itself. Our plate was made from a photograph of the original painting, secured by Miss Mary Teasdel while in Rome.

The music of our beautiful "Slumber Song" comes as a Christmas Gift to the girls from Professor McClellan. We know it will be highly appreciated, none the less for coming as a complete surprise. We consider it a gem. No need to tell you, perhaps, that Professor John J. McClellan is the Tabernacle Organist, whose rendition of the finest music is a constant source of delight to those who hear him.



VOLUME XV.

And now we must say "good

bye" to the old year. The new one stands ready to greet us. With joy we go forth to the meeting, hope and faith strong in our hearts that the association will be a profitable one. New faces are in our throng of writers, as well as the dear familiar ones of the past, all lighted with the wish to give joy and strength. No great promises we bring, for the best often comes as a glad surprise.

Let us go forth with happy hearts to meet the future, and may the coming year be full of the richest blessings for all.

OFFICERS' NOTES.

PRELIMINARY PROGRAMS.

We would again urge promptness in carrying out the preliminary programs. Speakers should be allowed a certain length of time *and not be permitted to take more*. The courses of study are seriously interfered with if more than the half hour is thus taken up.

Special attention should be given to the selection of songs for Mutual Improvement meetings. They should always be of an up-lifting nature, free from all coarseness or silly sentimentality. Ordinary love songs are not appropriate.

(January 5th, 1904.) Program No. 13.
(Suggestive Hymn. The Lord Will Provide.)

(Devotional Exercises, 10 minutes, remainder of program, 20 minutes.)

1. Current Historical Events.
2. Reading, Selection from "The Bird's Christmas Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggin or "Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell.
3. Music, "Oh, for a Burst of Song!"

(January 12th.) Program No. 14.

1. Current Historical Events.
2. Selections from writings men-

tioned in Literary Course. (See Guide department.)

3. Music, "My Rosary."

January 19th.) Program No. 15.

1. Current Historical Events.
2. Solo, "Alice, Where Art Thou?"
3. Scientific Progress.

(January 26th.) Program No. 16.

1. Current Historical Events.
2. Music, "Love's Old Sweet Song."
3. Extemporaneous Addresses.

Literary Course.

We are much pleased at the appreciation of the Literary course, and at the expressed desire to be permitted more time for the study. In response to the general request, it has been decided to extend the time to three years, thus doing away with the necessity for crowding so much into each evening's work. It will still be inadequate to a thorough acquaintance with the world's best writings, but is given with a thought that each girl can supplement that learned in the meetings by reading the beautiful things there brought to her attention at home.

Now at the Holiday season, when you are looking for some gift for a friend, why not give her Tennyson's or Longfellow's poems? They will often be referred to in the lessons and will afford her many an hour of pure delight.

GUIDE DEPARTMENT.

BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

LESSON XIX.

THE UNITED ORDER.

There is a difference in degree only between the spiritual and temporal worlds. The laws that prevail in a spiritual life must, to a certain degree, govern a temporal life. In fact, a Zion on earth can be built up only by the application of the laws of a celestial kingdom(a).

The Gospel promises that, by obedience to certain laws, all men may obtain eternal life and the same degree of salvation. In like manner the Lord has established an order which, if obeyed by the Church, will enable every member to attain the same degree of temporal salvation. Equality in the life to come is promised the faithful; equality in this life is also promised, if the way of the Lord be followed. "For if ye are not equal in earthly things, ye cannot be equal in obtaining heavenly things"(b).

So important is the necessity of earthly equality that the Lord says of the plan for securing it that "This order I have appointed to be an everlasting order unto you, in as much as you sin not, * * * and the soul that * * * hardeneth his heart against it, shall be * * * delivered over to the buffetings of Satan" * * *(c).

The principles of this order are briefly as follows: All things have been prepared by the Lord and belong to Him. The power to accumulate the things of earth is a gift of God. The plan for producing tem-

poral equality among men is that the rich, those who have been given the gift of accumulating this world's goods, shall share their riches with those who have not received this gift in the same degree. When it is recalled that "there is enough and to spare" for all men, and that riches are a gift of God, this plan appears to be just. The Lord has further implied that in this way only can temporal equality be obtained. (Read 104:15-17). This method of sharing properties with each other is called the United Order(d).

When a person enters this Order he gives or consecrates all his property, be it much or little, to the Church(e). The proper official then returns to the new member an amount or "portion" of property, amply sufficient for his wants, so that all men should be equal "according to their families, according to their circumstances, and their wants and needs"(f). The portion which is returned should be secured to the member by a deed which cannot be broken(g).

Each member is made a steward over his own portion, to make the best possible use of it(h). All the proceeds of his labor should be cast into a common treasury, to be the property of the whole Order(i).

(a) 105:5.

(b) 78:6.

(c) 82:20, 21; see also 49:20.

(d) 92:1.

(e) 42:32-33.

(f) 51:3.

(g) 51:4; 104:73-75.

(h) 42:32; 104:56; 51:19.

(i) 104:68-71.

All his needs, great or small, should be supplied from this same treasury(j). Since the majority of men earn more than they need for their wants and legitimate comforts, there would always be an abundance in the treasury to help those who had not managed their portions well. Under such a system none could be poor, or could suffer want.

A large surplus would necessarily remain in the treasury, after all the wants and comforts of the people had been met. This should be used for the public good "for the purpose of purchasing lands for the public benefit of the Church, and building houses of worship, and building up of the New Jerusalem(k)," and for numerous other public works.

In case a member should wish to withdraw from the Order, he can claim the portion that was deeded to him upon his entrance into the Order, but shall have claim on no more, even if his portion is smaller than the amount he consecrated to the Church(l).

To manage the affairs of such an Order, agents are of necessity required. The bishop, whose special mission is of a temporal nature, is intimately connected with the United Order(m); but in addition other agents as, for instance, stewards and treasurers, are provided for in the Lord's revelations(n).

All matters pertaining to the affairs of the Order, such as the distribution of the surplus, or the appointment of officers, shall be done by the united consent of the members(o).

It appears that each Stake of Zion should be organized into a United

Order, and should manage its affairs separately from those of other Stakes(p).

It is thus seen that a United Order, organized and managed according to the pattern given by God, may be likened to a large co-operative store, in which only the employees are stockholders, and in which the salaries are proportioned, alike, to the varying needs of those employed.

It may be urged that such an order would allow the lazy and shiftless to eat the bread of the industrious. This is not possible, for the Lord has commanded that "the idler shall not have place in the Church"(q).

The results of the United Order in the Church would be most beneficial and glorious. Not only would the poor be assisted, but that earthly equality would be brought about which is a necessary preparation for the celestial world(r). All men would have an opportunity of improving their talents; they would seek each other's interest and do all things with an eye single to the glory of God(s). By means of the United Order, the commandments of the Lord could be accomplished, and the Church would stand independent above all other creatures beneath the celestial world(t).

This perfect order of temporal salvation has been practiced by few peoples upon earth. The perfect people who dwelt in the City of Enoch practiced it successfully, and for that reason it is sometimes called the Order of Enoch(u). Other people, especially during the years immediately following

(j) 104:72-75; 82:17.

(k) 42:35.

(l) 51:5.

(m) 51:13.

(n) 51:8; 104:61.

(o) 104:21, 71.

(p) 104:47-50.

(q) 75:29.

(r) 78:6, 7.

(s) 82:18, 19.

(t) 78:13, 14.

(u) 82, headlines.

Christ's ministry on earth, may also have endeavored to practice it for some time. Attempts to practice it have been made in this Church under the leadership of the Prophet Joseph and his followers, but the selfishness and weakness of the members, and the iniquity of the surrounding world have made perfect results impossible.

Though this Order is eternal in its nature, and must at some time be obeyed by all who desire to enter the celestial kingdom, yet because of the present condition of the world, the Lord has postponed the United Order as a commandment for the Church, until after the Saints have been established in (Zion) Jackson County, Mo. (v).

Among the many glorious laws of the Gospel, the United Order is one of the greatest, and we should learn to understand it well and prepare ourselves to accept it when the commandment to practice it comes.

REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

1. Why is it necessary that men be equal on earth?

(v) 105:34.

2. What are the fundamental principles of the United Order?

3. Why is it difficult for a rich man to share his riches with another?

4. What is the first step in entering the United Order?

5. What is understood by the "portion" which each member receives?

6. How should the portion be secured to each member? Why?

7. What should the members do with their portions?

8. What should members do with the profits of their work?

9. How should the members of the United Order be supported?

10. What should be done with the surplus?

11. To what is a member, who wishes to withdraw, entitled?

12. How is the United Order to be governed?

13. Can an idler be a member of the Order? What is to be done with idlers?

14. Enumerate some of the blessings that result from the practice of the United Order.

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

a. Give a brief history of the United Order practiced in Brigham City under the direction of President Lorenzo Snow. Biography and Family Record of Lorenzo Snow, by Eliza R. Snow Smith. Chapters 38-43.

"President Lorenzo Snow as the Silver Grays of To-day Remember Him."
—Young Woman's Journal, Vol. 14, pp. 388-393.

LESSON XX.

TITHING; THE POOR.

TITHING.

(Read Section 119).

The great law of the United Order, which formed the subject of the last lesson, has not been practiced successfully by the majority of the Church. This is a result of our own imperfect condition, and the opposition from the world. The Lord has therefore commanded that this law need not be executed and fulfilled until the Saints have been

established in Jackson County, Missouri.

In place of the greater law of the United Order, the Lord has given a lesser law—that of tithing. This law is enunciated in brevity, but with beautiful simplicity, in Section 119, which was given July 8th, 1838.

The purpose of the law of tithing is to provide the means necessary to

(a) 105:34.

build temples and other public buildings of the Church; to meet the numerous and varied expenses of carrying on the work of building Zion and spreading the Gospel among all mankind(b). In general, the tithing of the people is to be used for paying the expenses of maintaining the Church. Another equally important purpose of the law of tithing is to give to the people the spiritual strength which comes from obeying a law of God which involves the spirit of sacrifice.

According to section 119, a person entering the Church should, as a beginning of his tithing, deliver to the bishop, for the use of the Church, all his surplus property(c). By the term "surplus property" is probably meant all that a person has in excess of his needs for his daily wants and the conduct of his business.

After the surplus property has thus been disposed of, the members should "pay one-tenth of all their interest annually"(d). It should be observed that one-tenth of the interest, that is, one-tenth of all that a person earns, should be paid as tithing. Some have misunderstood this law, and have believed that one-tenth should be paid of all that remains after necessary living and other expenses have been paid. This, of course, is not in harmony with the law as given by God.

The bishops, as the temporal agents of the Church, usually supervise the payment of tithes by the people(e); but the disposition of the tithing is under the direction of the First Presidency(f).

The law of tithing is very im-

portant. It is a standing law unto the Church in all her stakes forever(g). Those who shall not abide this law, shall not be "found worthy to abide" with the Church(h). If the Church fails to obey this law, the promises of the Lord will be revoked and this land will not be a land of Zion to the people(i). "For he that is tithed shall not be burned at my coming"(j).

THE POOR.

Closely connected with the United Order, discussed in the last lesson, and the law of tithing, is the subject of the care of the poor. For those who are industrious and honest, yet poor, the Lord has special blessings in store.

Men should be called to the special duty of seeking out the poor and administering relief to them, that they may not suffer(k).

Upon the bishops and their agents rests the special duty of caring for the poor. These officers of the Priesthood are directed to travel about in search of the poor, that their wants may be administered to(l); further, they should lift up their voices in the midst of the people, to plead the cause of the poor and needy(m).

It is the duty of all who have more than they need to give to the poor(n); for he who does not remember the poor and the needy, the sick and the afflicted, is not my disciple(o). Upon the rich does this command rest most heavily. "Woe unto you rich men that will not give your substance to the poor, for your

(b) 119:2; 97:10-12.

(c) 119:1, 5.

(d) 119:4.

(e) 119:1.

(f) 120:1.

(g) 119:4, 7.

(h) 119:5.

(i) 119:6.

(j) 64:23.

(k) 38:34, 35; 44:6.

(l) 84:112.

(m) 124:75.

(n) 105:3.

(o) 52:40.

riches will canker your souls; and this shall be your lamentation in the day of visitation, and of judgment and of indignation—the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved”(p).

The poor, also, have duties that must be performed, else the Lord will withhold His blessings from them. “Woe unto you poor men whose hearts are not broken, whose spirits are not contrite, and whose bellies are not satisfied, and whose hands are not stayed from laying hold upon other men’s goods, whose eyes are full of greediness, who will not labor with your own hands!”(q) To the worthy poor great blessings are promised. “But blessed are the poor who are pure in heart, whose hearts are broken and whose spirits are contrite, for they shall see the kingdom of God coming in power and great glory unto their deliverance, for the fatness of the earth shall be theirs. * * * And their generations shall inherit the earth from generation to generation, for ever and ever(r).” It is evident from these inspired words that it is as necessary to be worthily poor as to be worthily rich.

- (p) 56:16.
(q) 56:17.
(r) 56:18, 20.

In the future, when the Lord shall establish the United Order, there shall be no poor among us.

REVIEW AND QUESTIONS.

1. Why was tithing instituted in the latter days?
2. What is the purpose of the law of tithing?
3. What is the first step in paying tithing?
4. If a man earns \$600 annually, and spends \$500 for the support of himself and family, how much tithing should he pay?
5. If a farmer raises 500 bushels of wheat, and uses 400 bushels for his family and live stock, how many bushels should he pay in tithing?
6. What officer of the Church receives tithing?
7. Why is obedience to the law of tithing important?
8. What is the duty of the Church to the poor?
9. What is the duty of the bishops with respect to the poor?
10. What is the duty of the rich with respect to the poor?
11. What duties devolve upon the poor?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORK.

- a. Give an account of the work and views of President Lorenzo Snow with respect to tithing. (See Young Woman’s Journal, Vol. 11, pp. 137-140.)
- b. Relate the “Incidents in Tithe Paying,” told by Minnie J. Snow, in Young Woman’s Journal, Vol. 11, p. 117.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

*The Crusades were religious wars between the Mohammedans and the Christian nations of Western Europe, that occurred during the Middle Ages. The first crusade began when the Turks, having conquered the land of Palestine (1065), began treating the thousands of pilgrims to Jerusalem with great cruelty. The seventh and last began in 1270, under Prince Edward of England, afterwards King Edward I. It ended in 1291. The remarkable children’s crusade took place in 1212, when 30,000 French children and two armies of 20,000 each of German children started for the Holy Land. The French army went by way

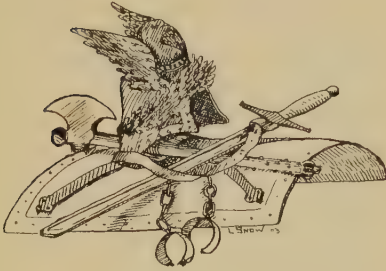
of Marseilles. The German armies crossed the Alps from different directions. The children believed that the sea (the Mediterranean) would open a path for them, as it had done for Moses, that the Mohammedans would be converted by miracles, and that Jerusalem should be regained. Most of this heroic host died by the way, or died at sea, or were made slaves. Part, however, had dropped out and remained where they could find resting places, or returned home.

ERRATA.

Page 527, Ireland should be Iceland.

A DAY IN THE LIBRARY.

FOURTH HOUR: TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.



The earliest French literature was songs of heroism. The best of these is the *Song of Ro'land*, written before the beginning of the twelfth century. Roland was a nephew of Charlemagne. In the poem he is idealized. He had a horn, called Ol'ifant, which could be heard thirty miles away. Birds fell dead at its blast. His sword was made by fairies. In the valley of Roncesvalles (rôn thes vâl'-yes) there is a 300-foot deep fissure in the solid rock. It is called The Breach of Roland. The story goes that, before his death, Roland struck the rock with his wonderful sword and let it sink into the great rift it made, so that it could never fall into the hands of his enemies. The *Song* tells how Charlemagne has warred for seven years in Spain and subdued all but one town. Its king sends a feigned submission to Charlemagne, who, delighted, takes up his homeward march to France. Roland, in charge of the rearguard, is treacherously trapped in the pass of Roncesvalles. His companion, Oliver, begs him to blow on his horn for Charlemagne to return. The heroic Roland refuses.

"I will not sound on mine ivory horn; It shall never be spoken of me in scorn

That for heathen felons,* one blast I blew;
I may not dishonor my lineage true.

God and his angels of Heaven defend
That France through me from her glory bend;
Death were better than fame laid low."

But they are few against many. Though Roland's men fight bravely they are slain. Oliver reproaches Roland for being the cause of the terrible slaughter.

"Roland 'tis thou who hast wrought it all.

Valor and madness are scarce allied—
Better discretion than daring pride.
All by thy folly our Franks lie slain
Nor will render service to Karl again."

All too late Roland blows his horn to warn Charlemagne.

Count Roland sounded a mighty strain.

Forth from his mouth the bright blood sprang.

And his temples burst from the very pang.

On and onward was born the blast,
Till Karl had heard as the gorge he passed,

And Naimes and all his men of war.
"'Tis Roland's horn," said the Emperor,

"And save in battle he had not blown."

Roland, dying, makes his last cry to God:

"O, Father true, who canst not lie,
Who didst Lazarus raise into life again

And Daniel shield from the lion's den,
Shield my soul from its perils due
For the sins I sinned my life-time through."

He did his right-hand glove uplift,

* Roland and his soldiers were Christians fighting against the pagan Saracens.

Saint Gabriel took from his hand the gift.
 Then drooped his head upon his breast,
 And with clasped hands he went to rest.
 God from on high sent down to him
 One of his angel cherubim;
 St. Michael of Peril of the Sea;
 St. Gabriel in company.
 From heaven they came for that soul
 of price,
 And they bare it with them to Paradise.

Charlemagne returns and wreaks vengeance. Then he goes on to France and breaks the news of Roland's death to his sweetheart, who dies heartbroken.

"Somewhere, somehow, somehow," comes in the *Arabian Night's Entertainment*. The tales come from Persian, Indian, and Arabian sources. Do you remember how the Sultan, finding his wife faithless, put her to death and then took a new wife every night and had her killed in the morning? He was a murderous old Sultan. But one maid put her cleverness against his love of pleasure and won. She began by telling a wonderful story and stopping (just like the Family Story Paper) in the most interesting place. The Sultan simply couldn't kill her until he knew "what happened then," so he let her live another day. Then the wily Scheherazade (sha-hä'-ra-zä'-da) again stopped in the interesting place, and the curious sultan let her live one more day. This went on for one thousand and one nights, over two years and a half. By this time the sultan was so fond of his fascinating wife that he would have given up his throne rather than killed her. So you see what good much reading and a fine memory does. Some people associate Queen Esther with the beautiful story-teller Scheherazade and say that the sultan was no other than Ahasuerus. However, sur-

mise over their origin does not interfere with our pleasure in the tales. Sinbad the Sailor, Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp, and all the rest are as charming now we are grown as they were when we were children. In Utah, and America generally, there is a sad lack of fairy tales. Would, for the poetic natures of our children, we had more of them!

The literature of England during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was mostly Latin chronicles. The most important of these chroniclers was Geoffrey of Monmouth, who, about the middle of the twelfth century, gave to numerous old legends, especially the King Arthur tales, a poetic beauty that has inspired greater writers to give them a permanent place in literature. Geoffrey of Monmouth prepared the way for Chaucer, the Father of English Poetry, though he himself wrote prose. He is the beginning of English story-telling.

In Germany there was now a perfect flood of exquisite love songs. "The influence of the crusades*, the romances of Arthur† and Charlemagne roused over all Germany the spirit of poetry."‡ It was the epoch of the Minnesingers (love-singers). "Their extraordinary large number may be gathered from the fact that from the twelfth century alone the names of 160 Minnesingers have come down to us." One of these singers of the thirteenth century (1260), Tannhauser (tann'hoi'zer), has become the subject of a legend out of which Wagner has made one of his finest operas.

* See page 579.

† Arthurian legends will be mentioned more fully in a later lesson.

‡ "Song and Legend from the Middle Ages" by McClintock. Price 50 cents. Flood and Vincent, 150 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

At the very beginning of the thirteenth century, we have the Hindu *Gita-govinda* (gē ta go-vin'da, cow-herder) and the Anglo-Saxon *Brut* of Layamon. The Hindu pastoral, like the Hebrew "Song of Solomon," is held in religious reverence. The story tells how Krish'na, forgetting his love for Ra'dha,* loves many maidens, but finally returns to her penitent. The spiritual interpretation is that the soul turns from all fleeting pleasures to a higher thought.

Beautiful Radha, jasimine-bosomed
Radha,
All in the Springtime waited by the
wood
For Krishna fair, Krishna the all-for-
getful,
Krishna with earthly love's false fire
consuming—

And some one of her maidens sang
this song:

I know where Krishna tarries in these
early days of Spring,
When every wind from warm Malay
brings fragrance on its wing;
Brings fragrance stolen far away
from thickets of the clove,
In jungles where the bees hum and
the Koil flutes her love;
He dances with the dancers, of a
merry morrice† one,
All in the budding Springtime, for 'tis
sad to be alone.

Radha, heart-sick with longing,
waits his return and finally forgives
him. The beautiful stanzas of his
pleading are:

So if thou'rt angry still, this shall
avail,
Look straight at me, and let thy
bright glance wound me;
Fetter me! gyve me! lock me in the
goal
Of thy delicious arms; make fast
around me
The silk-soft manacles of wrists and
hands,
Then kill me! I shall never break
those bands.

* The name means "blessing."

† A Moorish dance of the middle
ages. The dancers had bells fastened
to their feet.

The starlight jewels flashing on thy
breast—
Have not my right to hear thy beat-
ing heart;
The happy jasimine buds that clasp
thy waist
Are soft usurpers of my place and
part;
If that fair girdle only there must
shine,
Give me the girdle's life—the girdle
mine!
But Radiant, Perfect, Sweet, Su-
preme, forgive!
My heart is wise—my tongue is fool-
ish still:
I know where I am come—I know I
live—
I know that thou art Radha—that this
will
Last and be heaven; that I have leave
to rise
Up from thy feet, and look into thine
eyes!

Layamon's *Brut* (*Brutus*) was
taken from Wace's French "Ro-
mance of Brutus," which in turn
came from Geoffrey of Monmouth.
Layamon's poem is after the style
of *Beowulf*, and contains the Ar-
thurian myths, also the stories of
Cymbeline and Lear that Shake-
speare has made into plays.

Perhaps the most beautiful French
romance of the thirteenth century
is the story of *Auccassin and Nico-
lette* (o kas san', ne ko let') It is
written partly in prose, partly in
lyrics. Auccassin's father parts the
lovers and shuts Nicolette in a
tower. Auccassin refuses to become
a knight.

"Father, God grant me never aught
of my desire, if I be dubbed knight,
or mount steed, or go into the stour
(battle) where knights do smite and are
smitten, if thou givest me not Nico-
lette, my sweet lady, whom I love so
well." "Son," quoth his father, "this
may never be." So he turned him
about. But when Auccassin saw him
going he called to him, "I will take up
arms upon this covenant that if God
bring me back sound and safe, thou
wilt let me see Nicolette, my sweet

— Radha was a dairy maid. It
seems odd to speak of her flashing
jewels.

lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss." "That will I grant," said his father.

Auccassin is taken prisoner. Nicolette knots the sheets of her bed, lowers herself from the window, runs through the garden and out of the postern door.

Her hair was golden and in little curls, and her eyes blue-gray and laughing, and her face oval, and her nose high and well set, and her lips vermeil, so as is no rose nor cherry in summer time, and her teeth white and small, and her bosom was firm and heaved her dress as if it had been two walnuts; and atween the sides she was so slender that you could have clasped her in your two hands; and the daisy blossoms which she broke off with the toes of her feet, which lay fallen over the bend of her foot, were right black against her feet and legs, so very white was the maiden.

She finds her lover and speaks to him through a chink in the "old ruinous tower." Then she goes on to the forest. Auccassin escapes and meets her there.

Auccassin the fair, the blond,
Gentle knight and lover fond,
Rode from out the thick forest;
In his arms his love was pressed,
On the saddlebow before;
And he kissed her o'er and o'er.

After many adventures, they have three years of happiness, Auccassin more than delighted "for that he had with him Nicolette, his sweet love, whom he loved so well." Then the Saracens invade the land and carry them off. After more troubles, Nicolette, disguised as a harper, finds Auccassin, who has become ruler of Biaucaire.

When his love he saw at last
Arms about her did he cast,
Kissed her often, kissed her sweet.

* * * * *

Then Auccassin wedded her,
Made her Lady of Biaucaire.
Many years abode they there,
Many years in shade and sun,
In great gladness and delight.
Ne'er hath Auccassin regret

Nor his lady Nicolette.
Now my story all is done,
Said and sung!

Now, in little Iceland, we find a collection of thirty-nine poems that have no special connection with each other beyond giving us the religion of the early Norsemen. The book made from these poems is called the *Elder Edda*. The poems date probably from the ninth century. The first song is the prophecy of a seeress who tells how God and men were born, how the great Tree of Existence (yggdrasil) extends its roots and branches through all space, and how at the end of time comes the Twilight of the Gods (Rag'norak) when flame shall devour all creation, and the gods themselves shall perish. Then shall a new earth be formed over which Balder the beautiful, the good, the gentle shall reign. We are told that

In early times,
When Ymer lived
There was no sand, nor sea,
Nor cooling wave;
No earth was found,
Nor heaven above;
One chaos all,
And nowhere grass.

Ymer (ē'mir) was a giant formed in space out of the fire-world and the frost-world. He was evil. O'din (the chief god) and his two brothers slew him and made the earth of his body, the seas of his blood, and the heavens of his skull. The gods formed the first man and woman (Ask and Em'bla) out of two trees and gave them earth for their home. Around this earth was a large serpent (The tendencies to sin that compass us.)

More serpents lie
Under Yggdrasil's (ig dra sil) ash
Than simpletons think of.

One of the prettiest myths is the death of Bal'der. Everything in nature except the mistletoe has promised never to harm Balder

(Young Woman's Journal Extra.)

GUIDE

FOR THE

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

OF THE

YOUNG LADIES' NATIONAL MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

1903-1904.

PUBLISHED BY
THE GENERAL BOARD.
SEPTEMBER, 1903.

To Officers of the Y. L. M. I. A.

In consequence of many Associations being large and composed of members of widely varying ages, it is deemed, by the General Board, advisable to divide them into two grades forming a Senior and a Junior class. Many of our younger girls are timid and hesitate to take part with the older ones, but in their own class we hope this difficulty will be overcome. Our aim in the Mutual work is to do the greatest good to the greatest number. This can be best accomplished by having small classes where every member has an opportunity to take active part in the lessons.

The Junior Guide, or outline of Gospel lessons, has been prepared for the younger class, and will doubtless prove of the utmost interest and benefit to them. We regret that the limited space in the Journal would not admit of our giving these lessons in the September number, but we trust they will prove satisfactory in this form. Three lessons are furnished for each month for nine months, commencing the third week in September. On testimony night it is suggested that both grades shall meet together.

With the Doctrine and Covenants and Literary lessons published in the Journal for the Senior, and these Gospel lessons for the Junior, grade we trust that this winter's work will prove of the greatest value to our girls.

In forming classes place those under seventeen years, as a rule, in the Junior, and all over that age in the Senior class. Allow some individuality in choice, but direct the same according to capability, not solely for companionship. When the Association is not graded it is preferable to follow the Senior course, published monthly in the Journal; however, this matter is left to the decision of the local and stake presidents.

Owing to circumstances which are unavoidable only half of the Junior course is here given. The lessons for the latter part of the winter's work will be sent to you about January first.

The girls of the Senior course, who have no younger sisters, would confer a favor by giving these Junior lessons to the President for her to distribute to the younger members as our issue is limited.

Junior Department Guide.

To the Junior Class:

In this Guide, we introduce a series of lessons especially prepared for you. If you will give us your willing, prayerful and earnest help in studying them, we promise they will be easy, pleasing and profitable.

About thirty years ago, when the Mutual Improvement Associations were organized by President Brigham Young, he told us that the first thing to be desired in our work was "to establish faith in the hearts of our young people." We differ as a church from the sectarian churches. Our religious views of the Gospel are opposed by the many, and accepted only by the few.

Our young men must learn why this is so, and explain to all the world the true Gospel, that is their mission. Our young girls, too, need this knowledge, and this may be the opportunity of your lives to get an understanding of these things; so, deep in your hearts say, right now, "I will pray about these lessons and learn them well."

We call these lessons "Gospel lessons;" but a large number of them will deal with other subjects, not especially religious, which may help us to lead better lives.

We ask each of you to resolve not to miss one, but to take your part in the lessons every week; and the year's work in this department alone will acquaint you with the Gospel, help you to live it, and impart knowledge of untold value that shall bless and give you joy with each succeeding year.

None of us can have a higher or better desire than to be saved in our Father's Kingdom, and in order to be saved, we must be good; and to teach you how to be good will be the chief object of these lessons.

The first step to take in this direction is to believe in God, our Heavenly Father, to learn that He lives, and what He is like. Next, to have an assurance that our lives and conduct are approved of God, by being in accord with His will and commandments; then, to obtain a testimony of the Gospel and yield obedience thereto.

To Class Leaders:

As the subjects of this course are necessarily serious, in order to make them attractive to your class of girls and secure their attention, we suggest simplicity and impressiveness; simple words with a bright, pleasant manner; introducing, where suitable, real life incidents, and adopting the form of telling a story, rather than giving a lecture.

Invite the girls to tell personal experiences; their own, or those of people whom they know, which will help to illustrate or impress the subject of the lesson.

Outline of Junior Guide for 1903-1904.

- Lesson 1. Personality of God—Existence—Form.
- Lesson 2. Personality of God—Bodily Parts.
- Lesson 3. Personality of God—Character and Attributes.
- Lesson 4. Divine Authority (Ancient).
- Lesson 5. Divine Authority. (Modern.)
- Lesson 6. Entrance into the Church—Faith and Repentance.
- Lesson 7. Baptism.
- Lesson 8. Holy Ghost.
- Lesson 9. Gifts of the Spirit.
- Lesson 10. Testimony.
- Lesson 11. Testimony, (continued.)
- Lesson 12. Obedience.
- Lesson 13. Purity of Character.
- Lesson 14. Word of Wisdom.
- Lesson 15. Prayer.
- Lesson 16. The Sabbath. Ancient.
- Lesson 17. The Sabbath. Modern.
- Lesson 18. Proper Conduct in Places of Worship.
- Lesson 19. Tithing.
- Lesson 20. Incidents in Tithe Paying.
- Lesson 21. Temples.
- Lesson 22. Home.
- Lesson 23. Truthfulness.
- Lesson 24. Keep Your Word.
- Lesson 25. Rights of Family Members.
- Lesson 26. Loving and Serving.
- Lesson 27. Sympathy.
- Lesson 28. Books.

LESSON I.

Personality of God—Existence and Form.

Many people of the world deny the existence of God, and those who do not generally believe Him to be a being without body, parts or passions.

As Latter-day Saints, we believe that God lives, that He is a personage, in form like a man, and that He has body, parts and passions; also that He is our Heavenly Father, who can and does reveal Himself from time to time, instructs His people and talks to them.

We believe this because the Bible tells us so; and besides both ancient and modern prophets bear this record, after having seen and talked with Him under many conditions.

Moses writes (Gen. 1: 26 and 27,) that "God made man in his own image," Adam talked with God. The Lord conversed

with Cain—and a knowledge of His existence was handed down from father to son in those days. Paul says that the Son is like the Father (Heb. 1: 3.) In ancient times, the martyred Stephen was shown the Father in His glory, with Jesus sitting upon His right hand. And in our day God appeared, one morning in May, 1820, to the boy Joseph Smith. (See His. of J. Smith, Chap. 3.) On April 3, 1836, the Lord appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery in the Kirtland Temple. (Doc. & Cov. Sec. 110: 2, 3.)

The Doctrine and Covenants tells us "Faith in God is the first principle of revealed religion, and the foundation of all righteousness." (1st Lecture on Faith.) And again, "Without faith, it is impossible to please God." (Heb. 11: 6.)

Christ, too, in His beautiful prayer, John 17: 3, says: "This is life eternal that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Here we see that a knowledge of God is necessary unto salvation.

It is because men do not understand God, and have no definite ideas about Him, that they doubt His existence.

QUESTIONS.

1. Give the world's idea of God. Lesson statement. 2. What kind of a God do we believe in? Lesson statement. 3. What evidence does Moses give of His personality? Gen. 1: 26, 27. 4. Read Gen. 3: 8—19, where Adam talked with God. 5. How did Adam and his children learn there was a God? See lesson statement. 6. When and where did Cain talk with the Lord? Gen. 4: 6—16. 7. What does Paul say of the Father and the Son? 8. Relate Stephen's vision. Acts 7: 55—60. 9. Describe the first appearance of God in our day. His. of Jos. Smith, Chap. 3. 10. Describe the Lord as he appeared to Jos. Smith and Oliver Cowdery in Kirtland Temple. Doc. & Cov., Sec. 110: 2, 3. 11. Why do men doubt the existence of God? Lesson statement. 12. What is the foundation of all religion? Doc. & Cov. 1st Lec. on Faith. 13. Is faith necessary to salvation? Heb. 11: 6.

LESSON 2.

Personality of God—Bodily Parts of Deity,

In our last lesson it was proved by the testimony of great and good men, that God lives and is, in form and image, like a man. Joseph Smith says, "That which is without body, parts and passions is nothing. There is no other God in heaven but that God who has flesh and bones." ("Gems" in Compendium.) Notwithstanding the sectarian belief about God, the Bible clearly states that He has body, parts and passions, and in many places the parts are plainly mentioned.

In this lesson, we shall assure ourselves that He has hair, a head, eyes that see our every act, good or bad, ears which

hear us when we pray, as well as all other words we utter: a mouth, voice and tongue with which to speak to us, His children, and tell us how to live and act, that we may please Him, also hands, arms and feet.

Joseph Smith, the prophet, in speaking of God, makes the following statement:

"God Himself was once as we are now and is an exalted man, and sits enthroned in yonder heavens! That is the great secret. If the vail was rent to-day, and the Great God who holds this world in its orbit, and who upholds all worlds and all things by His power, was to make Himself visible,—I say, if you were to see Him to-day, you would see Him like a man in form—like yourselves in all the person, image, and very form as a man; for Adam was created in the very fashion, and image and likeness of God, and received instruction from and walked, talked and conversed with Him, as one man talks and communes with another." (His. J. Smith, April 7, 1844, and Compendium, p. 190).

We also find additional testimony in the beautiful description of the Lord given in the Book of Ether, Chapter 3, Book of Mormon.

As we search the scriptures and learn more of this perfect being we call God, we may well seek to love and worship Him, and we are better able to appreciate His handiwork made manifest in His wonderful works, and our hearts go out in praise to the Great Creator.

QUESTIONS.

1. Give evidence that man is created in the image of our Heavenly Father. a. Gen. 1: 26, 27. b. Gen. 12: 7. c. Gen. 32: 30. d. B. of M., Ether 3: 15.
2. Give Biblical proof that the Lord has hair, head and eyes. a. 2 Chron. 16: 9. b. Rev. 1: 14. c. Doc. & Cov., Sec. 110: 2—3.
4. Quote passages showing that God has nostrils. a. II. Sam. 22: 9, 16.
3. What scriptural evidence have we that the Creator has a face? a. Psalms 13: 1. b. Exo. 33: 23. c. Ezek. 38: 18.
5. Read a passage mentioning His ears. II. Sam. 22: 7.
6. What mention is made in the Bible of His hands and arms? a. Heb. 1:10; 2: 7. b. Isa. 40: 11; 48: 13. c. Psalms 89: 13. d. Deut. 5: 15. e. Job 1: 11.
7. Tell how we know He possesses a finger a. Ex. 31: 18. b. B. of M., Ether 3: 6.
8. What do the prophets say of His voice and mouth? a. Gen. 6: 13—21. b. Ex. 33: 11. c. Num. 12: 8. d. Gen. 3: 9, 10.
9. Tell what the Bible says of His lips and tongue Isa. 30: 27.
10. How are we assured that He has feet? a. Ez. 43: 7. b. Zech. 14: 4. c. Gen. 28: 13.
11. Read passages mentioning other parts. a. Gen. 32: 25. b. Ex. 33: 23. c. II. Samuel 22: 7. d. Psalms, 18: 6, 34; 15. e. James 5: 4. f. I. Peter 3: 12.

LESSON 3.

Personality of God—Character and Attributes.

By the aid of former lessons, we have obtained an assurance that God actually exists, and we now have a definite idea of His form and various parts. We still find we may learn more of Him by proceeding to study His character and attributes.

Only in one way can we have a correct understanding of God's character and perfections; and that is through revelations He has given concerning Himself to His creatures. Without these revelations no man could find out God.

In His dealings with the children of men in all ages, we learn that He possesses such attributes as love, mercy, and justice, and extends them to all who seek to obey and serve Him. He is also grieved and pained by the wrong-doing of His children.

From the Bible and Doctrine and Covenants, we learn the following six things respecting the character and attributes of the Lord:

First. That He was God before the world was created.

Second. That He always was and always will be merciful, forgiving, slow to anger, kind and good.

Third. That He never changes, but is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Fourth. That He is a God of truth and cannot lie.

Fifth. That He is no respecter of persons; showing the same loving care for all His children alike, for the poor and humble as well as for the rich and powerful, when they seek Him.

Sixth. That God is love.

"He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16.

Moses gives the following account.—Ex. 34:6. "The Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, 'The Lord God, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.'"

Psalms 103: 6, 7, 8. The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed. He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

Psalms 103: 17, 18: "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember to keep His commandments to do them."

Psalm 90: 2. "Before the mountains were brought forth, or even thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God."

Heb. 1: 10-11-12. "And thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are works of Thy hands: they shall perish, but Thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same and Thy years shall not fail."

James 1: 17. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Malachi 3: 6. "For I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

Men could not exercise faith in God without learning of His attributes.

The foregoing description of the character of God which He has given of Himself in revelations to the ancient saints is also the character given of Him in His revelations to the Latter-day Saints, so that the saints of former days and those of the latter-days are taught alike in this respect, the Latter-day Saints having as good grounds to exercise faith in God as the Former-day Saints had, because the same character is given of Him to both.

We are also told that God has a perfect knowledge of all things, that He is among His people wherever they are, through His agent the Holy Ghost.

Let us seek to know God, this glorious being who is our Heavenly Father, and we will be led to love and trust Him and obey His commandments.

QUESTIONS.

1. In the former lessons, what three important things have we learned about God?
2. How may we get a correct understanding of His character and attributes?
3. Prove that these things could not be ascertained by any other means than revelation. a. I. Cor. 2: 9, 10, 11. b. Doc. & Cov. Sec. 3: 7.
4. What six important things respecting the character of God does this lesson teach?
5. Prove that He is unchangeable. a. Heb. 1: 10, 11, 12. b. Mal. 3: 6. c. Doc. & Cov. 20: 17, 28. d. Doc. & Cov. 88: 41.
6. Give reference that He is a God of truth. a. Num. 23: 19.
7. Is God a respecter of persons? a. Acts 10: 34, 35.
8. Prove that God is love. I. John, 4: 7-16.
9. Tell of the Lord being slow to anger. a. Psalm 7: 11-16. b. Jer. 23: 19, 20. c. Doc. & Cov. Sec. 5: 8. d. Sec. 1: 9, 13.
10. What do the scriptures say of His wrath? a. Rev. 16: 1. b. Doc. & Cov. Sec. 103: 2.
11. What is said of His indignation? a. Doc. & Cov. Sec. 101: 10, 11.
12. What of His vengeance? a. Rom. 12: 19. b. Nah. 1: 2. c. Doc. & Cov. Sec. 112: 24, 25, 26. d. Doc. & Cov. Sec. 97: 21-24.
13. Is the character God has given of Himself always the same? (See question 15.)
14. Could men exercise faith in God if they knew nothing about His

character or attributes? 15. Prove that the Latter-day Saints have the same reason to believe in God as the Former-day Saints? 16. To what will a knowledge of God and His divine attributes lead us?

LESSON 4.

Divine Authority in Ancient Times.

Divine authority is the Priesthood of God to man, enabling him to act in His name.

Our kind and loving Father, whose character we studied in the preceding lesson, has graciously revealed Himself to His children from time to time. He has, at various periods, set up a form of government suited to their different conditions.

Before the coming of our Savior, Israel was guided, counseled, and ruled by patriarchs, judges, prophets, priests and kings who were called and authorized by God to minister as His servants.

From the writings of Peter, the Apostle, we see that authority to minister as God's servants is absolutely necessary, and "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God." 1 Pet. 4: 11.

St. Paul makes this teaching clearer in writing to the Hebrews, wherein he says, "No man taketh this honor unto himself but he that is called of God as was Aaron." (Hebrews 5: 4.)

From the Old Testament we learn of Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Samuel, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel, who were directly and specially called as Prophets and Patriarchs unto Israel.

In Amos 3: 7 we read: "Surely the Lord God will do nothing but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the Prophets." We therefore see that authority to minister in holy things is an essential principle in the true Church of God.

Directly after our Savior was baptized by John the Baptist, He went forth on His mission. By the Sea of Galilee He called the two brothers, Peter and Andrew, and solemnly said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Matt. 4: 19. Later, ten others were chosen to be His disciples and help Him preach the Gospel, James, John, Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas, Matthew, James, the less, Lebbeus or Thaddeus, Simon and Judas. He said to these chosen ones, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you." John 15: 16.

Again in John 20: 21, "As my Father has sent me even so send I you."

At all times God has respected the authority given to His

servants, and in many cases He has caused swift punishment to come upon those who made light of this authority.

The case of Miriam, the sister of Moses, shows this (Num. 12); and when the sons of Aaron offered strange fire before the Lord, they were immediately slain. Num. 16. Uz-ziah, the king of Israel, was punished for taking upon himself the office and calling of the Priest.

By the questions and answers it will be shown how God has not only called men directly to act in His name, but He has also given them power to confer this authority upon others, notably Moses, Eleazar and other sons of Aaron; Joshua, Saul, David, Matthias, Stephen, Barnabas, Saul and Timothy.

QUESTIONS.

1. Repeat the fifth Article of Faith. 2. What do we mean by divine authority? Lesson statement. 3. By whom was ancient Israel guided and counseled? Lesson statement. 4. What does the Apostle Peter say about the oracles of God? I Peter 4: 11. 5. Repeat the fourth verse of the fifth chapter of Hebrews. 6. Show that Noah, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were directly called of God. a. Gen. 7: 1. b. Gen. 12: 1. c. Gen. 26: 24. d. Gen. 35: 9 to 13. 7. Explain the special calling of Moses, Aaron and Joshua. a. Ex. 3. b. Ex. 4: 21. c. Joshua 1: 1—3 & 8—9. 8. Describe the calling of Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel. a. Isaiah 6: 5—10. b. Jeremiah 1: 1—2. c. Ezekiel 2: 1—4. 9. Why is authority necessary in the true Church of God? Amos 3: 7. 10. Name Christ's twelve disciples. a. Matt. 10: 2, 3, 4. 11. Show that the Savior authorized and ordained His apostles. John 15: 16. 12. How was Miriam, the sister of Moses, punished for her rebellion? Numbers 12. 13. In what manner did Uz-ziah, the king of Israel, commit sin? II. Chron. 26: 16—21. 14. Relate the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal. I. Kings 18: 21—40. 15. How may men bestow this authority upon others? Lesson statement. a. Numbers 27: 18—23. b. Numbers 3: 3. 20: 23—28. c. I. Samuel 9: 15—19. 10: 1. d. I. Samuel 16: 7—13. e. Acts 1: 23—26. f. Acts 6: 5, 6. g. I. Timothy 4: 14.

LESSON 5.

Divine Authority in Modern Times.

In every dispensation or age when God has made known His will to the people, sending word or telling them what He wanted them to do, He has always sent this message through His living servants or prophets, men who hold the priesthood or the power and authority of God. So the people must listen and obey this message when they hear it, that they be not condemned.

In the age in which we live, this authority has been given directly to the Prophet Joseph Smith, who received the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood at the hands of John the Baptist, and

later was ordained to the Melchisedek or Higher Priesthood by Peter, James and John. It is clear, therefore, that the divine authority which the Elders of the Church hold now is the same as the power and Priesthood which was held by ancient prophets and by the Savior and His disciples.

Now, by continually ordaining apostles, patriarchs, high priests, seventies, elders, priests, teachers and deacons by the laying on of the hands of those who are in authority, this divine power remains in the Church. Our belief as Latter-day Saints regarding this is shown in the fifth Article of Faith. "We believe that a man must be called of God by prophecy, and by the laying on of hands, by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof."

From the writings of the Latter-day Saints, we can easily prove that God has graciously called and authorized all such officers to act in His name as ministers and witnesses of Jesus Christ. Through His ministrations, we enjoy and exercise all the gifts, powers and blessings of the everlasting Gospel. Since Joseph Smith's time, each of the presidents of the Church, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, have held this same power, right or authority, and did know the will of the Lord and communicated it to the people. Joseph F. Smith, the President of the Church today, holds the same right and authority to act and speak by the power of God and in His name, and receive revelations to tell the people of the Church what the Lord wishes them to do.

The Twelve Apostles of the Church today, have the same power to preach, teach and prophesy, to heal the sick, to comfort and bless the people and do the works of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, as His disciples in former days. This being true, we should reverence and obey their counsels.

QUESTIONS.

1. Tell when and where Joseph Smith received the Aaronic Priesthood. a. Life of J. Smith, p. 61—62. b. Doc. & Cov. Sec. 13. 2. Tell when and where Joseph Smith received the Melchisedek Priesthood. Life of J. Smith, p. 73. 3. How is this authority held in the Church today? Lesson statement. 4. Relate the incident of how the mantle of the Prophet Joseph Smith fell upon the shoulders of President Brigham Young. Historical Record, pages 789, 790, 791. If you know anyone who was present on this occasion, invite them to the meeting and have them relate it. 5. What authority is held by the President of the Church of Christ. Lesson statement. 6. What right and power is held by the Twelve Apostles of our day? Lesson statement. 7. How should we regard the counsels and teachings of our Church leaders? 8. Name the different Presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. 9. Who constitute the present First Presidency? 10. Name the present quorum of the Twelve Apostles.

LESSON 6.

Entrance into the Church. Repentance.

We are told in the Doctrine and Covenants, 3rd Lecture on Faith, that there are three conditions we must understand respecting Deity and our relation to Him, in order to establish a sure foundation for our faith.

First. That God does actually exist.

Second. A correct idea of His character, attributes and perfections.

Third. That our course in life is in accordance with His mind and will.

Through prayerful and earnest study of the past lessons, we have obtained, I trust, some knowledge of our Great Creator, and we will now begin to learn more perfectly how to do His will. Most people think in order to learn His mind concerning us we must be religious and join the Church of Christ.

The object of true religion is to lead men, women and children to live good pure lives, to love and fear God and reverence sacred things, thus making the world better by their good deeds.

A religious sect or denomination is called a church.

To become a member of a church is to accept its religious teachings and obey its ordinances.

In the beginning there was but one Church, one form of religion.

In these days there are many churches and many religions.

Joseph Smith prayed to the Lord and asked which one of these many churches was right and the Lord answered and said "join none of them." Jos. Smith's first vision.

The same true Gospel that Jesus Christ taught was again sent to earth through the Prophet, Joseph Smith, and he was told to name it the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Doc. and Cov., Sec. 115: 4; and that is how the Church to which we belong was re-established.

Every church, society, association, company, school or club has certain laws and rules that must be observed by those who wish to become members.

The most important organization to become a member of, is the Church of Christ, and if we wish to have the full privileges and blessings of His Church, we must comply with the laws thereof.

There are four conditions necessary to become members of His Church.

First. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Second. Repentance.

Third. Baptism by immersion in water, for the remission of sins.

Fourth. The laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. Fourth Article of Faith.

Paul says, "Christ though He were a son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." Heb. 5: 8-9.

We must believe that Jesus is the Way, the Truth and the Life, John 14: 6. No man cometh to the Father but by Him. For God sent His Son into the world that through Him the world might be saved.

Faith in God gives us a desire to please Him and leads us to repentance.

Repentance means a turning from sin—or giving up our evil ways.

The Savior taught in Galilee saying, "Repent ye, and believe the Gospel." Mark, 1: 15.

Also, "I am not come to call the righteous, but, sinners to repentance." Matt. 9: 13.

To repent is to cease doing wrong.

"Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of." 2 Cor. 7-10.

We are told repentance is a gift of God—"that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." Rom. 2: 4.

Confession is evidence of repentance and sorrow for sin. James says: "Confess your faults one to another and pray for one another." James, 5: 16.

QUESTIONS.

1. What conditions are necessary as a foundation for our Faith? 2. What do most people do first to find out God's will concerning them? 3. What is religion and what should be its object? 4. How would such religion affect the world? 5. What do we understand the word "church" to mean? a. 6. Give another definition. b. 7. Give still another. c. 8. What must members of all societies and clubs do to be initiated into or become members of the same? 9. Which is the most important organization to join? 10. What four things are necessary to observe in order to become members of this Church 11. Whom has the Lord sent as the author of our salvation? 12. To what does faith in God lead us? 13. What does repentance mean? 14. What is repentance? 15. What leadeth to repentance? Rom. 2: 4. 16. What is one evidence of repentance? James 5: 16. 17. Give personal experiences of repentance.

LESSON 7.

Baptism.

By means of our former studies we should now have acquired some understanding of God; and have learned to love, trust and believe in Him. This, together with a preparation

through repentance, would entitle us to receive the first outward ordinance of the Gospel, which is baptism.

We must conclude that baptism by immersion for the remission of sins is necessary for our salvation, because God has commanded obedience to it since the beginning of the world, when Adam was baptized, and down through every Gospel dispensation, to the present.

But we find many churches differing in their belief as to the necessity of this ordinance, as well as to the mode or manner in which it should be performed. Although this variety of opinion exists in other Churches, the Latter-day Saints can have no doubt that it is essential to salvation, and that baptism by immersion is the correct form of that ordinance, for the following reasons:

In the "Pearl of Great Price" it is stated that Adam, the father of the race, set an example for all his children to follow. "And it came to pass, when the Lord had spoken with Adam, our father, that Adam cried unto the Lord, and he was caught away by the Spirit of the Lord and was carried down into the water, and was laid under the water, and was brought forth out of the water; and thus he was baptized. And the Spirit of God descended upon him, and thus he was born of the spirit and became quickened in the inner man." (P. of G. P. p. 32 and 34, 1888 edition; 1902 edition, p. 35. He also commanded Adam to teach it (baptism) freely to his children.

Christ taught Nicodemus saying, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. John 3: 5.

It was the especial mission of John the Baptist to preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.

So important did our Savior consider baptism that He Himself was baptized by John the Baptist. Matt. 3: 13-17.

Truly we should agree with the Prophet Nephi, who writes: "And now, if the Lamb of God, he being holy, should have need to be baptized by water, to fulfill all righteousness, O then, how much more need have we, being unholy, to be baptized, yea, even by water."

And again—"The gate by which ye shall enter is repentance and baptism by water. 2 Nephi, 31: 5-17.

After Jesus had been baptized, he spoke to His Jewish disciples saying, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also." John 14: 12.

He further commanded them: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Mark 16: 15, 16. And He authorized them to baptize in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Matt. 28: 19.

The Nephites knew no other mode of Gospel baptism than by immersion. Jesus instructed His Nephite disciples to

use the following words, "Having authority given me of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

He also said to them, "And then shall ye immerse them in the water and come forth again out of the water." 3 Nephi, 11: 25.

In opening up the last dispensation and establishing His Church in these last days, the Lord said to the Prophet Joseph, "Whosoever believeth on my words, them will I visit with the manifestations of my Spirit and they shall be born of me, even of the water and of the Spirit." Doc. & Cov. 5: 16.

By revelation, April, 1830, instruction was given the Latter-day Saints, describing the manner and words necessary in the correct performance of the baptismal ceremony. See Doc. & Cov. 20: 37-72-73-74.

Under date of May, 1829, there appears the following account of the baptism of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, being the first baptisms in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints: "Accordingly we went and were baptized. I baptized him first and afterwards he baptized me."

"Immediately on our coming up out of the water after we had been baptized, we experienced great and glorious blessings."

History of Joseph Smith, May 15, 1829.

The same form of baptism by water is referred to by the sacred writers of the Bible. And record is given of the form practiced in the Church of Christ in our day, showing it to be the same as was practiced by Adam, Enoch, the Savior and His disciples, the prophets Alma, Nephi, Mormon, Joseph Smith and other authorized servants of God.

With such abundant evidence that the Lord commanded water baptism by immersion, and then only to be administered to those having arrived at the years of accountability, is it not strange that other modes, such as infant baptism by sprinkling, etc., should have been introduced instead?"

The chief object of baptism is remission of sins—the washing away and cleansing us of all our wrong-doing in the past; such as failing to honor our parents, neglect of duty, breaking the Sabbath, being untruthful or dishonest, speaking against sacred people or things, staying from meeting for pleasure, neglecting to pray, keeping bad company, and perhaps speaking profanely, for all these things are evil. How kind and merciful is our Heavenly Father to have provided a way for us to be forgiven and cleansed from all our sins, that we may begin a new life.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the first outward ordinance in the Gospel? 2. What must we do to prepare for baptism? 3. When and by whom was baptism first taught. 4. Describe, from memory, Adam's baptism. 5. What was John the Baptist's especial mission? Luke 3: 3. 6. Tell the story of Christ's baptism in the River Jordan. Matt. 3: 16. 8. When He sent forth His Jewish disciples to preach the Gospel, how did Jesus authorize them to baptize? Matt. 28: 19. 7. What does the prophet Nephi say concerning Christ's baptism? 2 Nephi 31: 5—7. 9. Tell what Peter taught on the day of Pentecost. Acts 2. 10. What words were to be used by Christ's Nephite disciples in baptizing? 11. Tell when, how, and by whom the first baptisms in the last dispensation were performed. 12. What is the Church commanded concerning the manner of baptism? Doc. & Cov. Sc. 20: 37. 13. Repeat the ceremony. Doc. & Cov. Sec. 20, 72, 73 & 74. 14. Do all religious denominations believe in baptism by immersion? 15. Mention some baptismal forms used by other churches. 16. At what age are Latter-day Saint children baptized? Doc. & Cov. 68: 27. 17. What do we understand to be the correct form of baptism? 17. What is meant by immersion? 18. What is the chief object of baptism? a. Repeat Acts 2: 38. b. Acts 22: 16. c. 2 Nephi 31: 17. d. 3 Nephi 1: 23. 19. What is remission? 20. Tell how baptism would affect you. 21. Should we regard baptism as a blessing, and why?

LESSON 8.

The Holy Ghost.

Our Savior has said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, this is my doctrine, and I bear record of it from the Father; and whoso believeth in me, believeth in the Father also, and unto him will the Father bear record of me; for He will visit him with fire and with the Holy Ghost. . . . for the Father and I, and the Holy Ghost are one." 3 Nephi, 11: 35, 36.

The first Article of our faith is, "We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost."

Joseph Smith tells us: "The Gospel requires baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, which is the meaning of the word in the original language, namely, to bury or immerse. . . . But I further believe in the Gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. . . . Might as well baptize a bag of sand as a man if not done in view of the remission of sins and getting of the Holy Ghost. Baptism by water is but half a baptism, and is good for nothing without the other half—that is the baptism of the Holy Ghost." Gems, Com. p. 279.

The Holy Ghost is promised to all who sincerely repent, and comply with the ordinance of baptism.

"The Holy Ghost has not a body of flesh or bones, but is a personage of spirit." Doc. & Cov. 130: 22, 23.

We understand that the "Holy Ghost," the "Comforter"

and the "Spirit of Truth" are different names having the same meaning.

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost." John, 14: 26.

"But when the Comforter is come whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth." John 15: 26.

This divine Spirit comes forth from the presence of God, and is so pure that it can not dwell in bodies that are unclean.

"Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." 1 Cor. 6:19.

Our Heavenly Father requires that we be meek and lowly of heart and have a contrite spirit, if we desire to receive this precious gift.

"Whoso cometh unto me with a broken heart and a contrite spirit, him will I baptize . . . with the Holy Ghost." 3 Nephi, 9: 20.

"Of meekness and lowliness of heart cometh the visitation of the Holy Ghost, which comforter filleth with hope and perfect love." Moroni, 8: 26.

Whenever the Gospel has been on the earth, the ordinance of laying on of hands was taught and practiced.

The Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are instructed to lay hands on those who have been baptized into the Church for the conferring of the Holy Ghost, according to the Scriptures. Doc. & Cov. 20: 41.

When Christ came out of the water, after being baptized, John saw the Holy Ghost descend upon Him, in the form of a dove; and heard the voice of God saying, "This is my beloved Son."

"The sign of a dove was instituted before the creation of the world, a witness for the Holy Ghost, and the Devil can not come in the sign of a dove." Gems, Com. p. 275.

On April 6, 1830, when the Church was organized, the Prophet Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery laid their hands "on each individual member of the Church present, that they might receive the gift of the Holy Ghost and be confirmed members of the Church of Christ." His. Jos. Smith, April 6, 1830.

If we obey the laws our Savior has given we may thereby become worthy to receive the blessings and gifts belonging to the grandest organization in the world, the Church of Christ.

In no greater way does our Heavenly Father show His goodness, and His great love for us than by conveying to us this Heavenly Spirit. The greatest gift we can seek is the companionship of the Holy Ghost. It may warn us of danger, comfort and strengthen us when tried and tempted, and be a constant source of revelation to us. We should always give heed to and obey the whisperings of its still small voice, remembering never to offend or grieve it by neglect or disobedience.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the first Article of our Faith? 2. What is the Holy Ghost? 3. By what other names is it called? 4. How may it be obtained? 5. Is baptism effectual without laying on of hands? 6. What is confirmation? 7. Why cannot the Holy Ghost dwell in unworthy bodies? 8. How can we make ourselves worthy? 9. Who has power to confer this gift? 10. Describe the Holy Ghost descending upon our Savior, and the sign of the Dove. 11. Read instructions on baptism for children. Doc. & Cov. Sec. 68: 25—28. 12. How may we become worthy to receive the blessings of the Gospel? 13. What is the greatest gift of God to man? 14. How may we offend and grieve the Spirit, and what must we do to keep the Holy Ghost with us?

LESSON 9.

Gifts of the Spirit.

That receiving the Holy Ghost, through the laying on of hands, is necessary for a full membership in the Church was shown in the last lesson. Let us now learn what the Holy Ghost may do for us.

The manifestations of the Holy Spirit, or the Holy Ghost, are the gifts of the Spirit; they were the gifts found in the true Church of Christ in the days of our Savior. The same gifts are in the Church to-day, and one or more of these gifts is given by the Spirit of God to every man.

"Wherefore beware lest ye are deceived; and that you may not be deceived, seek ye earnestly the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given."

"And again, verily I say unto you, I would that you should always remember, and always retain in your minds what those gifts are, that are given unto the Church."

"For all have not every gift given unto them; for there are many gifts, and to every man is given a gift by the Spirit of God: to some it is given one, and to some is given another, that all may be profited thereby." Doc. & Cov. Sec. 46:8, 10, 11, 12.

Often, the Spirit helps persons who live pure lives to do things that would be impossible for them to do of themselves—wonderful works called miracles.

Because these gifts are from God Himself, His power is seen through them. It is not necessary for those who possess a spiritual gift to do some wonderful work; such as raising the dead, causing the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and so on. When the Lord will, He has promised His servants the most marvelous of all gifts, the power to raise the dead and bring them to life again; but the presence of the Spirit may also be seen and felt in people who have the power to live contentedly a pure, humble and prayerful life.

In Revelations to Joseph Smith, the Lord makes mention

of many spiritual gifts. (Read Sec. 46: 12-26; also Sec. 84: 64-73. Doc. & Cov.)

"And all these gifts cometh from God for the benefit of the children of God." Sec. 46: 26.

The gift to know that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and was crucified for the sins of the world, is perhaps the greatest of all the gifts.

The gift of discernment, which means to know right from wrong, is very important. Many times we stand in doubt, wondering which way to go. Two paths lie before us; the ends of both are hidden from our sight, one may lead to destruction, yet we know not which to choose! Then how blessed this gift which whispers, "there, to the right," and obeying we are saved perhaps from sorrow, ruin or regret.

The gift to heal, or, to those who are sick, the gift of faith to be healed, are great blessings.

The gift of prophecy, or the power to look into the future, has always been held as one of the great gifts of the Church, and is the power that reveals coming events.

"For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." 2 Peter, 1: 21.

The gift of wisdom, to know when to speak and when to be silent, when and how to act, is one of great value.

The gift of knowledge is very important. Those who have it are expected to impart knowledge to others.

To hundreds of members of this Church the gifts of speaking in tongues and the interpretation thereof have been a great comfort, although these are considered among the least of the gifts. Many times a heavenly message sent in this way has proved a blessing imparting new life and hope to some poor soul bowed in sorrow.

A most interesting account is given of the first meeting of the two great men, the Prophet Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, when the gift of tongues was exercised and enjoyed by them.

President Woodruff has said that every Latter-day Saint is entitled to revelation to guide his or her life. But the President of the Church is the mouthpiece of the Lord, and to him alone is given revelation to guide the Church.

To every person a gift is promised, some receive several, but to very few are all the gifts of the Spirit given.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by the gifts of the Spirit? 2. To whom are the gifts of the Spirit given? 3. Mention six important gifts of the Spirit. 4. What is meant by each? 5: Repeat the seventh Article of Faith. 6. Are these gifts in the Church of Christ? 7. Are they in other churches? 8. Have you seen or heard any of these gifts? 9. Do you know of any one

who has been healed by faith? 10. Do you wish for any of these gifts? 11. Let some one who has a particular gift tell how she received it. 12. Have you ever heard of the gift of tongues? 13. Describe the meeting of the Prophet Joseph and Brigham Young. Cannon's Hist. Jos. Smith, p. 135.

LESSON 10.

Testimony.

Eighty-three years ago, there lived a family whose members were church-going people, one boy in that household, however, could not receive or believe in the religion of the church they were members of, neither could he feel sure that the Gospel taught by the other churches familiar to him was any better. He saw they did not agree, some believed in partial baptism, others in no baptism at all, and so on. None of them were teaching just what the Savior taught, and yet each one claimed to be the true Church. This troubled him, and he could not decide which one to join.

While thinking about the matter, he opened the Bible and read the following:

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed." James, 1: 5-6. Also read 2 Nephi, 4: 35; Mark 11: 24-26.)

He believed in the promise and went off alone to pray. The answer which came to him was something like this: My son, join none of them. They have all strayed from me, they approach me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me. I will restore my Gospel in its purity. A marvellous work and a wonder is about to come forth, etc.

That boy was Joseph Smith. The Lord fulfilled His promise by some years later, giving him and others power and authority to establish the true Church of God; He talked to them and told them just what to do.

The Latter-day Saints solemnly declare that they know the Gospel they teach is the only true plan of salvation. The world think this very boastful; but by many things we can prove it is true. The Latter-day Saints go forth in the name of Jesus Christ and preach the Gospel of repentance as He preached it, and do all things in His name, yet most of the world reject them.

This promise is recorded in John 7:16. "My doctrine is not mine but His that sent me. If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself."

This same promise is made by our elders to the world,

that all who hear them and seek God for a testimony shall know of a surety if it be true or false.

A testimony of the truth is revelation of God to our souls, causing us to know that Jesus is the Christ and that His Gospel is true.

We read in Psalms, 19: 7, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: The testimony of the Lord is sure."

Nearly all the Saints have received this testimony.

This knowledge or testimony comes only through or by the Holy Ghost, because the things of God can only be understood by the Spirit of God. 1 Cor. 2: 11; 3 Nephi, 11: 32-36.

The Holy Ghost does not help every person to this testimony in the same way—but convinces one person in one way and another in a different way.

Some are converted to God and to the truth through visions, dreams, tongues, healings, etc., but more by the calm, power of the Spirit that leaves no room for doubt, and brings an abiding peace and joy.

Some, whose hearts are touched, see the light at once, as did President Woodruff and President Taylor, while others are convinced more slowly, step by step, as was President Brigham Young.

Let us remember in praying for a testimony that we do not ask for a sign, some miracle, or to see angels. Many who have sought and received signs have fallen and have left the faith as soon as persecution or trial came upon them. The eye or the ear was convinced, but not the soul.

Signs are not given to induce people to believe in the Gospel; but, we are told, signs shall follow the believer to bless and comfort those who embrace the Gospel and keep God's commandments.

We must each abide God's time, fasting, praying and working as we feel the Spirit tells us is right to do, and a testimony will come to us in the way we can best understand and receive it. When it comes to us, it will fill our souls with light, and thrill our hearts with knowledge that no power on earth can take from us, as long as we possess the Spirit of God.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why did Joseph Smith object to joining any one of the sectarian churches, in his boyhood? 2. How did he come to pray about it? James 1: 5-6. 3. What promise did the Lord make to Joseph Smith about His true Church? 4. What do the Latter-day Saints claim for their religion? 5. How do the world regard it? 6. What promise did Jesus make those who seek for the true Church? 7. What promise do our Elders make to all who hear the Gospel they preach? 8. What is a testimony? See statement and dictionary. 9. How do Saints know the Gospel is true? 10. Does the Holy Ghost convince all persons of the truth in the same way? And why not? 11. What is the most common form of testimony enjoyed

by the Saints? 12. Are signs given to furnish a testimony? 13. Relate testimony of President Woodruff. "Leaves from my Journal," Chap 1. 14. Tell of Paul's conversion. Acts 9: 1—20. 15. Describe or read conversion of Alma. B. of M. Mosiah Chap. 27: 8—37.

LESSON II.

Testimony. (Continued).

There are hundreds of young people in Zion who endeavor to keep God's laws, who know the Gospel is true, and who are willing to bear this testimony, but cannot tell when or just how they obtained it. Then, there are many others who believe or have enough faith to pay tithing and offerings—keep the word of wisdom, attend to their prayers and go to meeting, and yet say they do not know the Gospel is true or that Joseph Smith was a true prophet.

All such are promised, in the name of the Lord, that they shall have an absolute knowledge of the Gospel, if they are prayerful and continue in good works. Few young people realize how much they know about the Gospel until others oppose it and try to prove it untrue, then, when aroused to defend it, they manifest how much they know about it and how dear it is to them.

Lady Henry Somerset is a titled woman living in England. She is warm hearted and large souled, spending much time and means for the benefit of women of the world. The following experience is told by her: While doubting the existence of God, she prayed about it, and a voice said to her, "Act as if I were, and thou shalt know that I am."

Bearing testimony in meetings, telling others of the Lord's goodness to us, defending the Gospel, confessing our faults, and listening to the testimony of other Saints, will increase our faith and strengthen our testimony.

The following sublime and powerful testimony was written by President Lorenzo Snow, and published in "Kings and Queens of the Range,"

"I know that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of the living God. I testify that he saw and spoke with God and with His son, Jesus Christ. The Lord gave me this living testimony, and it has been burning within my soul ever since I received it. I now give it to the whole world. I not only testify to all mankind that Joseph Smith was sent of God and that the work that was established through him is the work of God, but warn all the nations of the earth concerning the predictions made by the Prophet, and testify in the most solemn manner that I know them to be true."

It is such knowledge as this that inspires faith which enables the Saints to bear persecution and imprisonment without murmuring—to face death without flinching—and which sustained our parents in their efforts to build up Zion, in the midst of the poverty, hardships and suffering of early days in Utah.

Let us never cease striving until we secure this blessed gift of testimony, a right which belongs to each one of us through faithfulness.

To sincerely desire to know that God lives, and that His work is true, humbly beseeching in earnest, fervent prayer, will secure a testimony, and God will minister to our needs, and never desert us in the hour of temptation or trial.

As an anchor secures and fastens a ship at sea in a storm, keeping it from being tossed by angry waves or high winds and lost, so is a testimony an anchor to our souls, keeping us safe in the harbor of God's love, that we may not stray into paths of darkness or sin.

QUESTIONS.

1. What promise is made for observing certain Gospel laws? 2. Mention those laws. 3. Read or relate Marba's "Testimony of the Gospel," Y. W. Journal, Nov., 1899, Vol. 10, p. 506. 4. Repeat the circumstance which led to changing her life. 5. What was her resolve and what the result? 6. Tell Lady Somerset's experience. 7. Repeat President Lorenzo Snow's testimony. 8. How does such a testimony affect the Saints? 9. Who may receive this gift? 10. Have some one who embraced the Gospel in the world tell of her conversion. 11. Name some things every girl can do to strengthen testimony and increase faith. 12. How may we approach our Father in Heaven to obtain a testimony, and win the blessing of His love and protection?

LESSON 12.

Obedience.

It is said that "Obedience is Heaven's first law." We well believe that this is true, and that obedience must be practiced in the government of Heavenly affairs.

Not even the Lord's plans, which are perfect, could be carried out if nature, the elements, and the people did not obey Him. But they do; and so we have order instead of confusion, for even "the winds and the waves obey His will."

And here on earth below, among the affairs of men, it is doubtful if any one law is of greater importance than the law of obedience.

All people submit to, or obey authority in some form. Those who live under the government of kings and rulers

must obey those rulers, else they must suffer and be punished for not doing so.

And here, in our own free country, the citizens who do not obey the laws of the land, are subject to punishment in the shape of fines, imprisonment, etc.

Victory could never come to an army if the soldiers did not strictly obey the commands of their officers. Hundreds of railroad accidents are happening every year in consequence of disobedience. Think of the pitiful appeal of victims whose mute lips are now sealed by death, the groans of the dying, the maimed and the crippled—all because someone disobeyed orders.

So we might go on, but there are other conditions and places which concern us more directly, and they are the home and the Church.

In the ten commandments there is but one with which a promise is given, it is this: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Children cannot honor their parents without obeying them; to honor, means to cheerfully obey. Some girls think they need not obey unless forced to; and submit only when father or mother feels compelled to command obedience. This is not rendering willing obedience or, fulfilling the fifth commandment.

In every home the parents have the right to make laws or rules by which their home shall be governed; and those rules or laws should be faithfully observed. But, home laws sometimes interfere with what we call our personal liberty, or pleasures. Sister Susa Y. Gates tells us "The desire for selfish enjoyment is the strongest impulse of the human heart." In order to have a so-called good time, babies, children, boys and girls, men and women, will endure bumps, scoldings and punishments; even the probability of incarceration in jail does not restrain some men from seeking what to them is pleasure.

A young girl wrote to an editor asking, "What shall I do? My mother has forbidden my going to the theater to see Julius Caesar, East Lynne and other plays. I can see no harm in them, and want to go."

The answer was, "While I can see no harm in witnessing Julius Caesar or any other of Shakespeare's plays, I should not like my son or daughter to see East Lynne and plays of that class, at least not while in their 'teens.' Remember you owe to your mother obedience as well as love. Life is long and plays are many. You can have but one mother!"

In the school, the shop, the office, the pupils and the employees generally obey promptly, and without question, the dictates of the teacher, the master or the foreman. But the

same individuals often move slowly and reluctantly in the home, unwilling to obey the authority therein.

Disobedience not only brings trouble upon those who disobey, or with questionings, complainings, sulks and pouts but half accomplish what they are asked to do, but such example in a big brother or big sister harmfully affects the younger children of the household.

The Church too, has its laws or observances; and these laws are to us God's laws. Therefore, obedience to religious requirements is a sacred duty; such as keeping the Sabbath holy, attending mutual and sacrament meetings, observing fasting and prayer, and paying tithing. The Church of which we are members allows many privileges for pleasure that are not permitted by other churches; dancing and theater going may be enjoyed in moderation, but card-playing, much round dancing, keeping late hours or bad company, drinking wine or beer, using tobacco and profaning, are forbidden the Latter-day Saints or their children. Never say, "I like to do these things, why may I not do them?" Our leaders condemn them, and that should be enough for Mutual Improvement boys and girls.

There are two great impelling forces in this world, the Spirit of God, and the spirit of evil, that make people act, and lead to obedience or disobedience. Disobedience leads to trouble, disappointment and misery, filling jails with sinners and criminals. Obedience leads to goodness and happiness. Let us obey, because it is right to obey and we fear to do wrong. Every time we obey we will find a new pleasure.

Let us never be cowards, because our companions twit us and call us religious. Dare to do right. Dare to be obedient to parents. Dare to stop keeping late hours and playing cards. In fact, dare to be good, and you will be the happiest girls in the world.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why is obedience termed Heaven's first law? 2. Do all people submit to some authority? 3. What would be the result of disobedience in a kingdom? The army? The United States? The railroad? 4. Where does the practice of obedience concern us most? 5. Which commandment has a promise? Repeat it. 6. How can we honor our parents? 7. Are there home laws, and how should they be kept? 8. What is the strongest impulse of the heart? 9. Repeat the question and answer of the young girl seeking advice about theatres. 10. Compare obedience in the school, the shop and office with that in the home. 11. How should Church laws be regarded? 12. Mention six social practices condemned by the Church. 13. Describe two great forces impelling action. 14. What are the results of disobedience? 15. Should the influence of evil companions affect us? 16. To what will obedience lead us?

LESSON 13.

Purity of Character.

The Babe; what will it become? Is not this a question asked by every fond mother gazing upon the innocent upturned face of the infant at her breast. Truly, surroundings can do much, but the most careful mother cannot always watch over her child; for Heaven's eternal laws demand that it shall have its free agency and fight its own battle against sin and the allurements of the world; without the cross there can be no crown.

The age of transition from childhood to womanhood is a time of grave importance to girls, as the power of self development is then commenced. The brain at this time is very active, impressions are easily received; and lacking as she does the more mature thought of later years, she is apt to mistake the glitter for the gold. Hitherto she has been a child; now she commences to realize the power of womanhood. She begins to perceive that she can wield an influence over her brothers and her young male companions. Now is the time to learn to wield that power for good. She must understand that to be a man's companion in the truest sense she must be his helpmeet and should cultivate within herself all that is gentle and refining as the complement to the more rugged qualities in him.

In her intercourse with boys, there is no necessity to be prudish, but there is a certain amount of dignity she can easily assume which will be an immediate check to undue familiarity.

We are judged by the company we keep. If by any chance the conversation is not of a pure nature we should have the courage to object, or at least turn it into other channels. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and if our companions shock our ears by their remarks, we must shun their company, at whatever cost to ourselves, even as the Indians when bitten by a poisonous snake will cut off a limb in order to save their lives. Impure thoughts received into the mind are as much to be feared as poison for the body. It is just as hard to get rid of impure thoughts, although sometimes temporarily forgotten, the idea is retained in the immense storhouse of the mind to come forth again at some future time. Every innocent girl is shocked when the first suggestion of evil comes to her, but should she often be in the company of those who are not as pure as herself she will soon become used to their conversation and scarcely notice a remark which a few months before would have brought the blush to her cheek. Little by little the conscience becomes dulled and innocence and purity, a girl's most precious treasure, is soon lost. A true lady will never permit such familiar-

ity as kissing from boys or men outside of her own family; boisterous conduct, hugging and loud laughter should never be allowed by her for a moment.

The present style of dancing is a menace to the morals of our young people, and no girl who has a regard for her reputation should allow herself to be held in the tight embrace that appears to be fashionable. It is most desirable that every young girl should make a companion and confidant of her mother who is her natural protector. There is no one who more earnestly desires that she should grow up a good and virtuous woman and, on account of her larger experience, she can see dangers ahead of which her daughter knows nothing. If any of our young girls should be deprived of a mother's care, they should make a confidant of one of the good sisters with whom they are acquainted, and obey her counsel in all things.

Girls, if you can have but one motto to guard your life and conduct, you will do well to adopt this one, "Never do or say anything that you would not like mother to see or hear."

At home or away, in the light or in the dark, always remember this: turn, at once, from that spot or person where mother may not come. This was a mother's admonition as she bade farewell to her missionary boy, "Come back to me as pure as I send you forth."

Above all, we should cultivate the habit of frank truthfulness towards our parents, our friends and ourselves. This will do more towards retaining the absolute purity of our character than any other habit.

We should also cultivate sentiments of love and kindness one towards another, and firmly root out feelings of hate and envy as we would noxious weeds from a beautiful garden.

John Ruskin has said, "Every girl should have a mirror for her heart's thoughts as well as for her face." As the glass reflects the delicate coloring of cheek and eye, the dimples and smiles, as well as the moles and freckles, so do the character, conduct and conversation show the thoughts, both good and pure as well as bad that have a home in heart and mind."

Cleanliness of person, too, betokens purity of mind. An old adage says, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness;" we can easily understand that we must keep the body clean if we expect its spirit tenant to have pure and holy thoughts.

Many young girls have the desire to do right, but complain that they are surrounded by many temptations that are hard to resist. The Apostle Paul found similar conditions in his day, he says, Rom. 7:21, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." Our Heavenly Father makes no demands upon us but He prepares the way for our obedience. He has therefore placed within us a mentor, a little guiding voice.

called conscience; which instantly sounds the alarm when we do wrong. Notice the barometer, how the slightest change in the temperature affects the delicate, quivering needle, but no more sensitive is it than our conscience, for we cannot deviate in the slightest degree from the right, but it indicates the fact to our intelligence.

But woe unto us if we stifle this wonderful, still small voice or pay no heed to it, for by degrees we grow insensible to its warning voice. As with an alarm clock, at first its loud ring awakes us with a start from our slumbers, but if we go to sleep again, by degrees, we grow accustomed to the sound, and could almost affirm that no alarm had been rung.

A pure mind is a precious treasure and should be tenderly fostered within us. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"DONT'S" FOR PURE GIRLS.

Don't read improper books.

Don't be out in the dark.

Don't go with vulgar companions or listen to vulgar stories.

Don't look at immoral pictures, or go to immoral plays.

Don't sleep away from home for fun.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why is it necessary that we should be tempted?
2. Why is the time from fourteen to sixteen years of age of so much importance?
3. How should a young girl behave if rude conversation is addressed to her?
4. Why must she shun such society?
5. Could not her influence be beneficial to those who are not so good as herself?
6. What can you say of the present style of dancing?
7. Why should a young girl make a confident of her mother?
8. Repeat a worthy motto for girls
9. Give examples where a mother's wise counsel has saved from danger.
10. Compare a mirror to a heart's thought.
11. What effect have impure thoughts upon the purity of character?
12. What is conscience?
13. Why must we obey its dictates?
14. Mention five things, or more, to be avoided by pure girls.
15. What is promised the pure in heart?

